

MAY 1924

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SCREENLAND



Anita Stewart ©

The Jinx on Mabel Normand



He called them by their **RIGHT NAMES** and made the world blush for shame

Who Was to Blame? Joseph or Potiphar's Wife

The age-old story of this famous love affair has been revised by Brann the Iconoclast. He defends the beautiful Mrs. Potiphar—and says it wasn't Joseph's fault either. Brann's brilliant wit and daring viewpoint will fascinate you in this one of the hundreds of masterpieces from his gifted pen.

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The Social Swim
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The Old Maid's Auction
Potiphar's Wife

A gilded butterfly, the jeweled idol of society. But Brann looked into her soul and saw—

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Should money have the power to buy human souls? Should man have the authority to legislate women's morals? Read Brann's burning expose.

WITH a ruthlessness that brought a nation-wide gasp, he tore away the cloak of smug respectability and laid bare the secret sins in the heart of men and women. He snatched away the silks and jewels of society, he pulled down the trappings of position, he brushed aside the gilded veneer of wealth! Stark naked in their shame, the victims of his astounding exposures cried out to stop him. The powers were invoked to silence him. In desperation, assassins were hired to kill him. But before a bullet finally laid low his flaming spirit, he had given to the world a message of truth about society that still resounds through the land. He calls them by their **RIGHT NAMES**!

A Startling, Smashing Revelation That Made Society Stand Aghast!

Upon a complacent world, Brann burst with the fury of a tornado. Never before had anyone dared to write the things that poured from his fiery pen in a torrent of sensational revelations. Fiction was never so startling as these vivid exposures of real life. Everywhere thousands upon thousands were held spellbound by his magic words. People gasped at his frankness, thrilled at his power, laughed at his brilliant outbursts of wit.

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greater and greater; his fiery genius is accorded its place in American literature. Requests pour in for the twelve volume library into which Brann's complete works have been collected, to be preserved in beautiful and lasting form. And now, you have an amazing opportunity to obtain your set of Brann the Iconoclast at a clear saving of \$9.50 and on terms so low that you will scarcely notice the cost.

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City..... State.....

Reference.....

☐ Check here if you wish beautiful Artercraft Leather-bound set, with gold tops and silk head and foot bands. The price of this set is \$27.50 payable \$3.50 within 5 days and \$2 a month for 12 months.

Each of these amazing volumes contains 320 pages, a total of over 3800 pages of text and illustrations printed in clear, readable type, on Bangalore wove, antique finished paper. Size of each volume is 5 1/2 x 7 1/2.



Zara Vanities

TO distribute the Genuine Zara Vanities at once among those who have not had an opportunity of obtaining them, we are now making a special offer on both our fascinating, new styles. One, you wear on a ribbon bracelet like a wrist watch — the other, around your neck as a sautoir. They are the daintiest compact cases you ever saw and so convenient to carry. You know how much bother it is to carry a powder puff or an ordinary, big compact in your coat pocket or purse. A Zara Vanity will solve this problem to your lasting satisfaction. You will be perfectly delighted with one of these little cases.



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This wrist vanity is worn like a wrist watch on a ribbon bracelet with an attractive clasp to match the case in gold or platinum finish. Inside is a small compact of delicately scented powder, a mirror which reflects your whole face and a tiny puff.

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If you desire, you may have this dainty sautoir vanity. It looks just like an elegant little locket. You wear it around your neck on a long black grosgrain ribbon. Every ribbon is complete with a slide with gold or platinum finish to match the vanity. This lovely vanity also contains a powder compact, mirror and puff.



Only \$1⁸⁹!

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You do not have to send a penny for one of these popular Zara Vanities. Just pay the postman the small sum of \$1.89 plus postage when it arrives. Mark on the coupon whether you want a Zara Wrist or Sautoir Vanity and the finish you desire. After you receive your vanity, you have three days in which to decide. Show it to your friends. Think how they will envy you when they see you with one of these chic vanities on your wrist or hanging from a grosgrain ribbon around your neck. You will just love to wear your Zara. But if you are

not perfectly satisfied, return the vanity within 3 days and your money will be refunded.

Fill out the coupon right away. There is no additional charge for the wrist bracelet or neck ribbon. Don't delay ordering until the limited supply is gone. Send the coupon TODAY!

If you live in Canada send post office or express order. No C.O.D. orders accepted from Canada or other foreign countries.

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These lustrous, creamy ZARA PEARLS will harmonize with any frock and enhance any woman's beauty. Every well dressed woman is wearing pearls this season and ZARA INDESTRUCTIBLE PEARLS have all the fire and beauty of the most costly gems. Each string is finished with a Guaranteed sterling silver safety clasp set with finest genuine brilliants. Comes in beautiful satin lined leatherette jewel case. ZARA PEARLS are absolutely indestructible and will always retain their rich loveliness.

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Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If you prefer you may send cash.
C.O.D. orders are sometimes delayed.

SCREENLAND

The Independent Screen Magazine

MAY, 1924

VOL. IX, NO. 2

ANNE AUSTIN
Associate Editor

Myron Zobel, Editor

EUNICE MARSHALL
Western Editor

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has some good things in store for next month

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is one of them

Watch for the June

SCREENLAND

On all newsstands

May first

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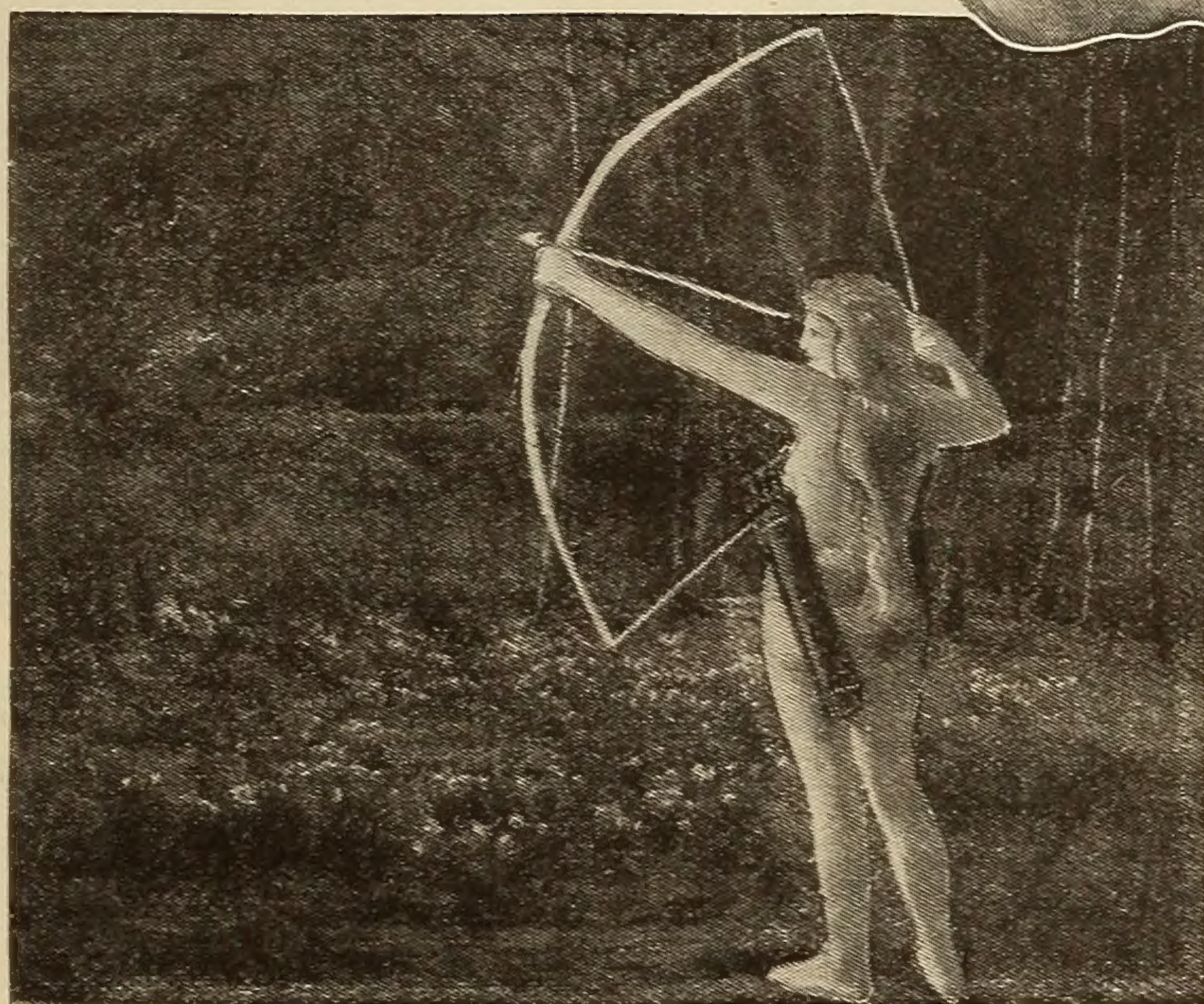
—and a dozen other features—

Published monthly by The Myron Zobel Publications Inc., at 145 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

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Fair, white skins come down from the days of your cave woman ancestors. Ages spent in the dark, cloudy forests of northern Europe gradually brought about the blonde.



But you—living in a sunny country as far south as Africa and Italy are in constant danger of losing the lovely complexion you inherited.

FRECKLES GROW WORSE

A fair white skin cannot stand sunlight—so take care of it

DON'T let freckles ruin your appearance this summer. All over your nose, where pretty clothes cannot conceal them. If you do—goodbye to good looks.

Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove freckles, or money refunded. It has a double action. Freckles are dissolved away by this snowy, fragrant cream. Your skin is whitened, refined and softened at the same time.

You simply apply Stillman's at night like any ordinary cold cream. While you sleep its magical action takes place. Gradually the freckles fade from sight, and your com-

plexion grows clear and milk white, beautiful as a baby's skin.

Freckles are caused by sunlight—which beats down as fiercely in America as in Italy or Africa. Unless you take care of it, your skin will constantly grow worse, not being created to withstand alone the sun's rays here. The longer you wait, the harder it will be to remove the freckles. So start now!

Women send for Stillman's Freckle Cream from the four corners of the earth. It is the most widely used preparation in the world for this purpose. All druggists carry it in 50c and \$1 sizes.

Send for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and let us tell you what your particular type needs to look best. Crammed with make-up hints, skin and hair treatments. If you buy \$3 worth of Stillman toilet articles in 1924 we will present you with beautiful large size bottle of perfume free. You need our many preparations in your home daily. Get our booklet.

Stillman's Freckle cream

double action Removes Freckles
Whitens the Skin



This bottle of Perfume will be given free if you buy \$3 worth of Stillman toilet articles in 1924.

**Free! Send for
"Beauty Parlor
Secrets"**

Stillman Co., 60 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill. Please send me free copy of "Beauty Parlor Secrets."

Name

Address



Is your beauty marred?

Every well equipped dressing table should include Del-a-tone, the antiseptic hair-remover. This old reliable preparation has been in use for fourteen years; many modish women consider it their chief aid to beauty.

Del-a-tone is perfectly harmless—safe, sure, quick. Apply in smooth paste, wash off in a few minutes, and behold the wonderful difference!

The Depilatory for Delicate Skin

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair

At drug and department stores or sent prepaid in plain wrapper for one dollar. Generous sample in plain wrapper, ten cents, coin or stamps.

THE SHEFFIELD COMPANY

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Chicago

71 Front St., East, Toronto,
Canada



Photo by George Edward Drury

Anita Stewart poses for Rolf Armstrong, Screenland's famous cover artist at his studio in Greenwich Village. The original painting is reproduced on the front cover of this issue.

Rolf Armstrong Paints Anita Stewart in Words

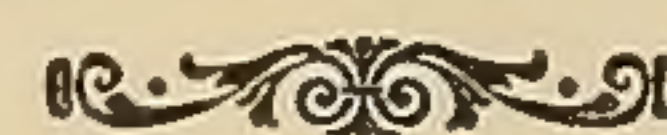
I HAD been dreading the experience of witnessing the heavy toll time takes of beauty when I should approach the painting of this Anita Stewart, whose history is linked with the early days of motion pictures. Her unchanged screen appearance through the years I had classed as a miracle of modern photography.

So I was totally unprepared, one snowy February day, to answer a knock at my studio door, and find June smiling at me across the threshold. Most defiant of red tams, most demure of Eton blouses,—and brown, lilted, shimmering Irish eyes.

This mystery of perpetual youth proved to be no mystery at all. If I hadn't been a serious minded artist, occupied with matters somewhat far removed from the vital statistics concerning the weight, color, age, and matrimonial histories of the motion picture luminaries, I might have been aware that Miss Stewart made her debut on the screen at a tender age when most little girls are still safely at home cutting paper dolls.

But just in case some of you are as uninformed as I, I present her to you in my sketch just as she looked to me in my doorway, Eton collar, tam, Irish eyes, and all.

Rolf Armstrong



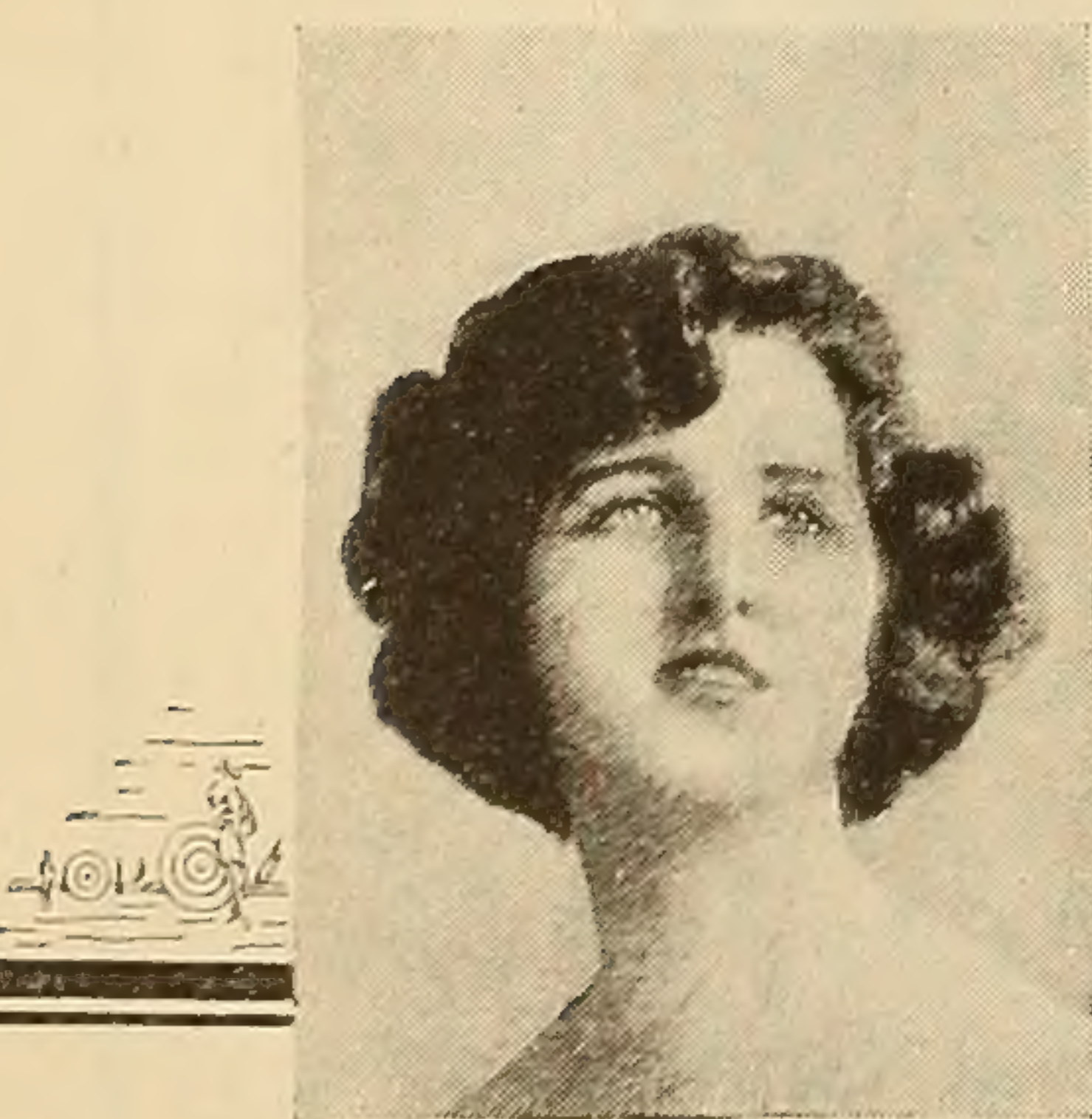
Life

By DOROTHY QUICK.

Life let us be playmates, you and I,
I adore earth's playground bound by sky.
Let us take no heed of passing hours
While we have the sunshine and the flowers.

Life let us be lovers, you and I,
Let us grasp the moment ere it fly.
Oh, I beg you hold me to your breast,
Think not of tomorrow, today is best.

Life let us be comrades, you and I,
I will count no loss as time slips by
If, whate'er betide me at the end,
I can truly say, Life was my friend.



FRECKLES

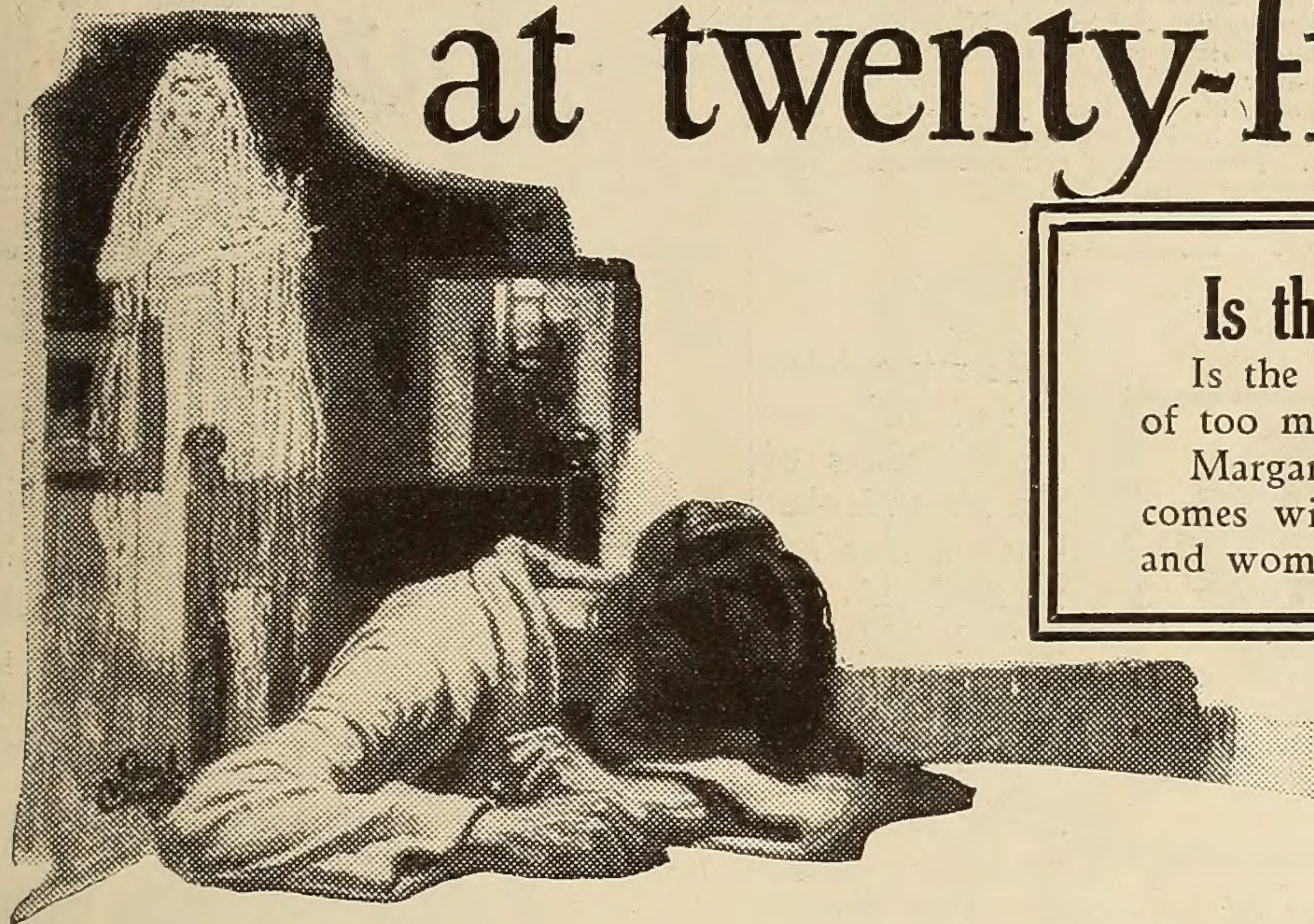
Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

A radiant bride at twenty— at twenty-five—what?



Is the Husband or Wife to Blame?

Is the husband or wife to blame for the tragedy of too many children?

Margaret Sanger, the great birth control advocate, comes with a message vital to every married man and woman.

THOUSANDS upon thousands of women to-day marry with the bloom of youth upon their cheeks. A few years of married life rub the bloom off. Children come, too many. And instead of the energetic, healthy girl we have a tired and bedraggled young-old woman. Why do women allow marriage, the holy thing, to work this wicked transformation?

MARGARET SANGER, the acknowledged world leader of the Birth Control movement and President of the American Birth Control League, has a message vital to every married man and woman. Every married woman knows only too well the tragedies resulting from too frequent child-bearing.

Why should a woman sacrifice her love-life — a possession she otherwise uses every resource to keep? Why does she give birth to a rapid succession of children, if she has neither the means to provide for them nor the physical strength properly to care for them?

Mrs. Sanger's splendidly frank and inspiring book is a clarion call to the women of the world to cast off the chains of ignorance that have long bound them to their misery. In her advocacy of women's right to the knowledge of the truth that will make her free, Mrs. Sanger has fought through every

court in the land, and braved storms of bitter denunciation.

In "Woman and the New Race" she shows that woman can and will rise above the forces that, in too many cases, have ruined her beauty through the ages—that still drag her down today—that wreck her mental and physical strength—that disqualify her for society, for self-improvement.

In blazing this revolutionary trail to the new freedom of women, this daring and heroic author points out that women who cannot afford to have more than one or two children, should not do so. It is a crime to herself, a crime to her children, a crime to society. Margaret Sanger considers it a slur upon the intelligence of American womankind to deny to them the knowledge which has brought freedom, health, happiness and life itself to the women of other nations. That is why she has braved the storm of denunciation, why she has fought through every court in the land in her advocacy of woman's right to the knowledge that will break the chains of slavery. Her message is one of the greatest that it has been the good fortune of women to receive.

"Woman and the New Race," Margaret Sanger's courageous book, should be read by every married man and woman in America.

Partial List of Contents

Woman's Error and Her Debt.
Two Classes of Women.
Cries of Despair.
When Should a Woman Avoid Having Children?
Birth Control—A Parent's Problem or Woman's?
Continence—Is it Practicable or Desirable?
Are Preventive Means Certain?
Contraceptives or Abortion?
Women and the New Morality.
Legislating Woman's Morals.
Why Not Birth Control Clinics in America?
Progress We Have Made

It is a book of astounding facts that will open the eyes of worn, tired womankind. In truth and honesty it may be said to be the clarion call of woman's salvation.

Every woman in the country should have a copy of this remarkable and courageous work. For this reason we have arranged a special edition of "Woman and the New Race" at only \$2.00 a copy.

Send No Money

The book is bound in handsome, durable gray cloth, has artistic black lettering and is printed from large type on good paper. It contains 234 interesting pages. To have it come to you, merely fill in and mail the coupon below. It is sent to you in a plain wrapper. When "Woman and the New Race" is delivered to you by the postman, pay him \$2.00 plus postage—but send no money with the coupon, and if after reading it you are not entirely satisfied return it to us and we will refund your money. There will be an unprecedented demand for this edition, which will soon be exhausted, so you are urged to mail the coupon now—at once.

EUGENICS PUBLISHING CO.

Dept. T-635 1658 Broadway New York City

Eugenics Publishing Co.

Dept. T-635, 1658 Broadway, New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me, in plain wrapper, Margaret Sanger's book, "Woman and the New Race." I am enclosing no money, but will give the postman who delivers the book to me, \$2.00 plus postage.

Name

Address

City State

Canadian and foreign orders must be accompanied by money order.



For the growing
youngster
Beeman's is
a pure and
healthful
treat — its
daily use is
"a sensible
habit"



BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.



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to New York
and the
Alamac**

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A masterpiece of modern hotel
creation. Most convenient, yet
quiet. A revelation in hospitality
and service, offering many innova-
tions including Servidors, taxis, etc.
Unique Congo Room—Medieval
Grille and Blue Room Restaurants.

New York's
latest hotel achievement

LATZ OWNERSHIP—MANAGEMENT

The Editor's Letter Box

Q Space rates are paid for all letters published here when accompanied by photographs. Lack of space limits our choice of the many hundreds of excellent letters received. This is the Readers' Department and SCREENLAND cannot accept responsibility for sentiments expressed. Address Editor SCREENLAND, 145 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y. Send your portrait with your letter. It is impossible to return letters or pictures. Please don't ask questions. This is not an Answer Department.

DEAR EDITOR:—



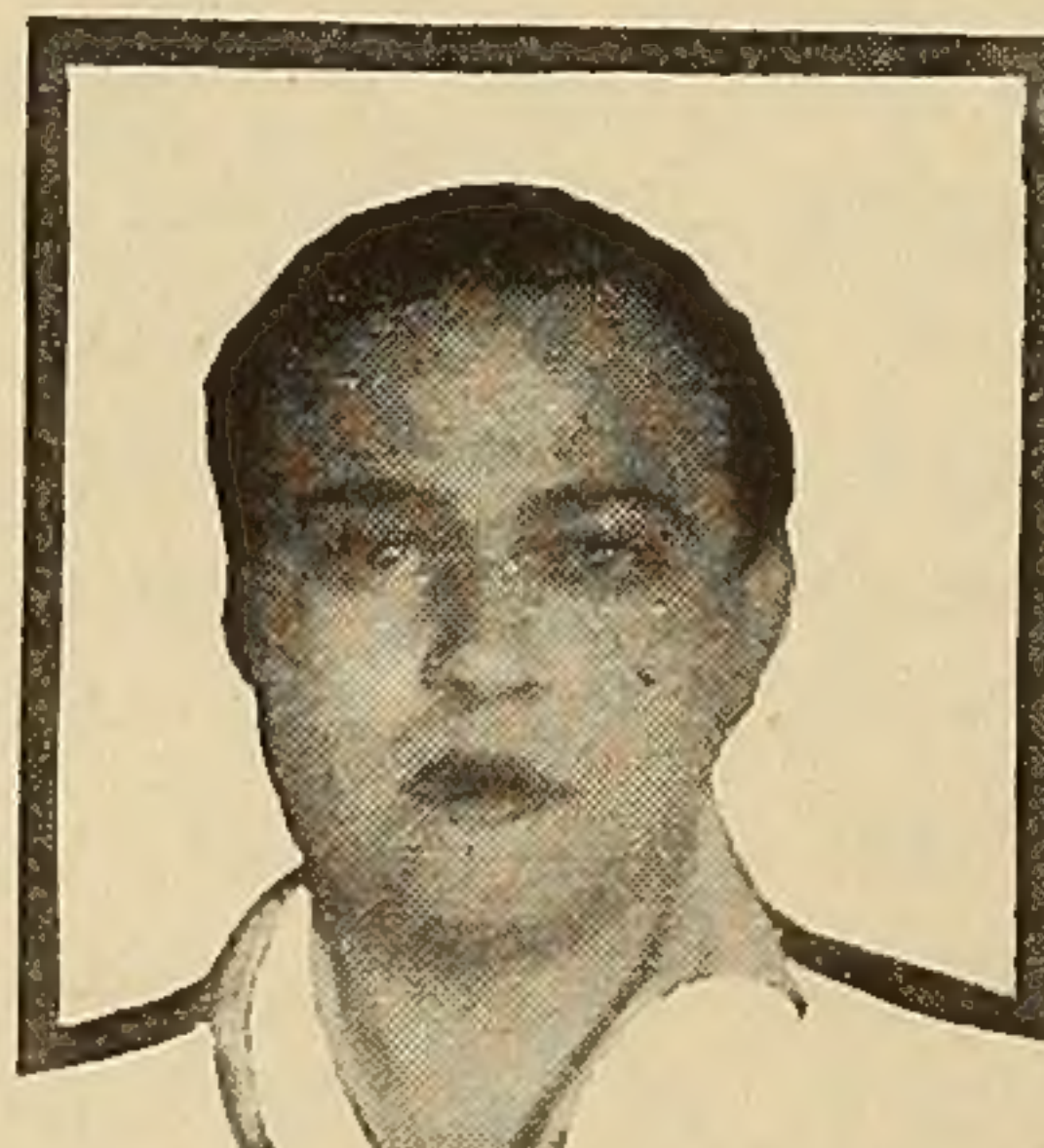
Q *Grace Coldenstroth*
In my opinion one of the greatest criticisms of the screen is that when a star has reached his or her height of popularity they are overdone. By this I mean they are on the screen too much during the showing of a picture. This doesn't give the rest of the cast a chance to do anything.

I think the public is expecting better pictures than we are now getting and prefers the featuring of more than one star in a picture.

GRACE COLDENSTROTH,
1329 Belmont St.,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR EDITOR:—

It seems to me that it is high time that someone says a word in defense of Mae Murray. In the first place we all agree, Mae rakes in the shekels. In the second place the main object of the theatre is entertainment. Mae offers more entertainment than any one I can think of excepting possibly Nazimova or La Negri. She is as exquisite as an orchid, as graceful as a reed in the winds and full of life and pep. Her dancing is a joy forever. It thrills me more than all the Pavlovas in the world.



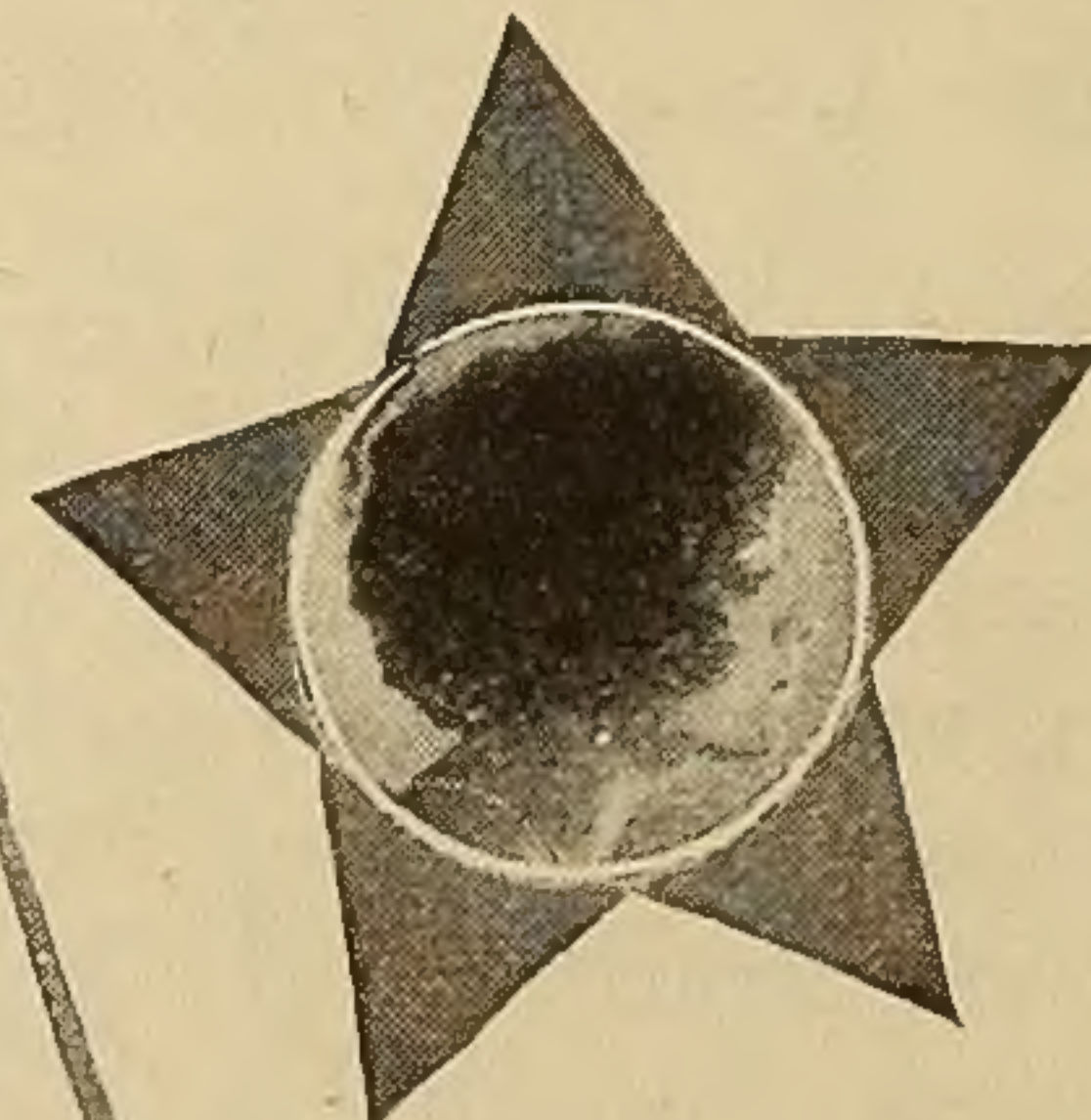
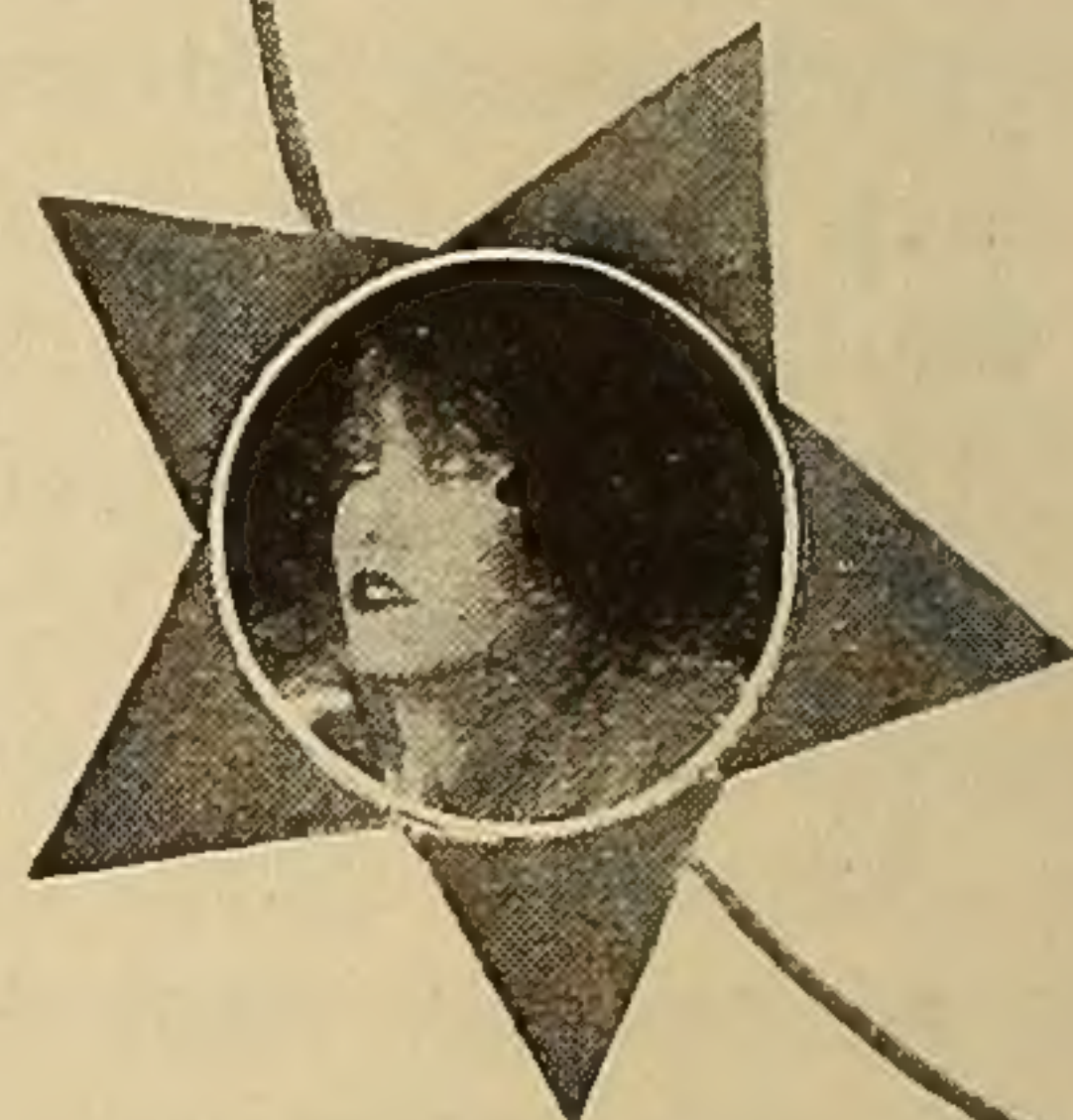
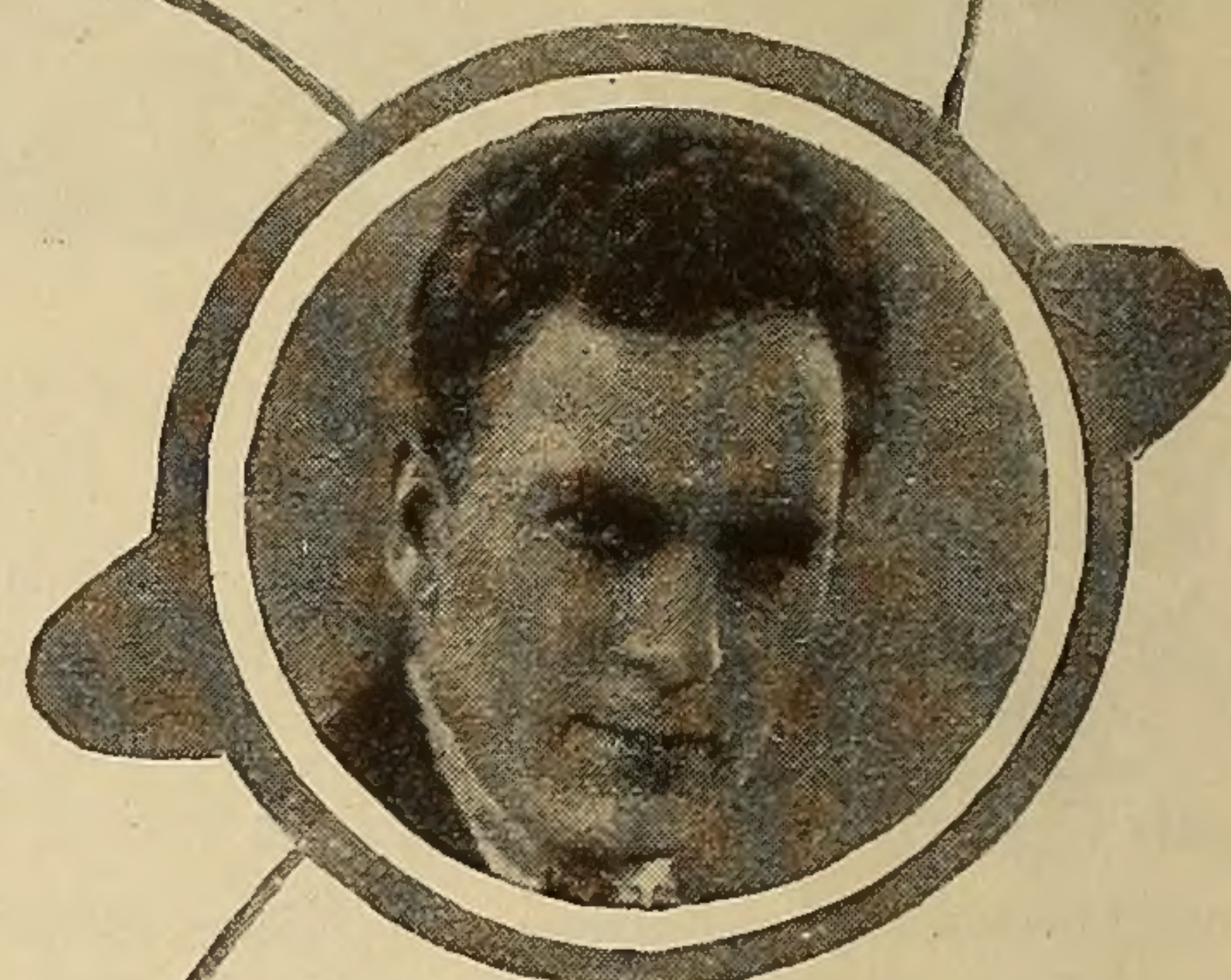
Q *Frederic Leitzan*

I feel like eating nails every time I hear one of these falsely modest prudes (who, by the way, have figures like sacks of flour), lift up their nose at "that Murray creature—half naked." Mae wears as few clothes as most of our musical comedy girls (though no one kicks about them), and with more reason. She has a beautiful body. Why not show it? And her plays are not suggestive. If you want to see a suggestive play go to one of Corinne Griffith's. In my opinion

(Continued on page 83)

beautiful
STAR
portraits

FOR 25 CENTS



Many readers dislike tearing or marring their copies of SCREENLAND and yet they would like to frame the eight handsome rotogravure portraits that appear each month. Two unbound copies of the complete gallery in this issue—ready for framing—will be sent upon receipt of twenty-five cents in coin or stamps; or FREE with a five months' subscription to SCREENLAND for \$1.00.

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145 West 57th St. New York City

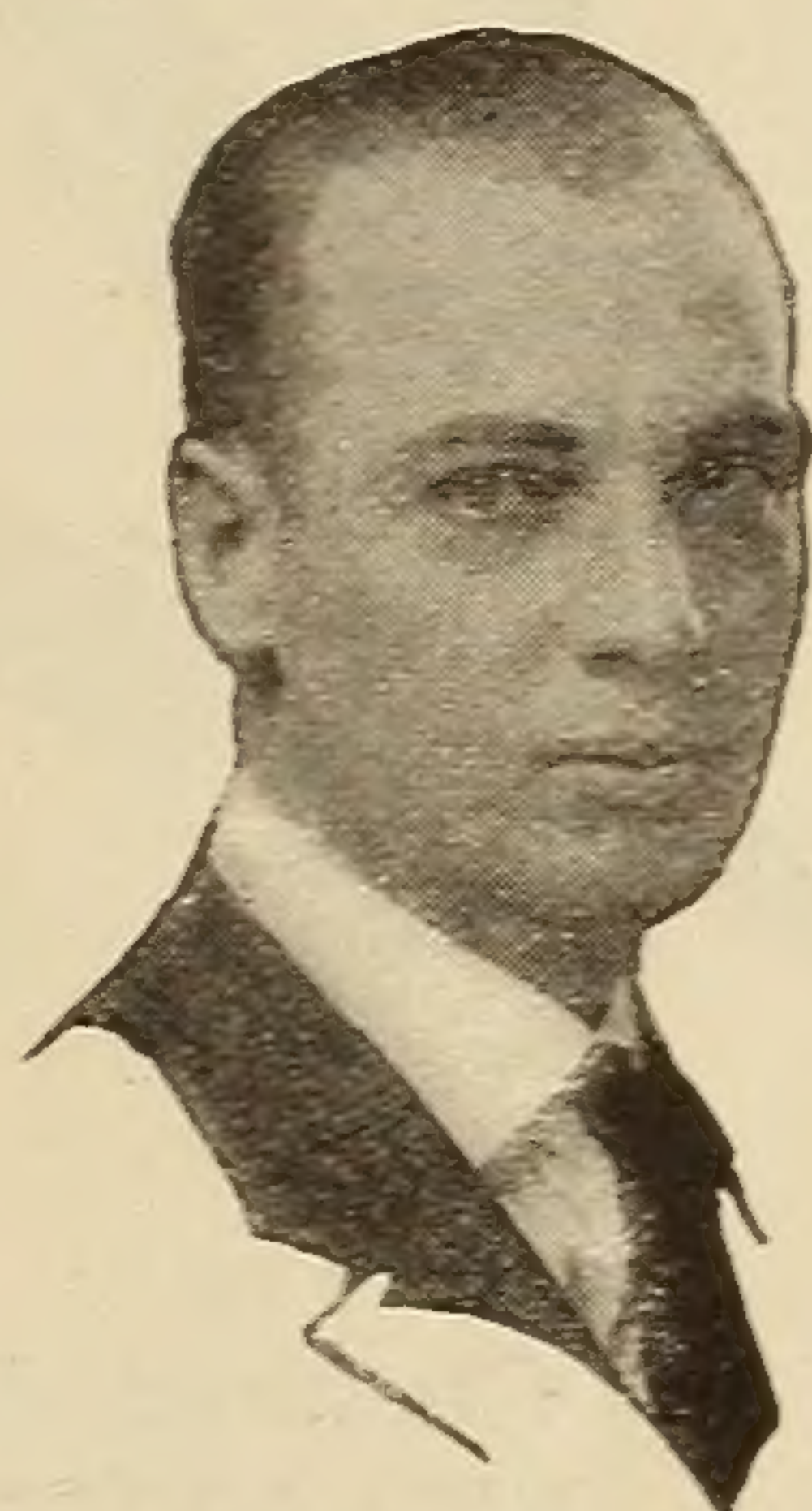
They Said It Couldn't Be Done!

—BUT THESE SCREEN
AUTHORS DID IT!



ETHEL STYLES MIDDLETON
Author

**"JUDGMENT
of the STORM"**



HAROLD M. SHUMATE

Author

**"THE WHITE
SIN"**

(formerly announced as
"Unguarded Gates.")



WILL LAMBERT
Author

"LOST"

(Working Title—
Release title to be
announced later.)

THE three authors whose photographs appear in this announcement have demonstrated that "It Can Be Done."

Friends and relatives said, "You are foolish to dream of writing for the movies. Only professional writers with a pull can succeed. You aren't a professional writer, and you have no pull. You will just be wasting your time."

But creative imagination, not mere writing ability, produces photodramas. These authors had creative imagination. What they needed was knowledge of photoplay construction.

Through the co-operation of Palmer Institute of Authorship, that knowledge was obtained.

The result was another defeat for the sceptics who say "It can't be done." Today the authors pictured above are accepted photodramatists. Their plays produced by Palmer Photoplay Corporation and distributed by Film Booking Offices of America, are being shown in thousands of theatres throughout the United States and Canada. They accomplished what sceptics said could not be done.

Many other men and women are today similarly successful because of Palmer training. Through Palmer co-operation they have learned how to harness imagination and to teach it to express itself in dramatic terms. And they have learned in spare time study in their own homes. Their work is in demand. They form a trained body upon whom the motion picture industry, as a whole, is leaning more and more.

Screen Plays by Palmer Authors

Photoplays now on the screen, in preparation or purchased for production, written by authors succeeding through Palmer co-operation include, besides those listed above, "Trusie Stoops to Conquer," "Love's Whirlpool," "Hollywood 1900," "Robes of Redemption," "Next, Please," "Crepe de Chine Gordon," "Light Fingers and Toes," "Tangled Lives," and "The Night Hawk."

Announcing The Palmer Scholarship Foundation

Palmer Scholarship Foundation has been established by Palmer Institute of Authorship for the purpose of bringing recognition to men and women whose fresh and virile stories might otherwise be lost to the screen and general publication field, but who need only training in the new technique of authorship in order to succeed.

Two Major Awards, carrying prizes of \$500 cash and bronze Medals of Merit, will be made by the terms of the Foundation to the authors of the best short story and the best screen play, respectively, submitted each year.

Forty-eight Free Scholarships will be awarded annually upon a basis of earnest effort rather than originality or brilliance.

Thus both Genius and Industry receive equal opportunity to share in these awards.

RUSSELL DOUBLEDAY
(Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Chairman, Committee Short Story Awards

FREDERICK PALMER
(Palmer Photoplay Corporation)
Chairman, Committee Screen Play Awards

Almost without exception every person ambitious to write is faced at the beginning with ridicule and discouragement. Many struggle long years unguided before eventually gaining the heights. But how much smoother the path would have been, how much more quickly the heights would have been scaled, if the writer could have had, at the beginning, the guidance and encouragement of *someone who knew*.

Such guidance and encouragement Palmer Institute of Authorship proffers. Palmer Course and Service teaches photoplay writing, short story writing, and dramatic criticism. Instruction is individual, confidential. The student studies at home. Each receives the personal guidance and supervision of a member of the Advisory Bureau, a brilliant staff selected for studio and magazine experience and teaching ability. When the student's creations become good enough for sale the services of the Sales Department are placed at his command for marketing both screen plays and short stories.

New Literature, New Methods

Palmer Institute of Authorship recognizes the arrival of a new day in American letters. The screen has created a public taste for dramatic action and strength of plot. This has reacted upon the magazines. There has come into being a new technique of writing. New times demand new methods and Palmer training is worlds away from out-worn methods of instruction.

tion. It is abreast of the current and growing demands of the screen and magazines for stories written in the modern dramatic technique.

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CREATIONS

JORDEAU

NEW YORK

The Speaking Stage

CHIFFON GIRL—*Jolson Theatre*. Perhaps this is a fair musical comedy when Eleanor Painter is in it. It is certainly terrible without her. She was A. W. O. L. the night we saw it.

MOON-FLOWER—*Astor Theatre*. The charming Elsie Ferguson at her best is the outstanding feature of this good play containing an interesting plot and beautiful scenery.

HELL BENT FER HEAVEN—*Frazee Theatre*. A Blue Ridge Mountain feud story—well done—with Augustin Duncan portraying an unusually hateful villain.

HIPPODROME—The old landmark given a new lease of life with Keith vaudeville.

KID BOOTS—*Earl Carroll Theatre*. Eddie Cantor in white face and black face too. He plays the part of a caddie at a Palm Beach golf club. Marilyn Miller is the poor little rich girl. The leading man is handsome. A Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., production. Need we say more?

LOLLIPOP—*Knickerbocker Theatre*. Ada May Weeks is a show in herself. There is one good song (Dance a Little One-step). Good entertainment.

NEW TOYS—*Fulton Theatre*. Ernest Truex provides most of the laughs in this amusing comedy of married life "after the first baby."

OTHER ROSE—*Morosco Theatre*. With Fay Bainter. A Belasco production with charm.

RUNNIN' WILD—*Colonial Theatre*. A colored song and dance fest with two song hits (Runnin' Wild and Old Fashioned Rose), and the patter of many little darky feet. Excellent dancing and singing.

RUST—*52nd St. Theatre*. Just another one of "them things." Typical Greenwich Village melodrama with the acting of Clarke Silvernail as the one outstanding feature.

STEPPING STONES—*Globe*. With Fred Stone. A regular Stone hit, with little Dorothy, his daughter, fast becoming a Broadway idol.

SWEET LITTLE DEVIL—*Central Theatre*. With Constance Binney. An average musical comedy with scenes ranging from a New York apartment to Peru. Passably pleasant.



Scene from the film "Omar, The Tentmaker"
Produced by Richard Walton Tully

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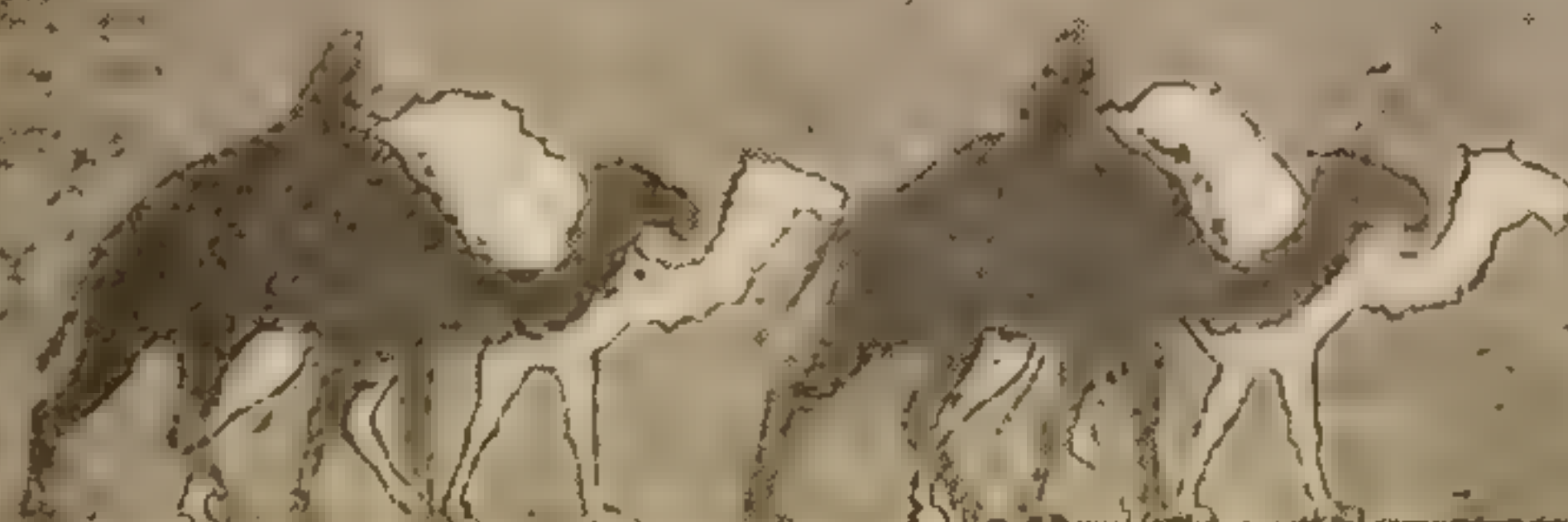
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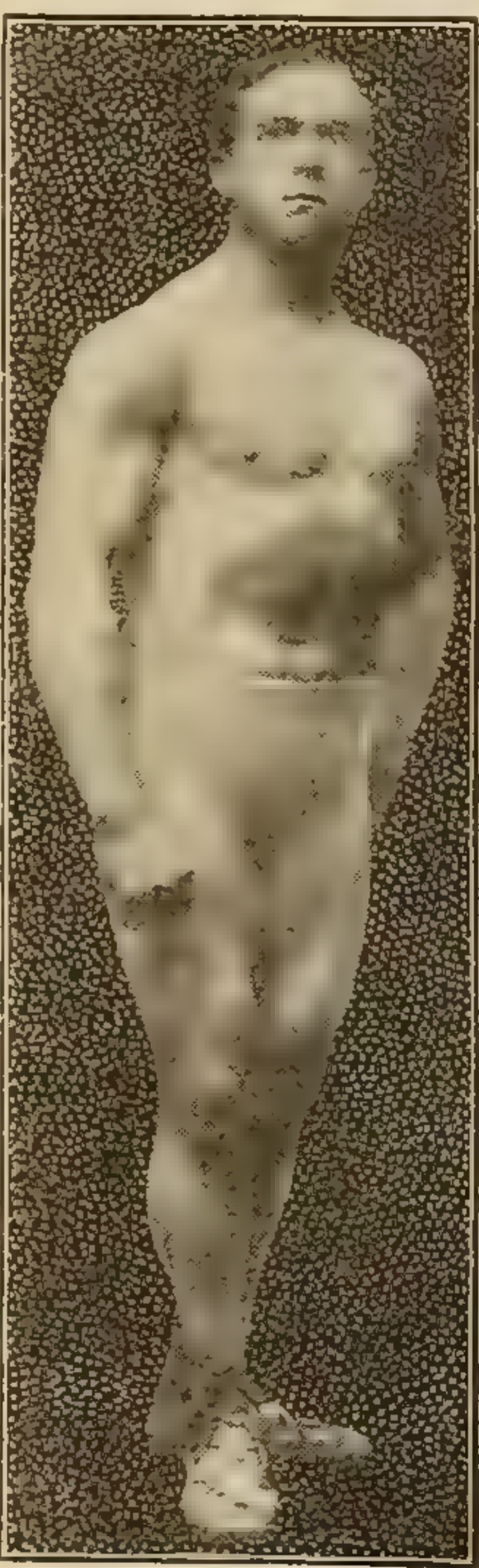


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The Silent Drama

Brief Reviews of Current Screen Releases

"ICEBOUND"—Paramount. This is a screen version of the 1923 Pulitzer prize play by Owen Davis, but William de Mille's interpretation will win no such honors for the photoplay. It is a hokumized edition of what the dramatic critics had declared a first rate stage production. *Icebound* on the screen smacks of the vintage of 1910. Richard Dix and Lois Wilson in the leading roles offer creditable performances which are lost in a maze of trite and stagey situations. The photography is poor. The supporting cast is weak.

"THE ISLE OF VANISHING MEN"—Herman J. Garfield. Being the cinematic diary of an exploration trip into the jungle fastness of Dutch Guinea in which are revealed some astounding scenes of life among the headhunters on one of the last of the Cannibal Isles. This is more than a travelogue. It is a startlingly vivid narrative, probably never to be told again, of a remote and picturesque tribe that is fast becoming extinct—a race of vanishing men. Splendid photography.

"THE LAW FORBIDS"—Universal-Jewel. The

darling Baby Peggy in a child-shall-lead-them problem play of the divorce court. Playwright, living apart from his wife, writes a play that brings her back and Peggy does the rest, clad in her nightie and registering a mama-kiss-papa appeal. Direction is very good and the supporting roles are well handled. This picture has lots of heart interest—the kind that makes for throbs 'neath the maternal breast.

"THY NAME IS WOMAN"—A Fred Niblo Production for Metro. Here is a production that has much ado about nothing as anything that has come out of the studios. Barbara La Marr and Ramon Novarro, in the stellar roles, engage in a ten reel duel of spoken titles with assorted flashes of amorous clinches done in the latest mode. Spanish smuggler stuff with a buck private in the King's Guard sacrificing honor and duty to the Crown rather than betray the woman he loves. Atrocious titling drag this production down to the five and ten cent level.

"THE UNINVITED GUEST"—Metro. An incredible tale that travels from

New York to the South Sea Islands and back. Lover jilted on the eve of his wedding goes to the South Seas to forget. Saves shipwrecked lass from the "brutish desires" of Louis Wolheim, heavy, wins the gel as well as her fortune and returns to New York to live happily ever after. Some interesting under water shots add beauty to an otherwise dull photoplay. "Lefty" Flynn, Mary MacLaren and Jean Tolley in fair interpretations of fanciful roles.

"HAPPINESS"—Metro—Laurette Taylor in a Pollyanna role romps through a comedy that for plot conveniences would put a Horatio Alger to shame. Little shop girl by dint of hard work and some marvelous cinematic coincidences becomes Madame Epinard, modiste to Gotham's 400. A dipperful from the old hokum bucket though it is pleasant enough to the taste. Save that of Miss Taylor, the performances are mediocre. The direction is good.

"JULIUS SEES HER"—The first of F. B. O.'s "Telephone Girl Series." The first of a series of side-splitting two-reelers from the mirth-provoking Witwer yarns of the "Hello Girl." Hi-lari-

ous throughout, offering the finest comedy situations that have ever been done in celluliod. The rare Witwer slang gets a guffaw with every subtitle. Alberta Vaughn is the typical type for the queen of the switchboard

and her imp-like characterization leave nothing to be desired.

"THE SONG OF LOVE"—First National. *The Sheik* and *The Song of India* have nothing on this picturization of Margaret Peterson's *Dust of Desire* for cave-man love in the desert and mystic romance 'neath Eastern skies. Norma Talmadge, as an Arabian dancing girl, has never before looked quite so beautiful, so alluring. Joseph Schildkraut plays opposite the star, but Arthur Edmund Carewe in a supporting role takes the masculine honors. Entertaining for those who like the "Sheik stuff."

Additional Reviews on Pages 50, 51, 84

"POISONED PARADISE"—Preferred Pictures. Director Gasnier makes a hectic melodrama of Robert W. Service's little known novel. Clara Bow fails to register the same charm that made her in *Black Oxen* and Kenneth Harlan is getting a little heavy, both physically and from an acting standpoint. Not real. Little heart interest. Carmel Myers vamps industriously.

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Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this daring book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

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Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

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DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

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- how to win the girl you want.
- how to hold your husband's love.
- how to make people admire you.
- why "petting parties" destroy the capacity for true love.
- why many marriages end in despair.
- how to hold a woman's affection.
- how to keep a husband home nights.
- things that turn men against you.
- how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- the "danger year" of married life.

- how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming—how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- how to attract people you like.
- why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- are there any real grounds for divorce?
- how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
- how to tell if someone really loves you.
- things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."



ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you **MUST NOT DO** unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can

the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

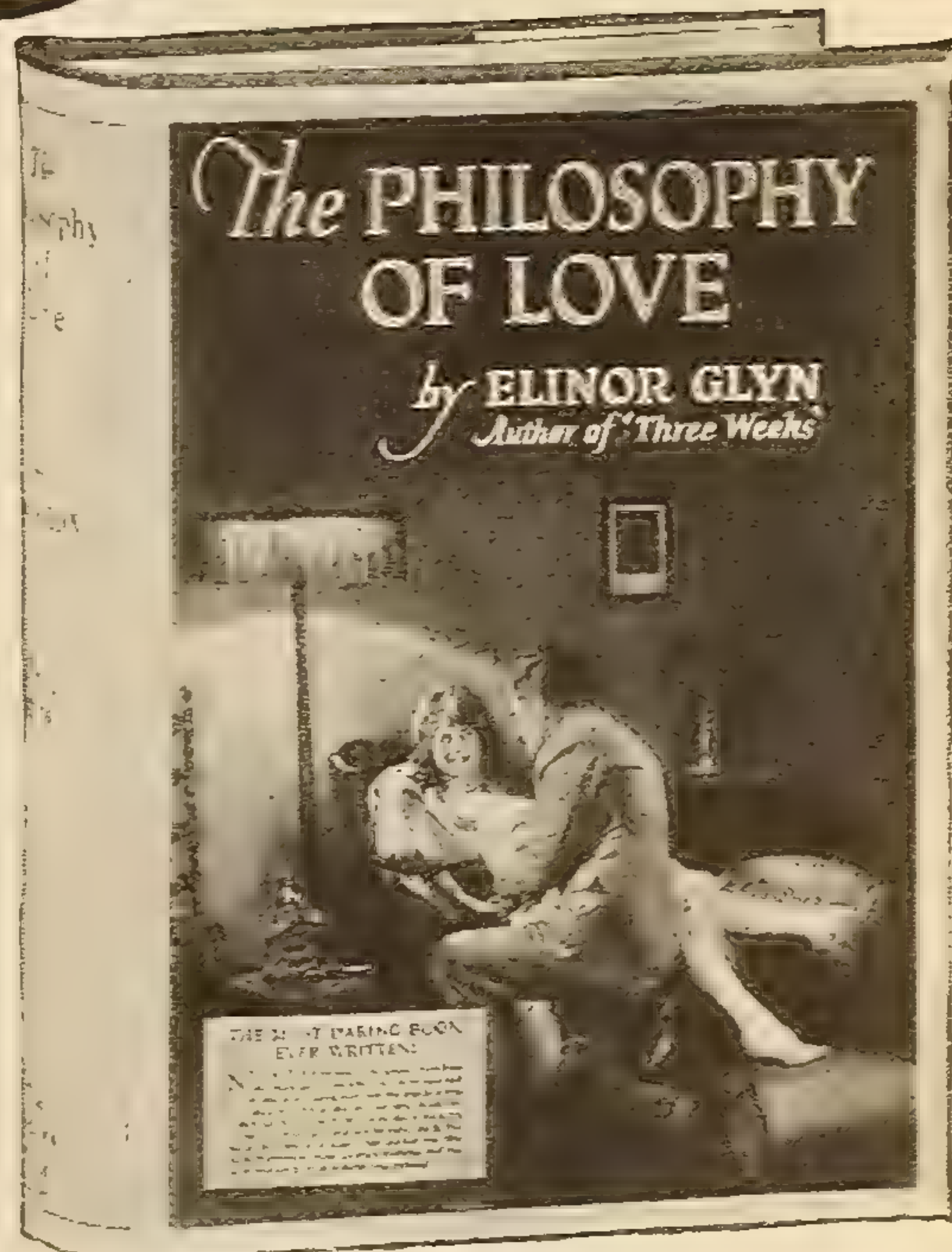
In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

"The Philosophy of Love" is one of the most daring books ever written. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the most dangerous sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

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SCREENLAND



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Radio, Endurance Fans, Inter

Editorials By

Radio Aids Producers

MOVIE producers have a canny faculty of turning obstacles into aids. Everything is grist that comes to their mill. Remember a few years back when stage and movies were considered bitterest rivals. Today producers take unwonted pleasure in paying exorbitant figures for "legitimate" stage successes, and in renting "legitimate" theatres along Broadway to show their pictures in at almost "illegitimate" prices.

Foreign productions came next and the acting and direction from abroad was considered a menace to Fair Hollywood. This obstacle was overcome by bringing the foreign menace to our own side and Americanizing it.

And then came the much-feared Radio. No one—the calamity howlers predicted—will go to the movies when they can sit home in comfort and listen to prizefights, weather reports, grand opera, stock market quotations and sermons. But such was not the case. The public has an insatiable appetite for entertainment. In the two years during which radio has become popularized, attendance at motion picture theatres has been on the upward grade and it is greater today than ever. Meanwhile film magnates have been quick to enlist the services of their late rival. Marcus Loew controls Station WHN through which his chain of New York houses becomes known to thousands. S. L. Rothapfel, managing director of the Capitol Theatre, broadcasting the programs from that house, has brought increased patronage to it. From the stations in Los Angeles, the screen stars speak to multitudes and from scores of other points, photoplay reviews and news are sent out on the air gaining new friends for the motion pictures.

Long Live the King

IT is with marked pleasure that we learn of the elevation of Adolphe Menjou to stardom by the Famous Players Lasky Company. Particularly fortunate was the choice of his first starring vehicle, *The King*,—Leo Ditrichstein's stage success. Here is a type of actor of which there is all too few. He is not only an actor of distinction but a gentleman of broad culture and attainments. Many are the dissertations we have listened to from you, Adolphe, at the little Round Table in Arm-

strong Carleton's famous Blue Front Cafe in Hollywood. God speed you on your way.

Three Delicate Subjects

THREE stage successes recently purchased for screen consumption are the following: *Rain*, *Spring Cleaning*, and *The Lady*. Each of these plays has as a central figure a prostitute. The very substance of them is the character of this woman, her cynical sophistication and the reaction of her disillusioned personality upon the people with whom she comes in contact. Blanche Sweet in her portrayal of Anna Christie—a similar subject—dared all and won. It will be interesting to see what Famous Players, who are credited with owning rights to the first two, and Schenck, who owns *The Lady*, will do under similar conditions.

Woodrow Wilson

IT seems logical now to look forward to a film version of the life of Woodrow Wilson. People are beginning to take hold of history faster than they did in the old days. There was a time when a man had to become a memory centuries old before his character was considered as "epic"; but things move so much faster in our day and age that even Clio, the muse of history, seems to have been effected.

Even Republicans—now that the necessity of denying it is no longer apparent—will accede to Mr. Wilson his seat with the mighty. His misfortune was not that—like Lincoln—he died too soon; it was that—like Roosevelt—he lived too long. Had he been carried off with the first flush of high ideals still on him—at the opening of the Peace Conference—he would stand already in the niche where he belongs—beside Washington and Lincoln.

Dealing with Endurance Fans

ANEW and original method has been discovered for easing out the "sitters" in smaller movie houses who come when the show opens in the morning, bring fruit or candy, and remain all day. "We simply move these endurance fans down front," says an usher of the Little Hippodrome of Buffalo, "where the eyestrain is so great that they can't stand it and move out fast."

views and Woodrow Wilson

MYRON ZOBEL

A Story for Title Writers

ANOTHER story told about the Stern brothers—the world's most quoted producers—is this one: A title writer did some titling on a two reel comedy just filmed. The work was well done but the bill she sent in was for \$500.

The girl herself came in the next morning and Stern said to her: "The titles you wrote for me were first rate but why should you charge me \$500 for them? There are a dozen free lance title writers around Hollywood that I could get to write those titles for \$50."

"All right," said the girl, "I will only charge you \$50 for writing those titles. Give me the bill and let me change it. Stern handed her the bill and this is what she wrote:

To writing titles	\$ 50
To knowing how to write titles	\$450

Total	\$500

Stern saw the point and paid the bill.

Rupert Hughes Tells One on Edison

RUPERT HUGHES told us a good one about the Edison luncheon, to celebrate the great inventor's birthday, recently held in New York City. Mr. Hughes was waxing satirical and humorously declared: "There—(pointing to Mr. Edison)—sits the scoundrel responsible for all the moral turpitude in the world today. He invented the motion picture thereby inspiring crime, fostering deceit and teaching our young people to spoon on dark porches . . ." "Yes," came a voice from the crowd, "and then he invented the electric light and spoiled it all."

Advantages of Biblical Subjects

FOLLOWING the success of *The Ten Commandments*, we may expect to see a swarm of religious pictures. The Book of Job and Pilgrim's Progress would do well for a starter and then some daring producer is sure to force censors into a delicate predicament by filming the story of Potiphar's Wife and the Temptations of Saint Anthony. There are at least three advantages to biblical subjects. They are unquestionably moral. They have had wide publicity. And the author's royalties have expired.

The Grand Old Man

WE note with relief that Theodore Roberts is now recuperating in Pittsburgh from a severe attack of pneumonia which nearly cost him his life.

As this is written the papers report that he is sitting up in bed smoking his famous long stogie. Here is indeed the Grand Old Man of the screen. Hollywood is pretty full of Movie Mamas and every studio lot boasts two or three character actresses whom the younger players all call "mother," but film "fathers" deserving of the name are pretty rare. Theodore Roberts is just that to everyone who knows him.

Don't Call Them Interviews

THIRTY-ONE of SCREENLAND's forty-two issues have been edited by us and, to the best of our knowledge and belief, never have we run an interview in a single one of them. For interviews with screen stars have come to mean so much that is conventional. So much that is stilted. Such false sentimentality. The movies and its people mean too much to us that is human, too much that is sincere and fine, for us to grind them into mush and turn them out as plain press yarns and movie interviews.

With this issue we take over the reins of editorship—for the past seven months in other hands. It is no light duty, carelessly to be discharged. For SCREENLAND takes the movies seriously; though it may kid them frequently for what it honestly believes is their own good.

We have been much maligned in months gone by for handling our subject without gloves. We have been attacked. We have been traduced. Throughout these months our readers have stood by us. Many are the letters they have sent in pledging their support to a policy of fearless independence. Our circulation has grown steadily—proof sufficient of their faith in our sincerity and honesty.

And so it is with renewed faith—strengthened by the championship of added thousands—that we resume our editorial duties. Our purpose is clear—to treat the subjects of the screen without prejudice or favor; to describe the personalities of the screen as human beings, not as gods.

AS WE GO TO PRESS:

- Q Screenland mourns the death of George Randolph Chester, the greatest chronicler of film history. His stories of screen people were contemporaneous portraits recognized by all.
- Q Pola Negri to be directed by Ernst Lubitsch after completion of present film.
- Q Winifred Westover Hart seeks to set aside clause in contract with Bill Hart in effort to return to the screen and use the name of Mrs. William S. Hart.
- Q Louise Fazenda to be starred in Jack White comedy.
- Q Conway Tearle has famous mole on face removed by electrolysis.
- Q Gloria Swanson denies report of her death current here.
- Q Barbara La Marr asks mercy for H. L. Roth, attorney, charged with attempted blackmail. Says she cannot bear to carry thought that she has sent man to prison, perhaps to death.
- Q Thomas H. Ince Studios reorganized with John Griffith Wray, Director of *Anna Christie*, as Production Manager.
- Q Marriage of Betty Compson and James Cruze to be solemnized in Ghost Town of Frisco, Utah, Betty's birthplace, one of gold rush boom towns afterward abandoned.
- Q Nine pound son born to Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton.
- Q Lillian Gish cables denial of her reported engagement to Piero Frois, Italian naval officer.
- Q Sam Wood resigns from Lasky following release of his last picture, *The Next Corner*.
- Q Douglas Fairbanks signs with Morris Gest, famous theatrical producer for European and Asiatic outdoor presentation of *The Thief of Bagdad*.
- Q Cullen Landis ordered by Los Angeles Court to pay \$100 a week temporary alimony for support of wife and children.
- Q Ruth Roland starts own producing company with Tod Browning directing.
- Q Alice Lake announces engagement to Robert Williams, screen actor, of New York.
- Q Milton Sills chosen Raisin King at Fresno, Cal., festival.
- Q Dagmar Godowsky denies rumors of her return to married life and says that divorce proceedings against Frank Mayo are now in process.
- Q Harold Lloyd's first independent picture *Girl Shy* will be released Easter Sunday in New York.
- Q Rex Ingram and Alice Terry return from Algiers and announce intention of retiring after completion of *The Arab* to return to Algiers and live in their home recently purchased in Tunis.
- Q Douglas McLean starts work on *Never Say Die*, former stage play of William Collier.
- Q Helen Ferguson, Mrs. Tom Mix, Lucille Carlisle and Mrs. Sydney Chaplin undergo operations for nose surgery.
- Q Frank Keenan in automobile collision suffers serious injuries.
- Q Jack Pickford to be starred by Thomas Geraghty, independent producer.

Stars of
TODAY



Marion Davies
PHOTO BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



Alice Joyce

PHOTO BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



Alice Terry
PHOTO BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



Lillian Gish
PHOTO BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



Q Mabel Normand, From An Oil Painting By Abbot

This is Mabel as her mother knows her----a warm-hearted and impulsive little girl; a good daughter and a generous friend.

The Jinx on Mabel

Q There are really three Mabel Normands, rolled into one, and this is the story of all of them.

SCANDAL loves a shining mark; so it lives in Hollywood that it may watch the stars.

Scandal loves to hit a movie star and see him squirm and hear him make denial—but Scandal is cross-eyed and bigoted and blind, and even its microscopic lenses will not aid it to clear vision.

It has spattered Herbert Rawlinson, smirched Bill Hart, driven Fatty Arbuckle off the screen, and now is crushing Mabel Normand.

And Rawlinson and Hart and Arbuckle are the cleanest trio of men that have ever played in pictures. And Mabel's is the warmest heart that ever beat on a moving picture lot!

There is a jinx that walks with Mabel, a jinx that is Scandal's friend. Let her bury herself among her books for years and years; let her busy herself with work at the studio, or over her drawing board at home; let her live her life as she may; someday the jinx will take her to the home of a friend.

And then there is talk. Women's clubs in narrow little towns throughout the land will bar her pictures from their sanctimonious theaters; chivalrous censors will condemn her immediately; ministers who zealously follow the gentle Nazarene in all His ways, show her no Christ-like mercies.

Victim of Circumstances

Two years ago Mabel stopped at the home of William Desmond Taylor, to return a book she had borrowed, to have a chat with him, and run along. Taylor took her out to her car, and raised her hand to his lips—in the Continental manner that distinguished him—and said "Goodbye, little lady"—and was found in his home next morning, dead, a bullet hole in his side.

There was a girl who lived next door to Taylor, and she came home at midnight with a wealthy clubman friend. She was drunk. She insisted on going into Taylor's home and having "another lil' drink."

She almost staggered into the open doorway. She fought her companion with loud words, with vulgar profanity, and with uncertain and trembling hands.

The neighborhood was aroused. All the neighbors knew of the affair. But not a word was said. Her reputation was at stake. She might have given material testimony about that open door. But she was never called. There was no jinx on her.

Mabel had come in the daylight, and had gone away in the daylight. But it was Mabel who got all the notoriety out of the murder—Mabel and Mary Miles Minter.

Mary came into the case but slightly—her letters were found in Taylor's house. Some of them were printed. She was only a child, however, an innocent lovely child. She said she was engaged to Taylor, and that they would have married. And she remained the innocent child—as far as the censors knew.

Ah, Mabel might have kept out of it—but her sympathy was too great. She must tell the world how fine a man this Taylor was, and how she had liked him. It was the only tribute she could give him—and she would not hold it back though it put a brand upon her.

It was not the thing to do—perhaps. Only a man should have been as brave, and as scornful of public opinion.

Recovers from Experience

MABEL was sick for months. Mabel went abroad. Mabel returned and made some comedies. Mabel took up life where she had left off when Taylor died. The jinx seemed to have been satisfied.

And New Year's day she went to see two friends—stepped into an apartment for a little while—and the jinx laughed, and Scandal rocked with glee.

Come with me to Mabel's house. You'll love to hear her talk. She's interesting. She reads philosophies. She's a highbrow, but you'll not learn that from her. She's the most natural of the stars, the most human, the most original. And she loves to talk in the argot of the studios, the slangy patter

of the lot—"that part is out"—"it's all wet"—"hold it for a still." It takes real brains to appreciate the niceties of slang.

Oh, she'll spatter the room with English undefiled if you wish—and does it often. But she prefers quaint slang—and she can make it turn handsprings as well as the great George Ade.

The Star's Favorite

YOU will meet stars in Hollywood who talk in stilted phrases, and smooth involved sentences—when they deign to speak to you at all. And they will quote you lines from authors whose names they may remember—bits they have learned for the impressing of newspaper men. Their words are cloaks to hide their ragged minds.

But talk to Mary Pickford, Viola Dana, Mae Busch, Blanche Sweet, Helen Ferguson or Mabel Normand—they have things to say—and say them naturally.

Come on, let's talk to Mabel.

She's going out as we enter, and she bids us come along.

"My flowers," she says, "are withering. I can't endure them. We ourselves wither fast enough. Let us not have dying things around us."

We escort her to the Japanese florist down the street, and Mabel goes into little ecstasies over sweet peas and violets, and poppies, and lilies and fresh green ferns; arranges them in pleasing combinations of color; smells them; loves them with her eyes.

A little thing, Mabel, with black hair and big brown eyes—and the lines of suffering still in her face. You will hear no slang today from Mabel—for who that knows good English speaks in slang when he is sad?

She isn't the same Mabel we used to know; the rollicking, joyous, chummy, prank-playing star of the Sennett lot. She is a chastened woman, a suffering little girl who cannot understand why fate should whip her as it has.

"Only a little while ago," she says, "I started again to take up my drawing. You know I used to draw when I was a little girl. I had no technique, but the artists I knew said I had originality, and that was better than technique."

"I used to draw for the Butterick people long ago, you know? And then some artist got me to pose. I posed for



This is the Mabel of the Newspaper Scareheads---the butt of jibes and persecution and the victim of a Jinx that has pursued her relentlessly.

Mabel Normand On Her Way to Testify at Greer Trial

Pacific and Atlantic

many of them—in New York. The Leyendeckers, Flagg, Gibson, Stanlaws, Christy, Hutt—lots of them. I got \$1.50 in the morning; and \$1.50 in the afternoon. I spent 30 cents in carfare going and coming, between Staten Island and New York.

"I loved to pose. I would stand so still and look out at the clouds, and the tops of great buildings. And I would dream. Such dreams as I had!

Shocked by Pitiless Publicity

NEVER then did I think the day would come when I would see my name in ugly headlines in every newspaper that I saw. Never then did I think I would hate and loathe my name; or that the nights would come when I would put my hands to my eyes and try to shut out the vision of that name.

"Never then did I think that my brain would rock, saying to itself over and over—'Mabel Normand! Mabel Normand! Mabel Normand!!'—saying it over and over and over with a kind of horror at the repetition—saying it over and over until a merciful sleep would blot it out.

"A young girl's dreams—money enough to keep my mother and sister from want—money enough for lessons in painting and music—money enough for all the books and the flowers and the beautiful things I wanted—dreams of a little home, and children, and peace, and happiness!

"I didn't take the movies seriously then. It was just posing in front of a camera instead of a man with a brush and a box of pretty paints. I posed as a page for Griffith, and I didn't get home until morning. I could not be bothered with that. I didn't like to stay up so late—and I had to pose in the morning. I felt I couldn't afford to lose the \$2.70 net a day to pose in the movies, and so I didn't go back.

"One day I ran into Mack Sennett and Henry B. Walthall and some others, and they said Griffith was looking all over for me. They explained that I had held up the picture. I had registered in some scenes, and hence I must be in all the rest of that sequence. So of course I went back."

That was Mabel's start, and it was only a little time until she was getting \$100 a week, and the world was enjoying the freshness and the beauty and the charm and the sympathy that were hers. Hundreds, then thousands a week; fame; everything she had dreamed of, looking at the clouds as she posed.

There are stars who have saved their money; there are stars who have squandered it; there are stars who have lost it in stocks. Mabel gave it away.

Extremely Sympathetic

SHE would see a girl weeping and ask her what was the matter.

"Your mother's going to die unless you can get her to the hospital? And you haven't got a cent?"

Great anger would ride Mabel.

"Why didn't you tell me before?"—she might never have seen the girl before. But mama was taken to the hospital, and Mabel paid the bills.

She had so much—and there were millions who had so little! Mabel—the star whom the censors condemn—used to cry sometimes because she could help so few.

She listened avidly to the studio chatter, sifted it for clues, hurried to the bedsides of carpenters or electricians who had been hurt in accidents, or who had been laid off because of lack of work.

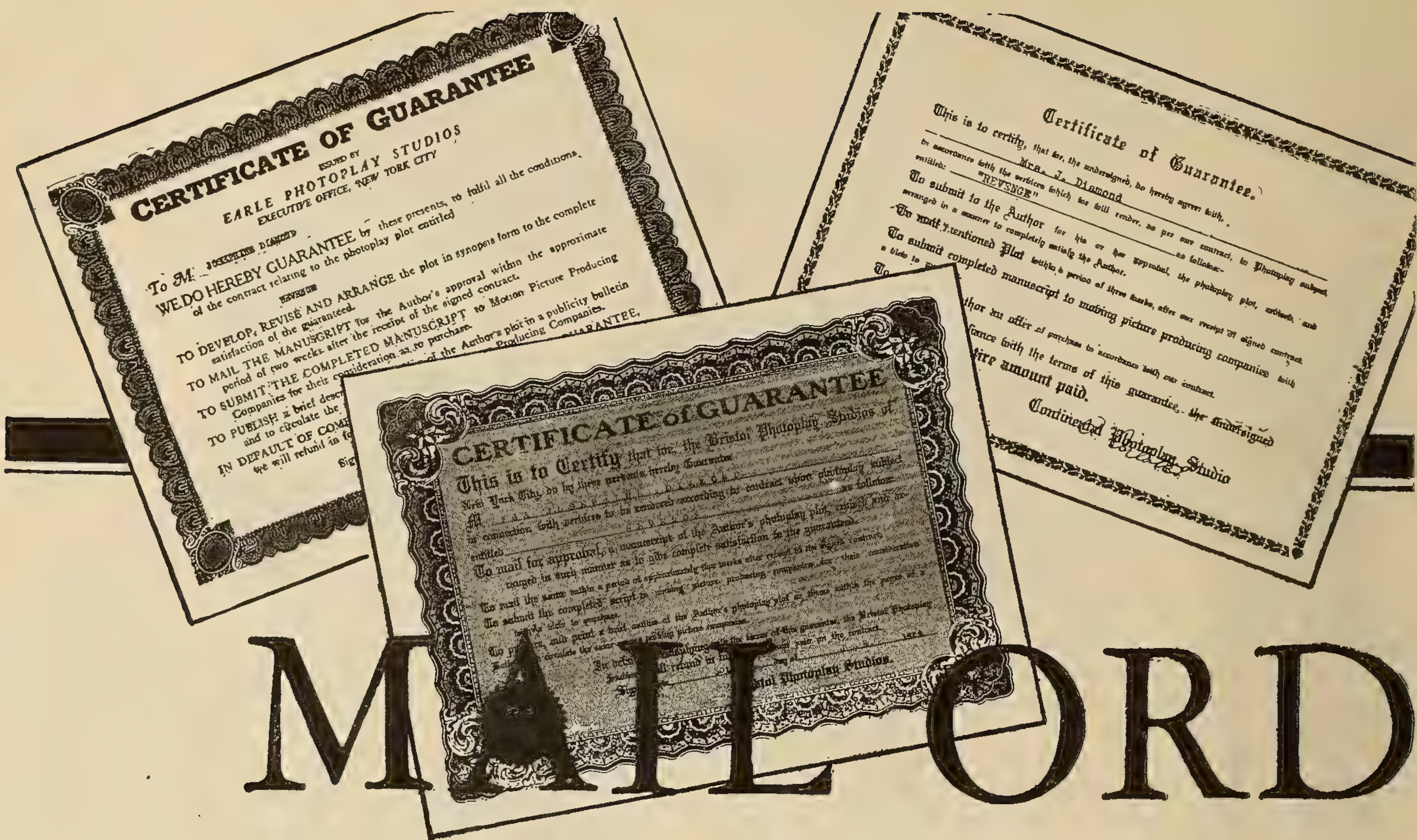
Show her misfortune, and she would steal away from her work, taking flowers with her, and money, and a woman's sympathy.

(Continued on Page 105.)



Q Mabel Normand in Her Newest Comedy *The Extra Girl*

Q This is the Mabel the fans adore---the embodiment of gaiety, vivacity and charm.



A daring expose of the barefaced and shameless methods employed by a horde of so-called "Scenario Schools," "Studios," "Agents" and similar high sounding schemers. Through these "sucker chasing" organizations ignorant and gullible amateurs are being mulcted annually of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

By Rup

FOR the purposes of this article a very interesting test was made. On this page will be found a facsimile reproduction of a letter and of several pages of a manuscript, submitted to a number of these scenario concerns. The entire manuscript, entitled *Revenge*, is also reproduced herewith word for word. It should be read by everyone, for it is, in its way, a remarkable document.

It was dictated by the writer's secretary, to her little brother. Her instructions were to concoct as drivelling and rubbishy a story as it was conceivable to imagine, in order to test the integrity of these various concerns, who claim in their literature that they only accept those stories which have promise.

The writing, it will be seen, is obviously that of a child or of a very uneducated adult. The contents speak for themselves. In fact, upon reading it before it was sent out, the writer wondered whether perhaps the thing was not too palpably ridiculous.

The Test

HERE is a transcript of the letter sent out, the original of which is reproduced on page 28—

Feb. 6, 1924.

Continental Photoplay Studio,
154 Nassau Street,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

"I read to-day your ad in a magazine to send in ideas for the movies as there is

big money in it and as I am a widow making her living as a housekeeper with 2 little children I want to try my luck and am sending you a story called *Revenge*. I didnt have a good edukation as a girl but bleave I have pritty good talent. If you like this one I have some more witch I write after I put my children to bed. Please let me know imediately if you like this. I would give anything to see one of my storeys on the screen.

Yours truly,
JOSEPHINE DIAMOND,
1413 Ave. J.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

"P. S. In case it cost some money to fix my Story up a little I am willing to pay as I have a little money saved up."

The Scenario

A TRANSCRIPT of the original scenario—reproduced in facsimile on page 28—is as follows:

Revenge
by Josephine Diamond

Mamie was a poor servent girl who was very sweet and lovely with gold curls and inosent blue eyes who worked hard to make

The End

The Replies

CONTINENTAL PHOTOPLAY STUDIO

Author's Representatives

Tribune Building 154 Nassau Street
New York City

February 9, 1924.

Mrs. J. Diamond,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Madam:—

We are immensely pleased to have received your story, entitled "Revenge," for examination.

After a careful study of your story, we are glad to be able to truthfully state that we consider it a suitable subject for a moving picture production

FROM PHOTOPLAY PLOT TO THE SCREEN

You Will Be Cordially Welcomed by Our



A Corner of the Office of the Managing Editor

Photographs taken from a pamphlet issued by the Earle Photoplay Studios.

Q *Acting upon the invitation expressed in the title over these pictures, we sent one of our staff writers to visit the Executive Staff in their Offices. The "Offices" consisted of a single room about 10 x 12 in size, containing the desk of the Managing Editor and the Director of Sales.*

22 Oct 1924
 Contracted Photo Play Studio
 154 Nassau St.
 New York City
 Dear Sir
 - read to day your ad
 in a magazine to find as close
 ideas for the movie I
 was by money in it and as
 I am a housekeeper both
 living as a housekeeper and am making
 a little book and am making
 my very best as a good
 I believe as a good but best
 education as a good but best
 I have fully the one I have
 I have more which I would
 offer to you for one know
 best

my letter if you like the
 I would like nothing to
 see one of my friends on the
 soon
 You're truly
 Josephine Richmond
 W. 3 Ave
 Brooklyn, N. Y.
 P.S. I guess it had some
 money to pay my story up
 a little bit more. Well, we
 pay as I have a little
 money saved up

Josephus Riccardi

Orange
Mama was a poor
servant girl who was
very sweet and lovely
affable and and innocent
first type who worked hard
to make a decent living
for herself and her poor old
mother. One day as Mama was
coming home from work she
walked into the backland
yard her poor old mother
lying on the floor in a
faint.
Mama quickly splashed
some water in her mother's face
and then her mother told her
that Yank took the money

2

truly and often was there
and told her of Maggie,
didn't marry him but
would make her lose her
job and spoil her
reputation as town. Maggie
burned deeply in the face,
and said "I'd defy them,
I'll do them."

Mamma's mother was
frightened and begged her
not to do anything and
Mamma told her not to
worry. The next day Mamma
saw "Grand in the street"
and he stopped her and
grabbed her by the hair.

3

and said how she
wants me going to get
you get down if you like
to leave I'll be on your
side. Mamma was so
angry that she slapped
my face good and fast.
And told him to let
it.

Then Yank had his
quizzes and to get Mamma
to tell her the top selling
line about her and
her mother didn't know
what to do. They didn't
have any money and,

no body should see
her. Butte soon Maggie
didn't know where her
nest might be coming from
and she went out to
hunt for work. So the
spruce who should be
coming to her but her
five long sweet heart
Red Tina who just came
so far from France where he
made a big fortune
long parable. Red and
Maggie heard and then
she told them how poor
they were and cried very
much.

5

Ned bought them
something to eat at the
grocery and told them
not to worry as he would
take good care of them
and get after the stars
the next day and start
off to get Yank and
bat him up.
While he was away
Yank called over to
Mamma's house with some
of his and
his friends over her
piling a sack over her
head they kidnapped
the poor girl. When Ned
came home that night

6
Mama, mother told him
not to lagged and she
did not know what to
do when Ned said to
"Come and leave
everything to me and ever-
thing will be all right."
To the old lady sat
down and started to do
the laundry and Ned
ran out to look for his
sweetheart. Ned knew
where Yaphki's cabin stood
was in the mountains
and he took his friends
and made a wild
dash for the mountains

and just came in time
to see Yeak trying to
kill Martin. He pointed off
the barrels and rushed over to
Yeak and almost grabbed
him saying you were big
fella that Earl Wilson
to fight and just as Yeak
was going to throw Yeak
a left clip, three bullets
one in Yeak's gun, one in
his back and shot him
full of lead. Then Wagner
cried but Yeak told him
not to worry as she was
not overweight and had

would forgive her do God
and Maude got down on
their knees and prayed and
when they got up again they
went straight to the men
and got motherly smiles
smile on their face

I beg End

QFacsimile of the original letter and of the scenario "Revenge" concocted by the author for the purpose of testing the integrity of Mail Order Movie concerns; the handwriting is the work of a ten year old child. On the opposite page are reproduced replies from so-called "Authors' Representatives" and "Agents" accepting the scenario as being "salable."

(The next step is asking the pupil to sign a prepared contract, reproduced on this page.—Editor.)

We are submitting the contract to you because *we think your work worthy of consideration* and it is our opinion, that when properly worked up, it will make a good, *salable* photoplay, which we endeavor to market for you . . . Our methods spare you the trouble of many weeks of tiresome study to secure the knowledge of plot construction . . . We also submit one copy of your story in neat typewritten form and attractively prepared to ten different producing companies, in an endeavor to effectuate a *quick and profitable sale* for you.

(The letter ends with a final exhortation to sign one of the contracts and send remittance—)

If you will return one of the contracts, properly signed with remittance, we will be able to start your work at once.

Yours for co-operation,
A. Arlatt,

Continental Photoplay Studio

(and concludes with a penned note from the so-called "Studio Editor")

Your story interested me. Consider theme excellent.

THE replies of the various concerns, also reproduced, likewise speak for themselves. This incredible rubbish, purposely made as futile and ridiculous as possible, is cheerfully accepted, and the author informed that her work shows promise. By their own correspondence these concerns stand condemned. (Continued on page 77)

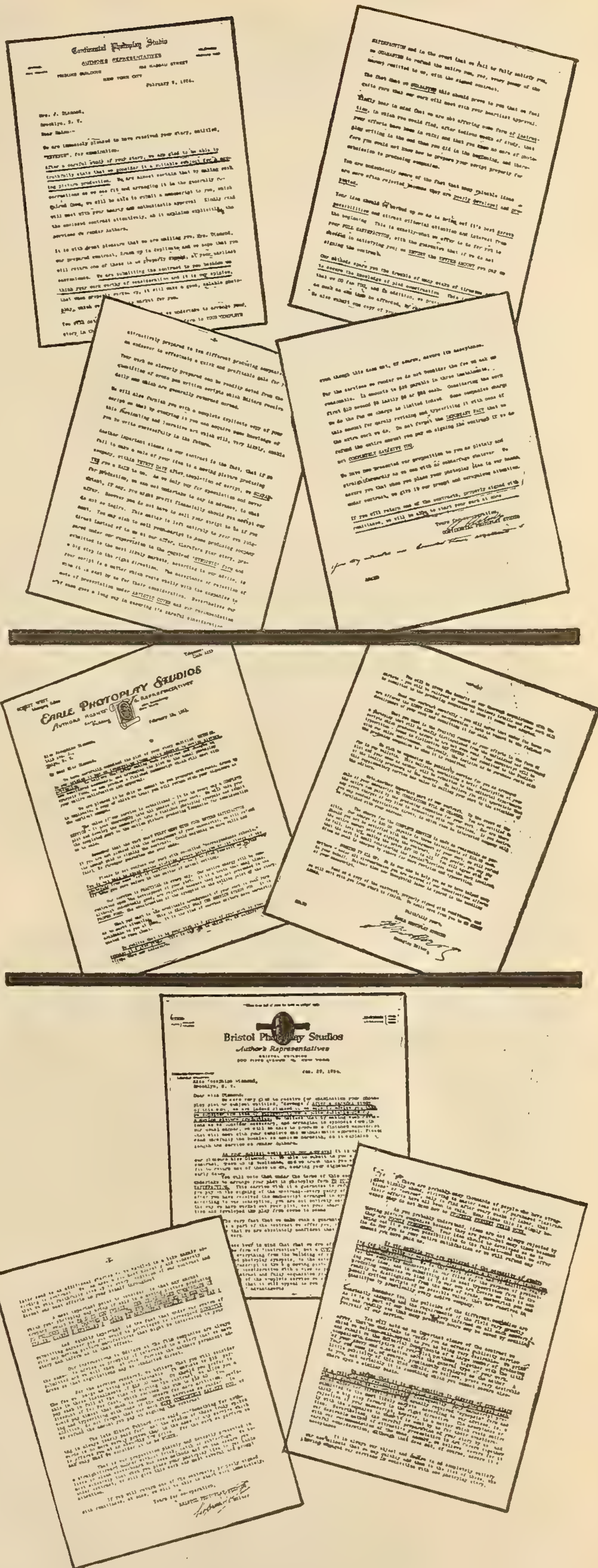
FROM PHOTOPLAY PLOT TO THE SCREEN Executive Staff If You Visit Our Offices



The Director of Sales at his desk. Frequent conferences are held between the Editorial Department and the Sales Director as to the most probable market for photoplays.

This illustrates the petty misrepresentations practiced by these concerns.

Q In order to hold one of the "frequent conferences between the Editorial Department and the Sales Director as to the most probable market for photoplays," as referred to in the caption under the pictures, all that is necessary for the Director of Sales to do is to turn around in his chair.



Q Facsimile of the replies accepting the scenario "Revenge"—reproduced on the opposite page—as "a suitable subject for a moving picture production" and holding forth hopes to the author of a "quick and profitable sale."

The Movie Kiss!

By Herbert Crooker

Illustrations by Addison Burbank

Q "Each kiss a heart-quake, for a kiss' strength
I think it must be reckoned by its length"
---Byron.

A KISS, someone has said, is nothing divided by two.

If that is a fact, then a kiss on the motion picture screen is *something* divided by millions, for before them, countless audiences will see two people of the opposite sex present their lips and indulge in a kiss—a kiss, of course, of the permitted amount of footage—just before they reach for their hats and prepare to depart from the theatre.

And what a stirring thing a kiss on the screen is to an audience—even though it is all make-believe!

Each young person seated watching the screen will have memories brought back of a certain kiss that is as yet unforgotten, and, no doubt, there are any number who will make a mental note of the exact attitudes of the osculatory couple as an aid for the future. For a kiss on the screen is unquestionably correct as to technique.

But to go even further than that, I'll warrant that each young person will gaze in envy at his, (or her), favorite hero, (or heroine), and permit that wish to flash through the brain, "Pretty soft, this movie acting! Pretty soft to be able to kiss such a wonderful girl, (or such a handsome actor), in the different scenes that flash forth."

But do they consider the actress or actor?

Does the idea occur to them that just such a bit





of action is perhaps extremely distasteful to one of the participants that they see before them on the screen?

They watch the scene eagerly, through the rose-colored glasses of youth. They dream dreams and fancy themselves in the same position.

"Pretty soft for you, old man," an enthusiastic young motion picture fan said to a star of the screen. "Pretty soft for you! Here I am off to China on an engineering job and you stay in the U. S. A. rescuing lovely maidens from villains, and then kiss the breath out of them in the final fade-out, if not before."

The film star laughed loud and long.

"Well, I'll be gum-swoggled!" he ejaculated. "I could understand a struggling player envying me my success in pictures, but I'll be darned if it ever struck me that anybody would envy me kissing these young women in motion pictures!"

The Joke of the Season

He laughed again, as though it were the joke of the season.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he volunteered suddenly, "I'll take you out to the studio this afternoon and you can see for yourself just what a lucky dog I am. We're just finishing up the last reel of my new production and I'm booked to kiss little Nina Harts. In fact, I believe that I will have to kiss her a number of times."

"That would be a lot of fun to watch you kiss her, wouldn't it?" replied his young friend. "I'll see the whole thing on the screen later, anyway."

"But it won't look the same," the star told him. "You'd better come along while you've got the chance."

They arrived at the studio the same time Nina Harts did. The movie star introduced them, and his friend was smitten immediately.

"Say, she's a little peach," he told his friend in an aside.

"She is that," the star replied, "you wouldn't mind kissing her now, would you?"

"Just try me," the visitor exploded.

"I'm sorry, but I can't even do it myself right now. The only kissing that's done in the studio comes under the head of work."

(Continued on Page 102)



Q "Now, Mr. Dulane, Miss Harts," Commanded the Director. "This is the Betrothal Embrace." And the Ghastly Mr. Duane Took the Livid Nina Harts in His Arms and Spoke the Fatal Words.



Q Street Scene in Front of Casting Office, Hollywood, California, Showing a Mob of Extra-People Disappointed in Quest for Work. Fifty Thousand Leaflets Reprinting This Picture as a Part of a Warning to Screen Aspirants Have Been Sent Throughout the Country by the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce.

Heart-Break Town

Q This article was written by a beauty contest winner who went to Hollywood with high hopes of stardom and who tells here of her discouraging experiences of recent date in the ranks of the extras.

I AM not going to sign this article, because my frankness about what happens to movie extras when the studios close down might get me in wrong at the studios. And an extra girl, who depends on her few days work a week for her bread and butter, cannot afford to offend the higher-ups

Hollywood is just showing signs of coming out from under a slump that has paralyzed the industry for two months. When the newspapers announced that the Famous Players-Lasky studio, which hires more extra players, probably, than any other West Coast plant, was going to close down for ten weeks, those people not connected with the profession undoubtedly read the notice and dismissed it from their minds without a thought of what that blow meant to the industry, and particularly to that largest and least considered class in Hollywood, the extras.

The closing of the Lasky plant started a panic that spread to most of the other studios. Out at the Goldwyn studio, where eight or ten companies had been working in the spring, only one company functioned at all: Rupert Hughes' company. Warner Brothers shut up shop, although the word never went out to the papers. A few companies were in the midst of pictures at Lasky's, but this didn't help the extras much, for about 650 men and women who had been

working in the offices or in the ward-robe departments lost their jobs temporarily. To keep these departmental people handy, against the time when the studios would open up again, Lasky used them as "atmosphere" in the few scenes where extras were required, instead of employing the regular minor talent. That was nice for the clerical help, but not so nice for the jobless extras.

There are—or were—about ten thousand extras in Hollywood. Even in boom times, with every studio going full blast, there are many more extras than there are jobs. And with the welcome off the mat at the studios, the percentage of jobless ones jumped many times.

It was pathetic to see the people lined up before the casting offices, hoping against hope that there would be a day's work for them. Discouragement and disappointment could be read on every face, when the word came, "Nothing today." Then to some other studio, to try again, or to the agencies which supply the studios with extras.

Sometimes the word would go around that they were using a few people in a big scene at United, or at Metro, and everybody within hearing distance would hurry over and melt into the mob of those waiting.

The surest sign of the hard times was the slump in salaries. Extras, as you probably know, receive either five, seven-fifty or ten dollars, depending on the nature of the set. Street scenes usually bring the five or seven-fifty checks. Evening sets, requiring more elaborate costumes, call for the lordly ten-dollar checks. Extras who have worked for ten dollars refuse ever to work for less, for if they do, it is extremely difficult to work up to the larger salary again. But when jobs grew scarcer and scarcer, how different! Men and women who had been getting seven-fifty and ten dollars per day—some days—now worked for five and even two-fifty per day. But they adopted aliases when they did it, and many were the embarrassing moments when they would be spotted by friends or assistant directors.

The old men and women were the hardest hit. I heard an old man of about sixty-five speaking to another, in the most discouraged tone. "I used to be able to get five dollars a day," he said, "but the other day they offered me two, and I accepted it, because even two is better than nothing."

You might think that men and girls who are earning seven-fifty and ten dollars a day ought to be able to save enough to tide them over the slumps. But in Hollywood, very few extras are ever lucky enough to work six days a week. Two or three days a week is a very good average, indeed. And out of the money, one must buy clothes that are smart, for in no place is it so true that "to him that hath will be given." The one who looks as if he doesn't need a job is the one that gets it. In Hollywood you simply have to keep up appearances, even if you don't eat. And board and room are high in Hollywood. And don't think because Hollywood is in California that it doesn't get cold here!

I know a girl who has been in pictures for about a year. She worked rather frequently, but she couldn't save much. So when the slump hit us, she had only about fifty dollars. She gave up her room and moved into a smaller and cheaper attic room, and ate only one meal a day. But even with those economies, her money ran out and she had to give up her attic room. She slept out of doors, with the stars very much in evidence. Finally she conquered her pride and asked for a few nights lodging at the Studio Club. She had not eaten a real square meal for *two weeks*, and when she got up from the hot lunch that they gave her at the club, she fainted. She was seriously ill for several days. They managed to get a few days work for her, and when she was well enough, she rented a garage for five dollars a week, furnished it with a bed and a chair and is still pursuing her art.

It was only a few months ago that a girl from Massachusetts with a long line of Mayflower ancestors arrived in Hollywood. She came immediately to a girls' club, and her fascinated curiosity about the rumored "wild life in Hollywood" led the girls to concoct for her stories of wild dissipation. She was terror-stricken, and repeated some of these stories in her letters home. Her parents wired her at once to come home from such a sink of iniquity, but she refused. She was here and she was going to stick it out. She tried and tried to get work, but couldn't. She finally took a job as a telephone operator, but when your heart lies in another vocation, you cannot be happy doing something else. In the end she packed up and went home, much to the joy of her family, who will never be convinced, however, that Hollywood is the small

home town that everybody who lives there knows it to be.

The slump was easier on the men than on the women. It seemed that all the companies who were working at all had the occasion to use men all through their pictures. Another thing, too, in favor of the men was that there are many more women extras than men. So most of the young men got along somehow, although when I asked one young chap how he had been getting along, he said, "Oh, I just slumped with the rest of them. I got out of the habit of eating and smoking, because I couldn't afford much of either."

A girl living near me had been moderately successful in pictures, when the studios were working full blast. The other day, she came to me and said, "Do you know, I'm sick and tired of the struggle of trying to get ahead in this business. A few weeks ago I was getting along nicely. Now, with the slump on and things at a stand-still, I am just where I was when I entered the profession. I'm ashamed to go home and admit I'm a failure. I'm going to marry the first man that asks me." Yesterday I heard that she had carried out her threat. She has nothing in common with her meal-ticket, for that is exactly what he is, and I am afraid that there are rocks ahead for both of them.

The wiser people, who could conquer the terrible fascination that pictures influence on us film-addicts, turned to other jobs when they could get nothing at the studios. I know several girls who are taking care of children in private homes. This is a favorite stunt, because the meals are regular, which is a delightful novelty after experiencing a movie slump. A few lucky ones who knew stenography brushed up on their short-hand and took jobs in offices.

The actors and actresses who play real parts suffered, too. And they usually didn't have much more laid by for a rainy day than the extras, though their salaries were high. We "movies" seem to live up our salaries as we go along, and few of us learn by experience. There was one leading man who was hitting on all six in the boom days. He went out with a lot of the most famous women stars, and he had a fine apartment on Hollywood boulevard and a cabin up in Laurel Canyon and a beautiful

Cadillac limousine. The slump hit him hard. There wasn't a job in sight, and his creditors, of which he had plenty, came down on him hard when word of the slump went round. First he gave up his apartment; then he sold his cabin and some of his clothes. Finally he let his chauffeur go, but he kept his car. Because, as I said before, Hollywood insists that everyone put up a front, even if it is a false front. If you aren't successful, you've got to look as though you are, or presently you will be still less so, if possible. So this chap *lived* in his limousine. He would park it over night in some deserted street and sleep there. And by day he would turn his collar inside out and drive grandly around to the studios, and presently he landed a good job again, and now he has a contract.

Practically the same situation existed with a clever girl who used to do publicity for one of the big studios. The slump cost her her job, but she got another one with an independent producer, as a combination script clerk and publicity writer. She got \$75 a week, and her first act was to turn in her flivver coupe and buy a \$1,500 coach, a lovely, shining blue thing. Her payments were \$100 a month, and so she was pretty sick when her boss ran short of money and had to lay off work. It was mighty hard work to make (Continued on page 104)

Warning!

Q Don't Try to Break Into the Movies in Hollywood Until You Have Obtained Full, Frank and Dependable Information From the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce. It May Save Disappointments. Out of 100,000 Persons Who Started the Climb Up Screenland's Slippery Ladder, Only 5 Reached the Top.

Q *A dignified fat man is almost as rare as a price tag on a Christmas present.*



H. B. K.
Willis

POSE & *Slings a Mean Typewriter.*

THE reason why so many of filmdom's masculine stars are unable to act might well be ascribed to the fact that they keep one eye rivetted on their bank balance and the other on the waistband of their trousers. Ben Turpin is the only one who can successfully refute this statement.

But we can exclude Ben from the category or, better be it said, the purgatory of those for whom obesity will write a screendom obituary. For if he should try to lamp any possible increase in his abdominal upholstery and noted any untoward distension it would not mean any deflation of his credit but rather an added charm. Increased girth would mean increased mirth-provoking powers for him. A dignified fat man is almost as rare as a price-tag on a Christmas present.

The darlings of the flickering drammer know that convexity where they should be concave or at least perpendicular means loss of potentiality as a pulse-bounder. The pleated pants just now in vogue have given a number a reprieve from the firing squad of frivolous females who only condone fat when it is a basis for heavy sugar. In fact I believe some leading man, warned of his impending acquisition of an over-stuffed outline by the propulsion of a pants button from the customary bursting-point, conceived the idea that longitudinal tucks in his trousers would prolong his employment as a photoplay palpitator at least until he could make his last payment on his alimony.

Pleated Pants Prolong Employment

FRANK MAYO, whose rockbound visage has oft withstood, without faltering, the charge that he was a product of the Swift school of acting, was the first of Hollywood's horde of Handsome Harrys to appear in breeches which boasted of room for equatorial expansion without any added inches in the waistband.

But this screed is not devoted to the fat-fighting of Frank and his fellows. Their fat is not in the fire of this missive inspired as it is by the



Q *Hollywood's Horde of Handsome Harrys Appear in Breeches Which Boast of Room for Equatorial Expansion Without Any Added Inches in the Waistband.*



Q Douglas at his morning dip was sure a "moving" picture. It would pack 'em in at Vassar.

G. H.
Klisbee

Wields a Wicked Pen

Adipose

ablutions of one of the high gods of the cinema, Douglas Fairbanks.

"Venus at the Bath" inspired a flinger of pigments to perpetrate a canvas (copies of which were much in favor as mural decorations in the chateaux du suds in the sodden days) but "Douglas at His Dip" was a more "moving" picture. It would pack 'em in at Vassar.

Realizing that most men enjoy somewhat more privacy than an epileptic doing his stuff in Times Square, little did I think, when I stepped off my journalistic treadmill one day not long ago to interview the mighty Fairbanks, that I should get a glimpse of him bound for his bath with naught but a pair of rubbers.

Abdul the Turk was one and another burly the other. But that is another part of the story.

Doug's Reducing Game

IT had reached the ears of my Simon Legree that Fairbanks was planning to float down the Danube on a raft as part of his personal survey of Europe this summer and so my city editor must need have the details of it.

I found Fairbanks and Raoul Walsh playing the game, which Douglas and several of his cronies invented, on a court built within a lofty set constructed for The Thief of Bagdad.

The game was a cross between battledore and shuttle-cock and tennis, the players being greatly engrossed in walloping a befeathered pellet with tennis rackets back and forth across a volley-ball net.

Set followed set until Fairbanks apparently wore two sets of pants; one, sartorial, the other, respiratory. Later I found I was wrong when Abdul the Turk peeled a pair of gutta percha knickers from the legs of his lord and master.

Dissatisfied with the monosyllabic responses Fairbanks vouchsafed amid puffing to my questions anent to his intentions of making the Blue Danube bluer, I followed him into the lair (Continued on page 101)

Q Abdul the Turk —
Doug's Second
—in His Duel
Against
Diameter.



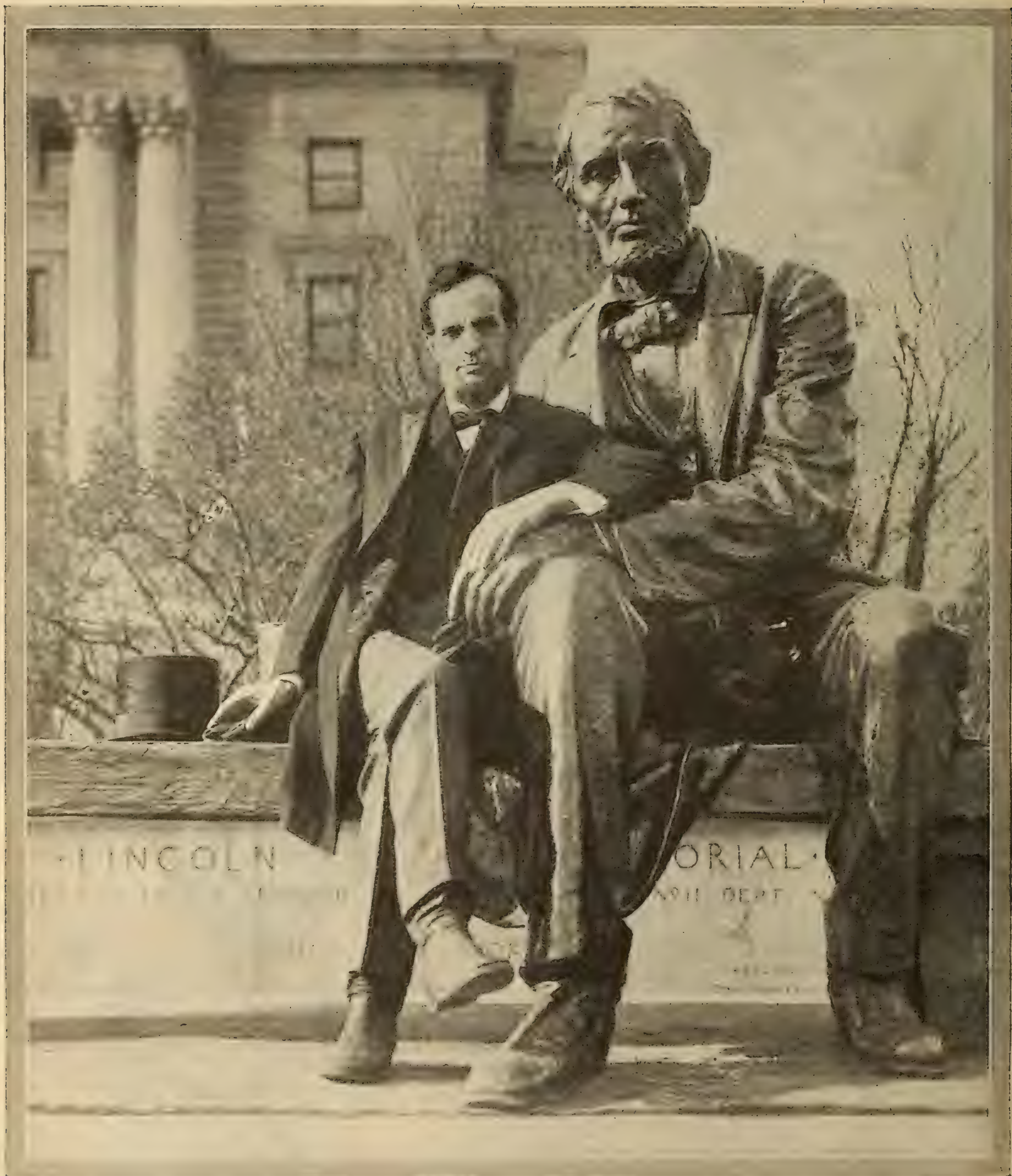


Photo by International Photo

George Billings—modern prototype of Abraham Lincoln—beside the statue of the Great Emancipator at Newark, N. J.

Q George Billings--an obscure carpenter by trade--has lived again, for the screen's immortal record, the struggles of Abe Lincoln whom he so strikingly resembles. Shall he now be obliged to sink back into obscurity and poverty, maintaining a sordid struggle as an extra or player of "small parts" in Hollywood? Read the story on the following page and then write to the editor of this magazine and say whether the man who has done such a service for his country does not deserve a pension from his country.

The Man Who Was LINCOLN

By Anne Austin

A CARPENTER yesterday. An internationally famous motion picture star today. But—a carpenter tomorrow.

Lifted for a brief space from his lowly toil, George Billings—the prototype of Abraham Lincoln—made screen history by his sincere portrayal of the struggles of America's beloved martyr.

One day a friend of George Billings came to see him, all excited.

"Say, George, here's the very thing for you. They're looking for a

That is the tragedy of George Billings, snatched from obscurity to reincarnate the martyred president, the idol of a nation. And no more perfect characterization than Billings' "Abraham Lincoln" could be imagined. It will stand the test of any comparisons, and remain one of the matchless performances of all times.

For George Billings is Abraham Lincoln—outwardly. Line for line, hair for hair, eyes, teeth, build, mould of head—everything there is to make a perfect counterpart. As the tall, ungainly figure of George Billings, wearing the frock coat and the peculiarly cut beard that Lincoln affected, walks the streets of New York, a gasp goes up.

"A dead-ringer for Lincoln." "The old boy himself." "A ghost!" are among the comments. When George Billings walks into a restaurant or a theater, he attracts even more attention than Richard Barthelmess or Valentino.

The thing is uncanny. Theories of reincarnation are hastily reviewed. Maybe there's something in that idea—but as the gossip and the speculation and the neck-craning go on, George Billings marches awkwardly along, heedless.

A World War Victim

HE doesn't hear what they say. He can scarcely see the faces of the new crop of "fans" that admire him so much. For George Billings is slowly going blind and deaf, an aftermath of his experiences in the world war. I don't know just why he served in the war, for he is certainly far past the age limit. He looks to be between fifty and sixty. And he has a bed-ridden wife. Probably he served because he is really like Lincoln—inside.

But serve he did—overseas. And he came back practically disabled. He enrolled for special vocational training, he told me, but somehow it was a little hard for an old dog to learn new tricks. They wanted to teach him a lot of new-fangled stunts, like electrical engineering and probably wireless operating, but soon he dropped out discouraged, and took up his old trade of "construction work." Maybe Mr. Billings isn't a carpenter. But I've known several carpenters who always referred to their "trade" as "construction work," so I think George Billings must have been just that—a sort of glorified carpenter.

But with two fingers off his right hand—I know, because that's his hand-shaking hand—it was not so easy to make a living as a carpenter.

Hard times came a-knocking at the Billings door, and didn't bother to go away. At last he got work as a building inspector for the city of Los Angeles. And mighty glad he was to have a steady job, though the salary was pretty poor.

guy to play 'Abraham Lincoln' and you know you're a dead ringer for Abe. Say, if you'll stick a beard on and go over to see the Rockett boys, who are going to film the life of Lincoln, I'll wager they'll fall on your neck."

Abraham Lincoln—beg pardon, George Billings, hardly stopped work to argue the matter.

"I'm too busy to go looking for a job as a movie actor," he retorted and went on inspecting his building, or whatever it is that building inspectors do.

Urged to be Actor

THE friend persisted, however, and at last he volunteered to pay for a set of photographs of Billings made up to look like Lincoln, if Billings would go with him to the photographer on his noon hour. Billings did, and the kindly friend—a man in the vaudeville business—took the pictures out to the casting director. The call that went out for Billings was so imperative that he decided to knock off on his inspection work for at least half a day and give the Rockett boys a chance to hire him.

Fifteen minutes later he was cast as "Abraham Lincoln." And then the work began.

BILLINGS is not an actor. Even now, with one of the most remarkable characterizations in film history to his credit, he is not an actor. He will never be an actor.

Billings himself explained it this way to me: "You see, I've always made a hero out of Lincoln. I had read every book I could lay hands on about Lincoln. I suppose some of my interest was due to the fact that I knew I looked like Lincoln. Every day somebody would speak of it. And it made me proud and happy. In France they called me Abe.

"I think I must have been thinking like Abe Lincoln and acting like him for many years. The thing had sort of become a part of me. In my own mind I used to think I was Lincoln, and then I'd wake up with a jolt to the fact that I didn't amount to a thing. If I was really like Lincoln, I'd have made my mark long before.

"Well, when it came time to act 'the part' I was just saturated with Lincoln. I walked like him and talked like him and made awkward gestures like him. But I couldn't act. I can't act now. Mr. Phil Rosen, the director, was the real Abraham Lincoln. He made himself think Lincoln night and day, until he was really Lincoln, though he didn't look a bit like him. I was just a medium for the expression of Phil Rosen's Lincoln. I give all the credit to Mr. Rosen. I simply did what he told me to. Of course I understood the part, but I'd never have been able to get (Continued on Page 100)

S U C C E S S

and the Movies

By Upton Sinclair

Q The Second Article of a Series of Three by the Celebrated Author of
The Jungle, The Brass Check, and They Call Me Carpenter

SOME ten years ago, when THE JUNGLE was produced as a moving picture in New York, I was invited to address the producers of the country at a banquet in one of the big hotels in New York. At that time the industry was younger than it is now, and I was also younger, and thought it might help to appeal to the masters of the world. I made an appeal to these movie gentlemen, and the substance of it was this:

You are new to the world of power and success. You have come from the people; you have known the bitterness of poverty, you have known struggle and possible failure. Do not in your new triumph forget entirely the world from which you have come. Do not adopt all the thoughts and pretenses of the ruling class, but stand by the people. Give them at least a little of the truth about life. Give them some guidance in delivering themselves from poverty and fear and war.

Such was my speech, and all the movie gentlemen seemed to be touched; at any rate, they applauded cordially, and some of them shook my hand and said that I had done them good. But now I look at the movie world, and I do not see any signs that my plea took effect. The movies are of the ruling class, and they deal solely with the interests of the rich. The glory of riches is their theme, and the lesson to the poor is that everybody can become wealthy if he will try.

Big Fish Devour Little Ones

I CAME the other day upon a fable by the Italian writer, Pestalozzi. The small fishes in the pond complained of the pike, that they devoured too many small fishes. Something must be done about it. So the pike held a council, and agreed that the situation should be remedied by permitting every year two small fishes to become a pike.

If anybody who reads a movie magazine ever stops to think about anything, I would beg him to stop and think about this little fable. A thorough understanding of it will make anyone a wise man or woman; for this little fable contains in itself the whole philosophy of America at the present time. Any time you point out social injustice in America to a ruling-class statesman, or editor, or college professor, or clergyman,

you get, automatically and invariably, one answer: everywhere in America a small fish is now and then permitted to become a pike, and have a chance to devour his former companions!

A friend of mine employs a school boy in her garden after school. This boy comes from a working-class home; he is a fine, handsome high school student; he is getting an educa-

tion, and is on his way up, according to the fashion in America. The other day he was talking to my friend, and said that policemen do not pretend to enforce the law against the rich. He had seen a man in a big, expensive limousine deliberately violate some essential traffic regulation, and the policeman standing on the corner had watched him and merely grinned. Said my friend to the boy: "If you notice things like that, the first thing you know you will be turning into a Socialist like Mr. Sinclair." "Not much," said the boy; "none of that for me." "Why not?" The answer came: "I am going to be one of them, and be able to do what I please."

Here, you see, is the smaller fish who is going to be a pike, and knows it. Here is a boy, trained in our public schools, as fine a type as you

could meet in a year of hunting; and the schools have taught him that it is all right for the rich to go on violating the law, because when you get to be rich yourself you also will want to violate the law!

Says Mr. Sinclair:

Q *The movies are—in spite of themselves, and in spite of everything the masters of capital can do—the greatest inciters of social discontent yet discovered in the world! Because they accustom people to the idea of freely spending money. They place before millions of people all the latest inventions in costumes, jewelry, furniture, plumbing, automobiles and house construction. To see these things is to want them.*

Movies Exaggerate Man's Opportunities

SUCH is "success;" and such is the philosophy which you find in the movies. If you come along and point out the obvious fact that under the competitive system only a few can become rich, that ten must fail for every one who succeeds—why then you are considered to be a "knocker," a "grouch," a "sore-head," and nobody wants you at the party. If you come proposing that anybody should put into a moving picture a suggestion of the fact that the great mass of the people do not become wealthy, and do not get opportunity to violate the law—why then the producer looks at you and asks if you think he is in business for his health.

We have certain evils in our (Continued on page 103)



Beth Berri

PHOTO BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Billie Dove

PHOTO BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Q Merry Morrow—
An Actress by
Accident.

One little Scene

Q *The story of a star who
couldn't act, a press agent
baby that wasn't wanted
and an accident that un-
covered the heart of Holly-
wood. Another of old
Jim Wellworn's favorite
yarns---as told to*

B a r r y
V a n n o n

Illustrations
By C. J. McCarthy



I SUPPOSE you've heard how hard some directors work to get the effects they want—it is my grease paint friend, Jim Wellworn, talking—and how sometimes they are cruel only to be kind.

Did I ever tell you how Sniffen—the great G. W.—locked Lillian Haines in a hotel room for three days, and kept her there without food? Yes, sir, three days and three nights. Wouldn't let anyone talk to her—telephone operator wouldn't answer her calls.

And then, when she was thin and wall-eyed and all on edge, he came into the room, talked to her like he wouldn't talk to a dog, and then half dragged her to the elevator, took

her down stairs, slammed her into an auto, and took her out on the set.

"Now act," he said, and he cursed her.

That girl never acted any better in her life. That one little scene made her a great star.

Well, I could name lots of so-called actresses who could stand a little of that treatment without being harmed any. And there's a lot more that should be locked up in a hotel room or some other place for the rest of their natural lives.

But what I was thinking of when I started this rambling

yarn was a trick Sam Kesser played to get some feeling out of a stone. A little fat, bald, middle-aged fellow, this Kesser, and to look at him you'd never guess he was shrewd. And yet he's got more \$5 bills than Wesley Barry has freckles.

You know how he made Drury Dean and Merry Morrow? Didn't I ever tell you that? Or about the press agent baby? I've been neglecting your screen education.

It started in Kesser's office one day a couple of years ago. Kesser had called in Drury Dean, and Jerry Graham, his prize press agent, and it was agreed that "we got to do it some- things different, Drury."

Drury Dean had been known as a male vamp. And his popularity was dying.

"You ain't getting the letters you used," said Kesser. "You ain't getting the publicity. And you ain't getting the crowds."

Drury raised his lovely eyebrows and looked in the mirror. He opened the neck of his shirt a trifle wider, and peered at his finger-nails. They were very lovely.

"We got to make you a he-man," said Graham, not without a little malice. "I'll stage a fight. You'll knock out a husky teamster who has been beating his horse."

Drury gave him a dirty look, and muttered something about vulgarity.

"Oh, don't be alarmed," said Jerry quickly. "The teamster will let you do it for three or four bucks. Well—" catching Kesser's frown, "for two or three. And you become an up-standing male immediately, with hair on your chest included. The male vamp dies. No, this guy hasn't been beating his horse. He's insulted a girl. That's better. Chivalry, see?"

"We'll do it," said Kesser, "but that ain't enough yet. Maybe two, three stories. But we got to do something else too. This domestic stuff, now, Drury—"

Kesser looked out the window before he went on.

"By the way, Drury," he ventured,



*Sam and Jerry Graham
and the Camera Man
Stood Back and Grinned*

"you ain't living with your wife no more? And such a nice girl, too."

Drury stood up and began taking off his pearl gray gloves.

"It's none of your damn business," he declared.

Sam swung around in his swivel chair, nad made placating gestures with mouth and eyes and hands.

"So much temperament has he got!" he said. "I mention his wife, and he gets mad. I don't mean nothing personal, Drury; but you and Merry Morrow, you should ought to live together again. Then Harry here could play up the domestic stuff. That's what brings the mammas and the childrens to the theaters. So?"

"You ain't got a baby, Drury, and it's a shame. Think what Jerry here could do with a baby! Maybe Merry could write yet a column in the newspapers about how you should feed it a baby, eh? Harry could write it out of the doctor books. Give him a typewriter and that boy writes anything—except maybe now a prescription. Sit down, Drury. Have a cigar? Wait, I get you a good one."

HE went to the vault while the perplexed Graham tried to solve the puzzle. Merry a mother? That meant a year off the screen—and she was one of Sam's best money-makers. Could any star stand a year's absence? Was Kesser crazy?

Sam returned with a box of perfectos.

"Take a lot, Drury. Take two. That's good, eh? Heard it last night. Here, Jerry, you can have one too. You been a good boy, Jerry."

Drury cleared his throat and would in all probability have pronounced words. But Sam patted him on the back.

"Sall right, Drury," he said. "I know what you're thinking. But listen here once. Merry Morrow is going to be the best advertised mamma in the whole world. And Drury Dean is going to be the best known papa. Don'd you worry, either, 'cause I got four pictures Merry Morrow made what ain't never been released yet. And the public ain't going to have no chance to forget her.

"And say—Drury—when the time comes, I'll be the little dicken's god-papa mineself. What you think of that?"

DRURY DEAN, JR., was born in May, an eight-pound angel with great blue eyes, golden curly hair. A lusty animal. A perfect boy.

America knew about him months in advance. Reporters had interviewed Merry and Drury repeatedly. Did they talk? They talked their heads off. Jerry Graham's scrap book with the word "Baby" pasted on it—a monstrous big book that belied its name—was soon filled with clippings, stories, pictures, editorials, bright paragraphs from the columns. Sam bought him a new book and didn't ask the price.

The Deans moved into a beautiful home in Hollywood, with great wide lawns around it, with fan palms and star pines and acacia and pepper trees, with flowers blooming everywhere. There was a big sand pile in one corner of the lawn, a little shallow pond meant for the sailing of toy boats and battleships—a dream city waiting for a child.

Every time a picture starring Drury or Merry was the attraction at any theater one might see long lines of fans. Merry asked for a new contract.

"Human nature's fierce, Jerry," Sam observed. "Here I make her a great star, and right away she wants more money. Better you should keep up the publicity, Jerry. We need it."

On the day Drury, Jr. was born, Sam gave \$5,000 to an orphan asylum, in Drury, Jr.'s name. He also bought a dozen milk goats, a squad of private nurses, and four physicians. The physicians and the nurses decided, after a conference, on the day Merry might bring her child to the Hollywood house—and they rode over a path of hot-house roses, the bill for which was marked "publicity."

The President of the United States was asked to be godfather to the wonder child, and (Continued on Page 98)



She Tried to Take
the Child From
Merry but She
Would Not Have
it So.

*Q Petroushka, Petroushka, you quaint little clown,
Petroushka, Petroushka, the talk of the town,
Petroushka, Petroushka, my friend from afar,
Petroushka, Petroushka, how funny you are!*

Hollywood has its Petroushka

By Eunice Marshall

I DROPPED in at the Petroushka Club on upper Hollywood Boulevard the other evening, principally to discover why so many of our best people consider a beef sandwich at \$1.25, served by a gent in Russian pants, so infinitely preferable to the same viand at ten cents, served at the corner soda fountain. The difference, I learned, was \$1.15, plus atmosphere. If anything, the drug store sandwich had a little the best of it in the way of mustard.

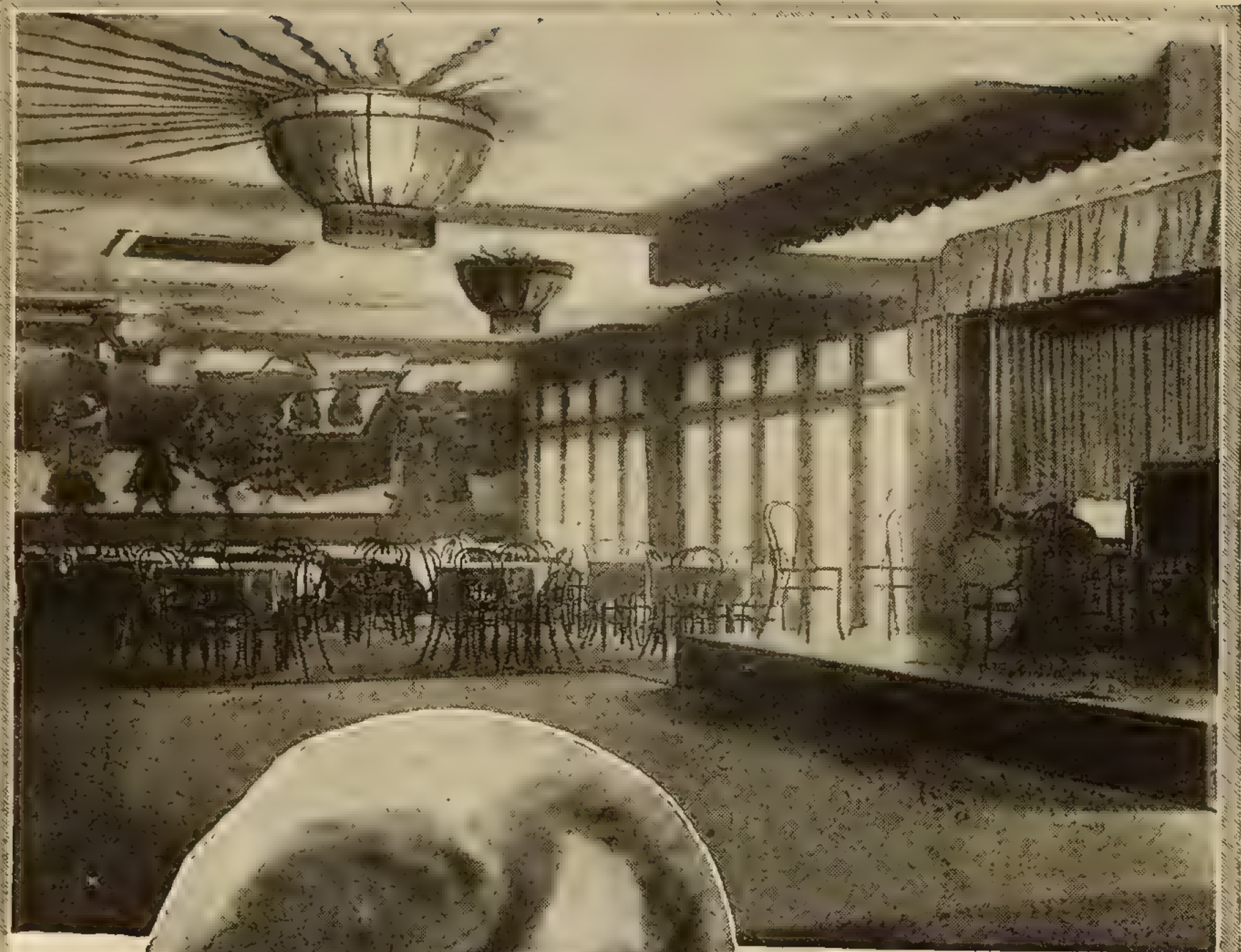
The Petroushka Club is Hollywood's newest panacea for boredom. Special-built motors roar up to its doors as grandly as if they had been paid for, depositing gorgeously gowned ladies and slick-haired young men. Society sends its leaders to watch, and whisper behind fans, and peer through lorgnettes. Young office clerks, brought reluctantly thither by the force of circumstances and their lady friends, think sadly of the lunchless week stretching before them.

The rooms are in the Russian style. Draperies of purple and vivid blue. Ceiling lights discreetly shaded with amber tissues; becoming lights. The walls bearing painted snow scenes, with a grimacing clown, the Petroushka after whom the cafe is named, delighting some buxom Russian peasants with his antics. And Nobility benignly shedding the radiance of its presence on the assembled multitude.

Hostess of the Petroushka Club is the Princess Dagmara Saricheva, said to be of a branch of the royal Romanoff line and a refugee from Petrograd. Poverty brought her to her present state, but her dignity is regal. She moves graciously among the guests, dispensing a smile here, a word in quaint, accent-marked English there. She pauses at the table where sit Viola Dana and Lottie Pickford, squired by Allan Forrest, husband of Lottie, and an unknown male. Lottie palpitates under the accolade of her smile, but Viola hails her with gladsome comradery. It takes more than royalty to abash Viola.

A crash of cymbals. The orchestra players, vivid in blouses of orange silk over baggy Russian trousers tucked into shiny, high boots, swing into a rollicking strain. A singer takes up the strain.

The swing of the music is enticing. There is a general movement to the dance floor. Constance Talmadge, a flame in orange, foots it lightly with Irving Thalberg. Charles Chaplin treads a measure with Mary Miles Minter, blonde and slightly defiant. The halo of Mildred Harris' (Continued on page 80)



Reading down the page: Interior of the Cafe Petroushka; Charlie Chaplin in his fighting posture; Exterior of the Cafe Petroushka; and C. C. Julian, Chaplin's adversary.

Q Romance and intrigue. Ambition and heartbreak. Brave smiles and runover shoes. A little world all to itself—the Algonquin.

New York has its Algonquin

By Delight Evans

JUST a little hotel with an Indian name on a side-street in New York. That's all. There's nothing pretentious or imposing about it. And yet—it's the only place in the East where you can go at any time and be certain of meeting, face to face, at least one or two of your cinema gods or goddesses; rubbing your shoulders on their sable ones; breathing the scents of their imported perfume—and cigarettes; tripping over the same rugs!

It is one of the mysteries of Manhattan, the Algonquin. Why it should have become a rendezvous for the great and the near-great of the screen and the theater; why it should be a meeting place of the real and pseudo-intellectuals—critics, humorists, columnists, playwrights, publishers; why it has been running longer than any other comedy on or around Broadway—nobody knows, and nobody seems to care. It's there, and that's all there is to it. It's a tradition, and, like most traditions, it doesn't matter how or when it began.

With its modest sign over the door; its little lounge with its blue-upholstered chairs and couches; its newsstand and its potted palms; its two small dining rooms—it has the general air of the small-town hotel. Only the leading hotel in a town is apt to be much more elaborate.

A star of western pictures, on for a rest, stopped there because someone had told him it was the thing to do in New York. He emerged and looked around. "Where," he grunted, "is the horse block?"

People with Ritz-Carlton incomes come there to spend it. Often they will tell you, apologetically, "All the other hotels are filled." But they always come back.

Its proprietor is not the paunchy, genial host of fiction. He is somewhat lean, and some have said he has a hungry look, doubtless induced by eating on the premises. But Frank Case knows more celebrities than anyone in the world. A word or a bow from him is an accolade to the uninitiated. Bill Farnum stays at Mr. Case's inn because of his long friendship for the manager. That may explain other preferences.

Come in at luncheon time—on a Tuesday. Because, for some quaint reason, it is on Tuesday that you are sure to see everybody and really get your money's worth. If it's around one o'clock you will have difficulty finding vacant chairs. Your favorite ingenue just took the last one. She's tapping her pretty foot. How dare he (Continued on Page 80)



Reading down page:
Interior Hotel Algonquin; Dagmar Godowsky; Lobby of Algonquin Hotel; Frank Mayo, ex-husband of Dagmar Godowsky.



New SCREENPLAYS

By Delight Evans

Illustrations by Covarrubias

ANY old revolution has always been great motion picture material. The French provided a pretty good one and it has been re-enacted on the screen more times than we care to count. If the continental cousins could put up such a good fight, what, queried a Certain Great Director, was the matter with our own little revolution? The costumes, perhaps, weren't so pretty, and there wasn't any guillotine for a head-rest for the golden-haired heroine; but still, give America a chance. After all, there's nothing like a good revolution.

So, here we are. *America: Series One, The Sacrifices*. A picture sponsored by the Daughters of the American Revolution and directed by David Wark Griffith, featuring the birth of freedom right here at home and accompanied not by the Marseillaise but by the Star-Spangled Banner, less familiar perhaps, but just as stirring. The American revolution stacks up all right against its foreign competitor; in fact, it goes the French conflict one better by supplying the most thrilling ride in all history.

Thrilling Ride of Paul Revere

THAT dark horse simply ran away with the picture. Paul Revere and his steed are the real stars in their own particular brand of thrills. Never again will audiences be impressed with Mr. Hart and his Pinto. They are all very well in their way; but they can't compete with the famous nocturnal dash through the Massachusetts scenery. This ride just had to be thrilling; there were no two ways about it. It was not David Wark Griffith's doing that the horse hurdled fences and gates and streams. Paul and the pursuing Red Coats did their stuff

just as the historians set it down. Mr. Griffith has often been accused of tampering with history but not this time. It wasn't up to him. He had to take it as it was or let it alone. As a result, the intrepid patriot, summoning the sturdy souls of Lexington and Concord with his cry of warning, provides one of the biggest wallops the screen has ever seen. It is as thrilling as the gathering of the clans in *The Birth of a Nation*. I know; I'm tired of that ancient comparison, too. But both episodes are unforgettable.

Naturally, anything after the gathering of the Minute Men is bound to be an anti-climax. Nothing could be so stirring; and the second part of the picture is a rather laborious attempt to sustain the excitement. But why blame the director? The Revolution was written that way. The midnight

ride is enough of a thrill for one evening anyway. If there had been another the audience would have had to be carried out.

Washington Characterization Lacked Life

EVERY time you start to criticize a picture like this one you are disarmed by the thought that it is a worthy effort and that it should be shown in the schools. I know it. And still it seemed to me that it lacked life—always excepting the spirited ride. That it was, in fact, designed with the idea uppermost that the children of the future will learn their American history from the screen. They will. But they would be much more impressed if George Washington, for example, had been made a man and not a super-man. It's a safe assumption that any man who earned the title of Father of his Country was one of the good scouts of his time, and certainly considerably more sympathetic than the majestic figure who stalks through *America*. As far as giving him a semblance of life is concerned, Mr. Griffith might just as well have used a bust of the General. "First in the hearts of his countrymen"—and we are made to see him as a cold, remote personage. Washington should be portrayed as intimately as Lincoln—a far more difficult task, but entirely possible. In his anxiety to paint a reverent portrait the director failed to find a likeness.

Fault has been found for the omission of Lafayette and of picture postcards of the Spirit of '76 and Washington Crossing the Delaware. I'm glad these were left out. The Spirit of '76 is present but not in a group still. Griffith makes no effort to place the Revolutionary conflict upon his canvas; he has chosen the particular episodes which seem to have most of the elements of a popular Griffith picture. There's the base and covetous villain; the winsome heroine; the inevitable ride to the rescue. But the first part is free from formula. It is faithfully and at times magnificently painted.



Q Carol Dempster in *America* is decorative and she doesn't flutter—much.

Lionel Barrymore Takes Acting Honors

THE story by Robert W. Chambers has for its bloody background the villainies of *Captain Walter Butler* and the Indian raids in the northern grain region. We follow the fortunes of the girl, her father, a Tory converted to the fight for freedom, and her lover, a brave youngster who performs as many deeds of daring as a serial hero. There are moments of suspense when the spectators kid themselves into believing that the outcome is doubtful, when everybody who has ever seen a Griffith picture knows to the minute when the rescuing forces are due to dash up. The gel, ha, ha, is enabled to flutter at Washington's inaugural address, which provides the conclusion.

It's a worthy effort and unlike most things like that it has its bright moments. Griffith's naivete is once again apparent. He is ever the romancer; the genial weaver of fairy tales that never could happen. His fanciful ramblings include an orgy conducted along the usual Griffith lines. When the loathsome *Captain Hare*, grimaced, not acted, by Louis Wolheim, calls for the camp women, in trips as beautiful a bevy of cuties as you could wish to see—well-groomed, dainty creatures who look as if they had just dashed out of their Park Avenue apartments to look at those quaint Indians.

For me, Lionel Barrymore as *Battling Butler* is the suavest and most satisfying screen villain of the fiscal year. The Barrymore boys always uplift the screen and they are doing very well this month. (See "Beau Brummel.") Lionel's bad end, a fall face-downward into the mud, taught him, I hear, by a Hippodrome clown, is as pretty a flop as a camera ever caught.

Neil Hamilton's good looks are against him but if he continues to contribute the sincerity he shows here he may in time live down his profile. As a Revolutionary knight he does not give an imitation of Richard Barthelmess. He doesn't have to.

Charles Mack is hardly my idea of a studio Salvini so his omnipresent dimple almost spoiled my patriotic evening. Riley Hatch's Tammany Indian was as imposing as could be expected. Erville Anderson and Frank McGlynn, Jr. stand out. Carol Dempster, always graceful, is a little lady every minute. She's so well behaved. But she's decorative and she doesn't flutter—much.

"Glass" backgrounds are used, and often. They may have been absolutely necessary but they weren't heard of at the time of *Intolerance*.

The first night of *America* was the occasion for tremendous applause at every scene of any consequence at all. A little love scene—applause. A close-up of Miss Dempster—more applause. A glimpse of Washington—cheers. But the midnight ride of Paul Revere deserved the huzzas.

Yankee Consul Thoroughly
Enjoyable

YOU'LL have the time of your life at *The Yankee Consul*. Everybody, from the director and Douglas MacLean to the theater ushers, enjoyed themselves. I caught an usher chuckling. Proof.

Frankly farce, its plot is so old-fashioned it wheezes. There may be a few people alive today who saw it as a musical comedy but if there are they don't brag. But it bounds along with all the speed of a plucky flivver. Just a movie, and proud of it. This is how it runs. Another one of those young men with an obese bankroll is the victim of a practical joke designed to show him he is still alive. The bright ones out front are in on it and have a lovely time nudging one another and laughing at the goat. He obliges by participating in some lively South American adventures. If you're one of those

who take your humor seriously you will probably roll right out of your seat and down the aisle at the finish.

Douglas MacLean has made so many darned good comedies I wonder why he's not fussed about. He has imported to the screen the finished technique of the expert stage farceur. He's given me more legitimate laughs than any other screen actor except Chaplin. So I am convinced he is a more accomplished comedian than Harold Lloyd. What? Well, we all have a right to our own opinions, haven't we?

Patsy Ruth Miller is present, too, the little cut-up. She conducts herself in a manner worthy of the finest traditions of Our Club. Perhaps I had better admit that I can't be fair to our Patsy Ruth. You may think she gives a great performance. I don't.

Beau Brummel an Almost Perfect Motion Picture

BEAU BRUMMEL is sheer romance. It's a costume picture without a single battle except one fought over a lady. There's a king in it but not one conference with responsible royalty grouped about a carved table in crested chairs. It portrays the private life of the prince who became George III—odd, how he has changed when you meet him in *America*—and of another George, Mr. Brummel, who becomes the royal favorite and arbiter of manners, fashions and morals; and of various ladies and gentlemen who are involved in the highly unimportant social events of the day. There is no historical significance and no world crisis, so it may not be a costume picture after all.

Beau Brummel has a strange disregard for film formula. Its romance is not of the moonlight-garden-pierced-hearts-on-birch-trees variety. Its drama is not physical. It's the romance of a man's life—a man who could never, by any stretch of the imagination, come up to the standards set for screen heroes. That's why I prefer it to other productions more extensively advertised and containing stronger moral lessons. The emotions of one man or one woman can be just as hair-raising or as soul-stirring as a chariot race in five colors. There are in *Beau Brummel* three of the most poignant scenes I have ever watched. The gradual decay of a splendid personage is movingly illustrated; and there are times when I wanted to break down and have a good, old-fashioned cry.



Q Marion Davies acquires, in *Yolanda*, a childlike elusiveness often reminiscent of Mary Pickford.

Q The Month's Four Best Performances

Q John Barrymore in *Beau Brummel*

Q Holbrook Blinn in *Yolanda*

Q Douglas MacLean in *Yankee Consul*

Q Lionel Barrymore in *America*

No actor is as well equipped as John Barrymore to play *the Beau*. John himself is said to have remarked that he owes a great deal of his success to his shapely underpinnings. His performance is matchless. I say this disregarding, with an obvious effort, the handsome figure he makes of *Beau Brummel* in the first reels and recalling the pitiful, shabby man in middle-age and obscurity and finally the broken wreck he becomes before the picture ends.

Next to the work of Mr. Barrymore and his director, Harry Beaumont, comes Willard Louis' priceless caricature of the fat and fatuous prince. Altogether, *Beau Brummel* is one of those rare events—an almost perfect motion picture.

Yolanda a Lovely Spectacle

A COSTUME picture about which there can be no doubt is *Yolanda*. There is a battle every so often and all sorts of skirmishes just as it begins to look as if the extras may have a little breathing spell. The Cosmopolitan spear-carriers are the hardest-worked supernumeraries in the world.

Another one of those billion-dollar dime-novels in rare bindings, with Marion Davies, five thousand men in armor, genuine antiques, and a moat. The moat deserves all the publicity it receives on the program. It is all that it's cracked up to be. A good old trusty moat even if it did cost \$21,000. Handicapped with gothic tapestries, all, we are assured, the real article; a palace extending over two city blocks; and the largest outdoor set ever constructed. *Yolanda* provides good entertainment, if you like to see masquerading royalty and tournaments and romance.

Robert Vignola directed and if anyone could make this pageant real it's this signor. He manages mobs and Marion with equal skill. The gold-and-white Miss Davies, under his guidance, becomes alert and interested; she acquires a childlike elusiveness often reminiscent of Mary. And surely she is a lovely picture in her medieval robes, as human as possible weighted with gem-laden gowns and crowns.

The acting honors belong to Holbrook Blinn. As a creator of kings his only rival is Herr Jannings. He makes the crafty *Louis Eleventh* plausible and terrifying, particularly in the most imaginative scene in the picture—that in *Louis'* dreadful orchard, with the bodies of his victims hanging from the trees. Marion's moment of honest emotion occurs soon after this; her *Princess Mary* becomes a very real and a badly frightened little girl. In all her costly costume plays Marion reminds me of an excited youngster parading in gorgeous grown-up clothes and having a wonderful time doing it. Her appeal, like Pickford's, is that of a sweet, ingratiating and slightly spoiled child.

When a Man's a Man Insipid Hokum

66 IT is as I wrote it," runs the solemn advertisement of Harold Bell Wright's epochal novel, *When a Man's a Man*. "Greater than the book" is another way they have worded it. They can't prove it by me because Harold, right or wrong, is not one of my passions. However,

judging by the fact that the film ran for some weeks in Manhattan, he has his following, and if they liked it why should I complain? The New Yorkers wallowed in his conception of the great open spaces, which seems to prove you can't kill a thing by kidding it.

After innumerable satires have been indited on this very subject, with red-blooded heroes and distressed damsels from the effete east and God's own outdoors coming in for a complete kidding, here is Mr. Wright, the principal exponent of Nature in her gentler aspects, the most faithful champion of the silent hills, the ardent advocate of western sunsets, still going on about it at great length and, what is stranger, still entertaining multitudes with his murmurings. It is all beyond me because I refuse to admit that because a man lives in a nice house with good plumbing and dresses for dinner, he must necessarily be a weakling or a bum; and that the moment he discards his manners he becomes God's own gentleman. Sombrero, a swagger, dirty hands and a horse are, in Mr. Wright's opinion, the apparent qualifications for initiation into that noble fraternity of Men, who *are* Men.

I won't go into detail about this thing because if you like it you like it and won't want your fun spoiled; and if you don't like it you won't care. Except to remark that its cast is possibly as insipid a collection of actors as has ever been assembled under one all-star banner. John Bowers is somehow invariably chosen to play a man who is a man. I don't want to be hard on him because after all he didn't write his own role and as far as I know he may prefer Remy de Gourmont to H. B. W. But the shot of him here that I liked best was the long one showing his descent into an especially splashy sunset.

Shadows of Paris Not Worthy of Pola

SHADOWS OF PARIS, or, Twixt Love and Dooty.

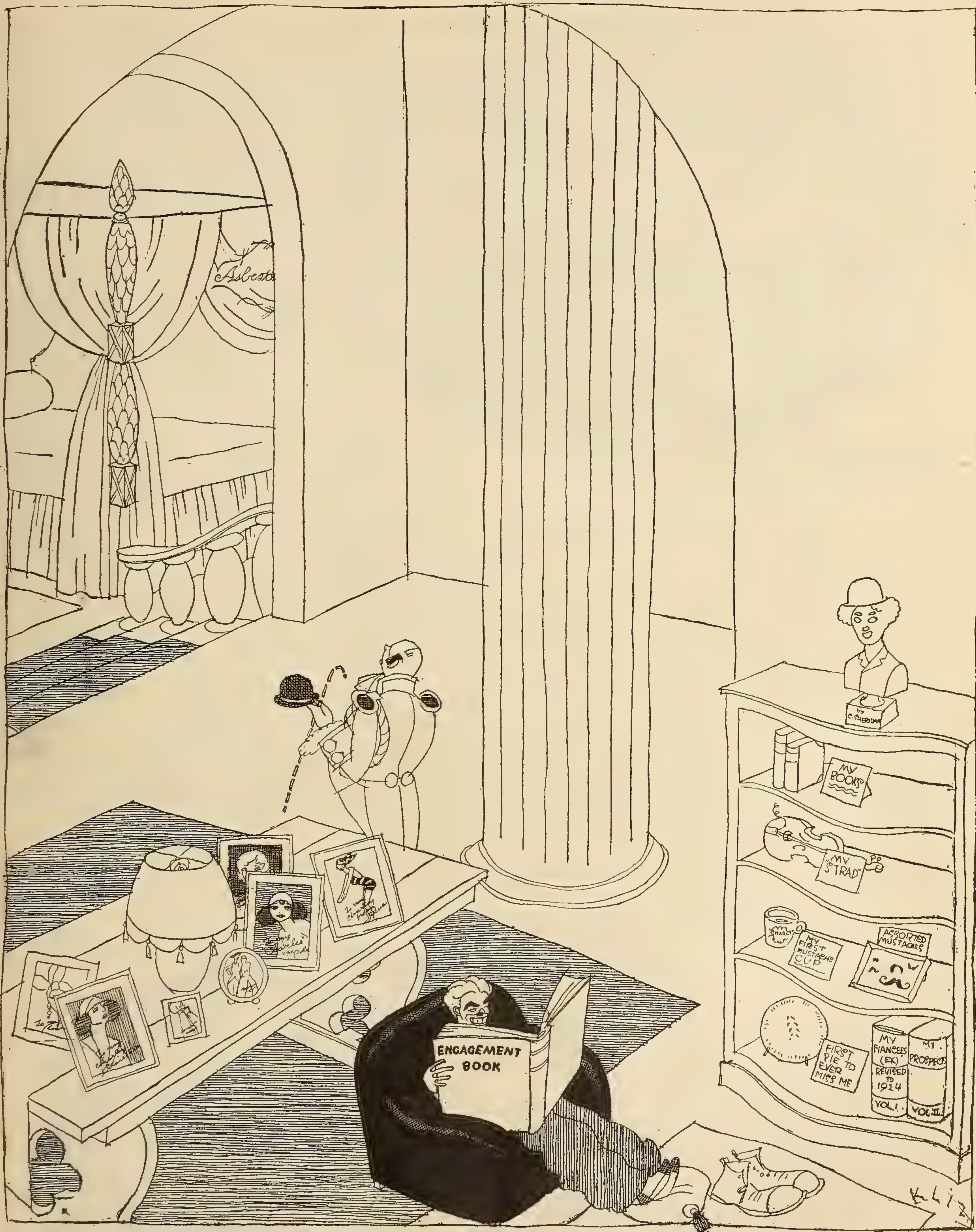
When I see Pola Negri in such slush and remember her *Carmen* and her *Du Barry* I could cry without calling for my glycerine. It's a shame, that's what it is. Yes, I *am* worked up over it. I, as a fair-minded reviewer, had to sit through all six reels—it seemed twelve. You can walk out on it if you want to.

If it weren't for the lavish settings and the expensive Pola you would suspect it of burlesque tendencies. It is almost, but not quite, funny enough for farce. A weak edition of *The Humming Bird*, it has its motion-picture-Paris society, its apaches, its "Forward, wolves of Montmartre" motif. Charles de Roche as an apache is an unconscious caricature. The only reason for seeing it is Vera Reynolds. She, not Colleen Moore, should be the screen's stellar flapper. Hers is an electric personality, and if she doesn't go far—in the right direction—I am perfectly willing to eat my spring chapeau, feather and all.

The prize sub-title of the month happens here. It is, "And now, my beauty, I want you!" The title writer was evidently unaware that this title is no longer being used except by Mack Sennett—and even Mr. Sennett doesn't use it any more. (Continued on page 84)

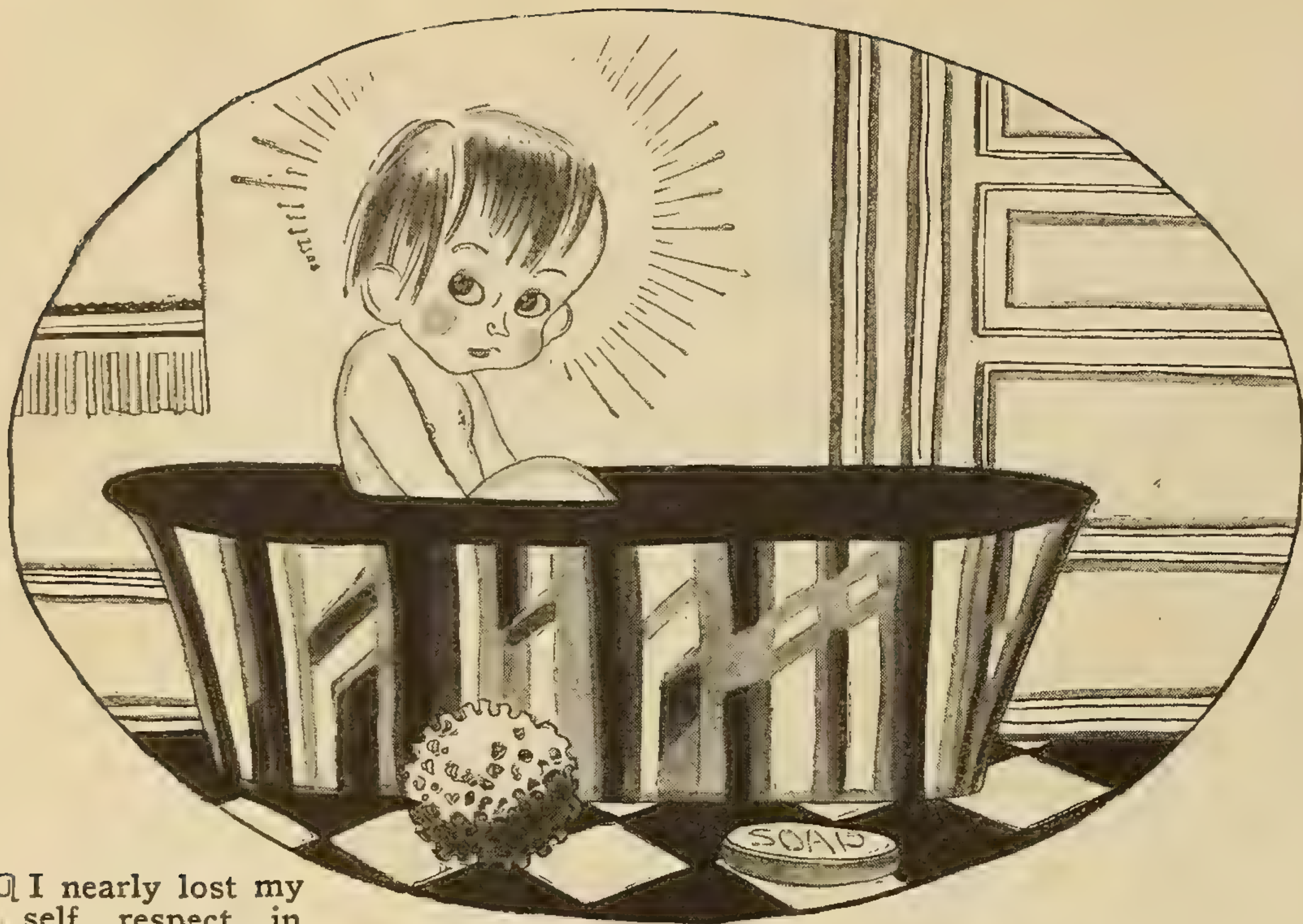


Adolphe Menjou does some splendid work in *The Marriage Circle*.



Home Life of the Stars

Q Screenland's artist - - the well known Kliz - - gives his impression of Charlie Chaplin on his day at home.



The Studio Child's Lament

Q I nearly lost my self respect in those bathroom scenes.

It's Gone
Far Enough.
I Can't Stand it
Much Longer. I've
Simply Got
To Cry
On Somebody's Shoulder—
And It Might as Well
Be Yours.

NOBODY KNOWS
What I've Gone Through!
I'm Not Sure, Myself.
I'm
Only Seven—
By Actual Count, not
My Press Agent's—
But Oh,
How I have Suffered!
Life
Holds Nothing More
For Me.
I've Seen Everything,
Shaken Hands with Everybody,
Been Everywhere,
And Earn More Money
Than the President.
Nothing
Could Possibly
Give Me a Kick—
Not Even
The Key-hole Privilege
At the Studio.

I was the Original
Orphan of the Storm.
A Girl
Carried Me Out into It
Wrapped Up in her Cape
—they always
Wear Capes.
I Remember Distinctly

Q I was the original Orphan of the Storm.

That I Struggled; but
She Pinched Me and I
Howled Instead—the Hussy!
When my Mother
Read the Reviews
In the Papers
They Said
That my Performance
Was Well-Nigh Perfect.
One Critic Raved About
The Indescribable Pathos
Of my Crying Close-up—
He didn't Know the Half of it.

I WAS Sick of Rattles
Before I was Six Months Old.
I Soon Got on
To the Director and his Tricks.
He'd Yell



By
Delight
Evans

Decorations

• By Wynn

For a Rattle, Hold it Up, and
Gurgle at Me.
"See Pitty Sing?" he'd Say—
The Darn Fool!
Nobody can Call Me Names
And Get Away with it.
The First Time I Admit
I Fell for it. But
After That
I Just Gave him
A Haughty Stare, and
Turned my Head Away, and
Pretended to Go to Sleep.
Didn't that
Get his Goat, though—you never
Heard such Language!
He'd Howl about
Overhead, and
Things like that; while I
Would Lie There
With One Eye Half Open
And Laugh to myself
Until my Cradle Rocked.

II THOUGHT
As I Added Inches
Things would Improve.
But
They Only
Got Worse.



Q I was always the
unwanted baby.

Heaven Knows
If I'm
A Howling Success
On the Screen, it's
My Own Fault.
I Never
Needed Glycerine
Or Pins or Pinches.
Although they Seemed to Think
I was a Pinch-Cushion,
All Right.
I Cried as Often
As I Could.
If I
Had Been Able
To Toddle
You Can Bet Your Life
I'd have Walked out on them.

II WAS Always
The Unwanted Baby.
Now I Ask You!
A Good, Healthy Kid
Like I was—and
Nobody Loved Me.

My Screen Poppa
Would Reel In
And while my Momma

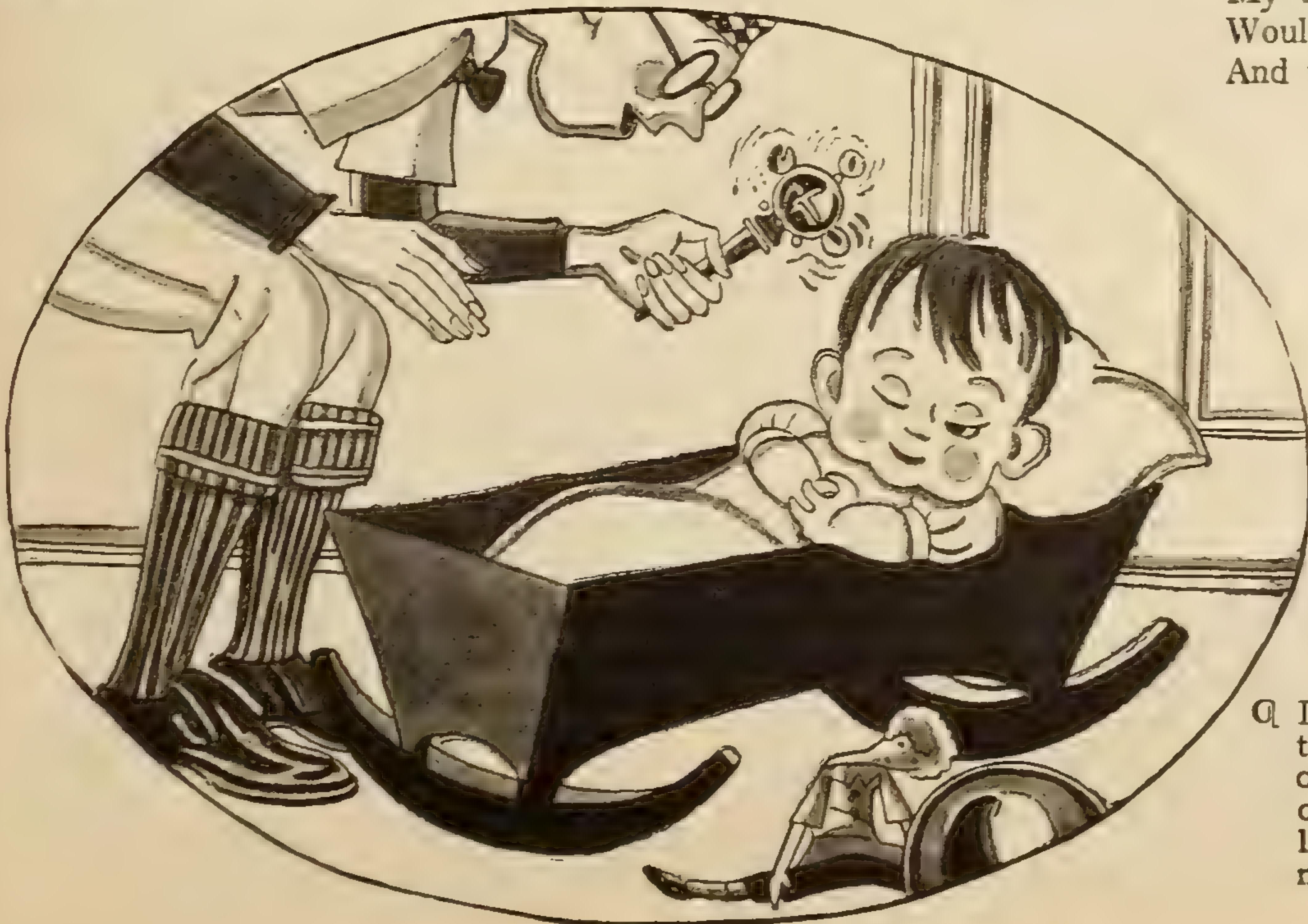
Cowered in a Corner,
He'd Break the Furniture—
I Always Rather Liked
That Scene.
The Trouble with it was
The Flying Furniture
Never Hit Momma.
It Got on my Nerves—
I Never
Begged to be Born.
I Might have Had some Fun
In the Comedies, with
Freddy the Dog; only

They Pulled a Double on
me

In all the Best Scenes.
Said I was Too Valuable
To Take any Chances
with—they'd

(Continued on page 97)

Q I would lie
there with
one eye half
open and
laugh to
myself.





An Unusual and Beautiful Study of Dorothy Phillips and Her Daughter, Marie Gwendolyn.

R e m e m b e r e d

By Sydney Valentine

SOMEONE has said sorrows that make edies, the heart-life, leave us dry-

A close friend of hers said that Dorothy Phillips, since the death of her husband last November, had not shed a tear. Not for her the hysterics; the gasps and the sobs. Just a new look in her eyes—a look that might bring the tears to yours.

If, the next time she is called upon by a director in a studio to portray grief for a close-up, she lets you look into her eyes—naked eyes, sombre and deep—you will say that she is even a finer actress than you had thought her. You will be wrong. It won't be acting. It will be real.

For Dorothy Phillips, her career is a thing apart. She has always shrunk into herself. When she left the studio she lost her screen identity. She became another person. A woman of great dramatic resources, she has thrilled you with passionate outbursts on the screen. In real life she would have none of that. Unanimously voted the quietest actress in Hollywood. Known of, but not intimately by the motion picture colony. Ask a stellar friend of yours about her; you are answered: "A fine girl. No—I have never met her. Why, I've never even seen her on the street."

Dorothy Phillips, when she removed her make-up, practically

that it is only the little us weep. The true tragic-breaking happenings of eyed and shuddering.

disappeared—as far as professional Hollywood was concerned. She went home.

Home, to this film star, was more than merely a place to park her new chapeaux. It contained things other than her Persians—kitten or carpet. She had her imported perfumes there, but also her private life. Dorothy Phillips always has been a puzzle to me. How she ever elected to become an actress is more than I can understand. Not that she isn't well equipped. She has beauty and intelligence and actual ability. But she is such a demure person. Such a shy, reserved little thing. The kind of girl-child you want to put your arms around and pat on her pretty head. Hardly a girl to fight the world.

But she was an actress all the same. If she had not, early in her career, met the one man of her life, it might have been different. She might—just might—have lacked the necessary aggressiveness to go on. She might—instead—have made a marriage to a successful banker or merchant, have settled down and become a youthful matron in Baltimore. But she chose the stage, and was cast in "Everywoman," as Modesty.

She was a good selection. Modesty! Her gentleness; her violet-like loveliness. No wonder that "King Love" fell in love with her!

He was a handsome young actor, this "King Love." I do not doubt that the minute he saw (Continued on Page 96)

Q *Introducing Mary
the little known sister
of famous Nita.*

Another Naldi

By Eunice Marshall

MARY NALDI was in town.

We had heard rumors of this mysterious little sister of Nita's: how the child had spent most of her seventeen years in the peaceful confines of a Florentine convent; how Nita has been sister, mother and stern duenna to the girl since her school days were finished; how Nita had guarded the little Mary from contact with the harsh world which she herself had to face so early and alone. We had heard of Mary, but nobody had ever seen her. She had become almost as mythical a person as Santa Claus or Gloria Swanson's baby.

So when the papers stated that Nita Naldi had brought her young sister out to the coast on this, her latest grudging visit to California, we hastened to drop in at the Naldi apartment at the Biltmore to observe the convent maid's reactions to Hollywood.

"* * * and I told her it was a baby police dog and she believed it!" came to me over the transom, followed by a gust of strictly American laughter.

Has Pronounced British Accent

THE door was opened by a beaming young person who ushered me in with a large gesture. Under one arm she snuggled a microscopic dog that looked exactly like a Mexican hairless pup but was a black-and-tan instead; evidently the animal so basely put off as a police puppy. "Yes, I'm Mary. Come in and meet my little friend, Miss Del Mar."

The convent-bred Mary's education obviously hadn't ceased when she left the cloister! Black straight hair, bobbed and banged in severe Egyptian style. Black eyes, large and snapping. Red, red lips made up into a Cupid's Bow that would surely have sent the good sisters to their prayers. A Forty-second-and-Broadway accent that had once been as British as the Prince of Wales, the nuns preferring English as it is spoken in London rather than the strictly American brand. That was Mary!

No, she hadn't come to Hollywood on purpose to break into pictures, though she wouldn't break down and sob if a good part dropped into her lap. Nita wanted her to wait for something big; none of this extra stuff at \$7.50 per. No, she



Edward Thayer Monroe

Q *Black eyes, large and snapping. Red, red lips made up into a Cupid's Bow that would surely have sent the good sisters to their prayers, that was Mary!*

didn't want to do vamp parts particularly, unless she could do something like *Iras* in "Ben Hur." The kind of things Norma Talmadge does, now. She'd like to try her hand at them. Yes, she was having a great time, sitting around on Nita's set and meeting the movie people for the first time; Nita had never let her meet any before.

Born in Italy

YES, she was born in Italy, though Nita had been born right here in the U. S. But then she went back to Florence a little while ago on a visit, everybody said, 'My God, Mary, you're a regular American now! And (Continued on page 89)



Carmelita Geraghty

Those

As an Aggregation of Pulse-quickeners

FOR the past five years producers have been proclaiming loudly their intention of doing away with the star system. Every year more and more talk is heard about the all star cast, the importance of the story and the subjugation of the personality of the individual actor and actress.

The public reads and chuckles to itself. For it knows all too well that the history of the screen is based upon the worship of personalities, and that these personalities will continue to be created for it and by it year after year, in spite of all efforts to the contrary.

In the beginning, the producers gave no screen credit to any of their players. "The little blonde Biograph girl" became known only many years later as Mary Pickford. In her we may see perhaps the actual dawn of the star system.

Since that time the system has grown and grown in spite of its disastrous effects upon production costs, until today it is no longer possible to wait for the public to pick its stars; it has become necessary because of the great quantity of annual film output to select a list of stars in advance.

Some girls achieve stardom; some have stardom thrust upon them. The latter system is now being employed in order to speed up the star system.

A great deal has been said about the power of suggestion. We know that the proper advertising of an article multiplies its sale



Alberta Vaughn

many times over. The same thing applies to motion pictures.

One well known producer once said to me: "I would rather have a poor picture properly exploited than a good picture that the public knows nothing about."

Of course this statement will meet with terrific popular disapproval, for the public feels that it is very quick to recognize merit by itself.

The fostering of the baby star movement as an annual feature from within the industry itself is an effort to apply the psychology of suggestion on the screen public. Thirteen baby stars are selected and widely advertised as the prospective inheritors of screen glory. The idea is a good one, but unfortunately not so much can be said of its execution.

The choice of the 1922 aggregation of Baby Stars scarcely proved the gift of second sight on the part of the sponsors. They picked winners in all but three instances, which is an excellent average, but the winners had already "arrived." Bessie Love, Pauline Stark, Helen Ferguson, Colleen Moore, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor and Lila



Margaret Morris



Clara Bow

Lee had all reached the leading lady class. As a matter of cold fact, Bessie, Pauline and Lila had had their fling at stardom; their progress has been limited. Louise Lorraine, Katherine McGuire and Maryon Aye never justified their choice. The remaining two Baby Stars did really become stars: Mary Philbin and Jacqueline Logan. Mary's progress has amply justified her nomination; she has proved her genius under Von Stroheim and Julian in *Merry-Go-Round*.

Jacqueline Logan's rise to fame may perhaps be dated from her splendid work in *Java Head*.

The 1923 Baby Stars have so far cut no dramatic ice. In personal beauty, personality and dramatic ability they seem to be merely mediocre. Most of them get by as leading ladies as foils for some male actor of vivid personality.

Now for the 1924 Baby Stars. Three of the Wonder Girls have proved their dramatic mettle: Dorothy Mackail, one of the most interesting

personalities in filmdom, who stood out so strikingly in Dick Barthelmess' *The Fighting Blade*; Lucille Ricksen, who emoted with the best of them in Marshall Neilan's *The Rendezvous*; and little Clara Bow, the wholly adorable runaway of *Down to the Sea in Ships*, and the less adorable but capable flapper of *Black Oxen*. Stardom waits for these girls, if the promise of their youth does not fail: not the meaningless stardom of their names in bigger type than the rest of the cast, but stardom that connotes dramatic genius.

There is quite a lot of feverish prophecy about Dorothy Mackail, who had already won distinction before she was picked as a baby star. Some critics believe that her lack of real beauty may hamper her as seriously as it hampered Pauline Stark, who undoubtedly can act with the best of them. The public demands beauty with its brains and talent, and the greedy maw of the box office must be appeased daily with fresh young pulchritude. Sad but true. And the not so beauteous girl who believes that force of personality alone can carry her past the handicap is likely to get a nasty fall. Look at Zasu Pitts!

Dorothy Mackail is not, strictly speaking, only a "star of tomorrow", since she was billed by the producers as star of *Mighty Lak a Rose*. One starring picture does not, of course, make a star, but still Dorothy Mackail is a mighty good bet.

Lucille Ricksen is a baby of yesterday, a featured player of today, quite bewildered by her grownup-ness, and a star of tomorrow, according to the press agents, met in solemn conclave.

Lucille is Goldwyn's contribution to the aspirants for fame.



Marion Nixon



Ruth Hiatt

BABY STARS

*the Thirteen Starlets of 1924 Are Right There,
Says Lucille Larrimer*



Dorothy Mackail

Undoubtedly Goldwyn has signed up the wistful little girl, too suddenly plunged into leading-ladyhood, and this bit of national publicity is a very good thing for her contract.

But is it wise to thrust Lucille into the limelight as a star of even so distant a day as "tomorrow"? She has scarcely cut her eye-teeth yet, and her wisdom teeth will not be causing her dentist worries for another five or ten years. For Lucille is really only a kid, probably the first player ever press-agented as older than she actually is. About ten years from now Lucille is going to have a lot of bother making people believe that she is only twenty-four or five.

Lucille Ricksen was a thin, rather anemic looking little girl who played in the Edgar comedies, written by Booth Tarkington. She got the job largely because of her yellow finger-curls and her demure little smile. Then one day we saw a picture in which a nervous, fidgety little lady seemed to be doing a good bit of acting, in spite of her evident self-consciousness. It was in a married-flapper picture of Marie Prevost's. The program gave us the astonishing news that it was Lucille



Julianne Johnstone

Ricksen, little Edgar comedy Lucille, playing at being nearly grown up. At that time Lucille was positively not more than fourteen years old. At the time she was cast for *The Rendezvous* by Marshall Neilan Lucille was fifteen, and press-agented, probably in fear of public opinion, as seventeen. The timid, shrinking little girl of that somber picture was made to think thoughts and face situations which no child of fifteen should deal with. In the hothouse of stardom, she may lose the wistful childishness which has made her a fondly remembered figure in kid pictures for the last few years.

At that, Lucille will probably make screen history, if they can find plays to suit her. It is a safe bet that Goldwyn will know better than to star her for another four or five years yet. Lucille is probably doomed to play leading roles opposite Conrad Nagel and other male stars for an indefinite but needed period.



Lucille Ricksen

As for the others, Time alone will reveal their capacity as actresses. But physically, the little dears present a soothing eyefull. As an aggregation of pulse-quickeners, they are there. The press agents proved themselves excellent judges of optical values when they chose as Baby Stars cuddly little Gloria Grey, Norma Shearer of the cameo-like features, Hazel Keener, the artists' model, sloe-ey Carmelita Ger-

aghty, cunning Alberta Vaughn, Elinor Faire, Ruth Hiatt, Blanche Mahaffey, graceful Julianne Johnstone, Marion Nixon and Margaret Morris.

Julanne Johnstone has just finished the leading feminine role in Douglas Fairbanks' picture, *The Thief of Bagdad*. That picture will be the proof of her ability as an actress. If she is as good an actress as she is charming to look at, her success is assured.



Elinor Faire

Elinor Faire had a long and inconspicuous engagement in Fox pictures. She emerged out of obscurity in Charles Brabin's *Driven*. Since then, nothing of note or interest.

She will also be dimly remembered as the invalid miraculously healed in *The Miracle Man*. But as far as starring goes—well, somehow Elinor Faire does not seem to have the strength of personality or the background of success to be a real candidate for stardom "tomorrow."

Norma Shearer had her chance in *Pleasure Mad*. There was a lot of talk about Norma when young Benny Schulberg hired her. Seems like she was a Toronto society girl, or something like that. At any rate, she is pretty and very slender—has a wealth of frizzly golden-brown hair and piquant features. But in *Pleasure Mad* her eyes failed to register—probably because she was not accustomed to the harsh studio lights. *Pleasure Mad* was not a great picture by any means.

Something of the local "fame" that the other Baby Stars enjoy

may be deducted by the fact that the writer, who has been in intimate touch with Hollywood and pictures for three years, had never heard of the girls until their names were mentioned as Baby Stars; that the dramatic editor of a Los Angeles newspaper could give me no bit of information about them; that one prominent casting director had never used any any of them even as "extra talent;" that a woman publicity writer for one of the big studios was equally in the dark about them; and, most strange of all, that one of their fellow Baby Stars could tell me nothing about them except



Blanche Mahaffey

that "she had heard somewhere that Gloria Grey was a dancer and had the lead in *The Girl of the Limberlost*."

Maybe the 1924 Baby Stars can all act. Maybe they will all come to that Promised Land, where their names will always be in electric lights four feet high. But, anyway, they're awfully cute. And when you come right down to it, that's more than Duse is.



Gloria Grey



Hazel Keener

Teacher's PET

Q Few people know that Mack Sennett keeps spies in all school yards---on the lookout for "School Marms" fit to figure in the bathing comedies of Hollywood.

MARY THURMAN, a likeness of whom can be seen at your immediate left, is the same Mary who several years ago was the Queen of the Mack Sennett bathing beauties. In fact it was Mary and Phyllis Haver who made the bathing beauties famous.

It is popularly supposed that Mr. Sennett recruited all his famous beauty squad from ladies of the ensemble, known in days gone by as chorus girls. But such is not always the case and most certainly not in that of Mary Thurman. This young lady is a graduate of the University of Utah and during her college days taught school. She not only taught the young idea how to shoot, but also to swim.

During the progress of one of her swimming classes an emissary of Mack Sennett's cast his gaze in Mary's direction and decided she was of the type that should be seen and not heard. Hence he waved before her an attractive contract calling for her appearance in the silent drama which at times can say so much.

But with all due respect to Mr. Sennett, Mary Thurman was destined to become something more than the means of exploiting the Pacific Coast one piece bathing suit. It was Bill Hart who discovered this and he immediately offered Mary an opportunity to try her hand at dramatic roles. With a sigh of relief, more than one of regret, the Queen of the Beach laid aside her bathing suit and donned the gingham gown of a simple girl of the golden West. This was in "Sand," one of the first Hart pictures made for Famous Players-Lasky.

Miss Thurman was a success as a dramatic actress from the start. Following her appearance with Bill Hart she appeared in several productions opposite James Kirkwood, among which were "The Heart of a Fool" and "The Scoffer." She was also the star of "The Sin of Martha Queed," produced by Allan Dwan.

A couple of years ago Mary deserted the Pacific Coast and came East to play with Richard Barthelmess in "The Bond Boy" and she has been in New York ever since. Her most recent screen appearance was with her old friend and colleague of the Sennett days, Gloria Swanson, in "Zaza."

Mary sometime since bobbed her auburn tresses. Looking at Mary can you wonder she got so many apples accompanied by notes saying, "I love my teacher."



RUSSELL PAGE

No Jazz for JETTA

*Q There are advantages
in being a Chinese vamp
----even in America.*

By E. V. Durling

JOHN ROBERTSON, who suffers from an acute case of artistic temperament, was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. So was his household, his wife, his manservants and his maidservants. Mr. Robertson in directing "The Bright Shawl" had assembled with ease the supporting cast for Mr. Barthelmess until he came to the part of the aforementioned Chinese vamp.

There were Chinese actresses galore but none could play a vampire, and vampires by the score but none could play a Chinese. Files were turned upside down, agencies visited, casting directors harassed but all to no avail. There was nary a Chinese vamp East, West, North or South of the Mississippi. Finally he became desperate. The customary kindly lines of his face became severe, his gentle tones became hard as tempered steel, firm resolve permeated every portion of his features. Striding with quick nervous steps to the studio, he entered the gate, slammed it behind him, crashed menacingly on the set and grasping Dorothy Gish by the arm with a vise-like grip said:

"You are to play a Chinese vamp!"

"Who? Me?" asked Dorothy tremblingly.

"Yes, you a Chinese vamp."

"Oh, Mr. Robertson," cried Dorothy, and fainted dead away.

All seemed lost but just then John Emerson, Anita Loos' husband, came into the studio to see how moving pictures were made.

"How are things?" said John Emerson to John Robertson.

"Rotten," said John Robertson to John Emerson.

"What's the trouble?"

"I want but little here below," said John Robertson, his voice shaking with emotion, "but I can't get it. I need a Chinese vamp."



*Q Jetta Goudal Insists
She is Not a Vamp.*

"A Chinese vamp?" said Mr. Emerson, who might well pose for efficiency on a monument smiling at obstacles. "Ah! just the one. Can I use your phone?"

Twenty minutes later Jetta Goudal, our heroine, appeared on the scene. Forty minutes later "The Bright Shawl" was started and the rest is history or something like that.

For five long years Jetta Goudal struggled but never gave up hope and the moral of this story is "Trust in God and get acquainted with John Emerson."

Jetta insists she is not a vamp. This point we discussed freely and finally compromised by agreeing she might be an unconscious vamp. Anyway she is not a woman who does not care and if she breaks your heart you have nobody but yourself to blame.

But to get to the point, men. Jetta is not married. Says she won't be until her success is assured. As I see it that means the lady will be willing to listen to reason very shortly.

Now, if you will gather around closely and not interrupt I will tell you the way to Jetta's heart, and may the best man win.

First, no matter how Jetta looks on the screen or appears in person you must conjure in your mind a picture of her in a gingham gown. The reason none of the boys has made a hit with her to date, Jetta confided in me, is that they take this French actress, vampire stuff too seriously.

For instance say John Dough, the millionaire poultry king, is introduced to Jetta. He has seen her in "The Bright Shawl." He has heard she is from that dear Paris and so forth.

Immediately he invites her to take a ride over to the Montmartre and then suggests a road-

(Continued on Page 89)



Dramaland

THE principal elements of the average American revue are a flight of steps down which an assortment of tall hussies dressed up like so many Chinese restaurants troop majestically at intervals of every twenty minutes, a ballet in which a toe dancer whirls around rapidly for a dozen times, falls in a heap and thus depicts, according to the program, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," one joke about the income tax and another about monkey glands, a song number in which the coy girl star is flirtatiously chased around the stage by the male chorus in evening clothes, and a sketch in which an actress who bears a striking resemblance to Marie Dressler gives an imitation of Jeanne Eagles by putting on a blonde wig and a pair of white stockings and striking an attitude like Benny Leonard. In this revue, save on rare occasions, there is approximately as much jollity as one finds in a case of White Rock. Two hundred thousand dollars is spent for costumes, scenery and expensive performers and then, a few hours before the dress rehearsal, the producer telegraphs Tommy Gray or Ring Lardner a couple of hundred dollars to get busy and think up something funny to stick into the \$50,000 Diamond Horseshoe scene. Charlot, the London revue producer, works the other way 'round. He first lays in enough good comedy to fill the evening and then thinks up the expensive decorations and embellishments. After he has thought up these expensive decorations and embellishments, he promptly proceeds to forget them. And the result is a revue that is twice as amusing as

the majority we get from our native impresarios. The Charlot "Revue of 1924," currently on view in New York, is excellent light entertainment. For every three hundred dollar costume, there is a five hundred dollar joke. And in Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence it has the two best music show performers of the London stage.

Q Says Mr. Nathan

Charlot's Revue is excellent light entertainment. For every three hundred dollar costume there is a five hundred dollar joke.

The Way Things Happen is too stale to pop present day interest.

The Living Mask is a stage-struck novelette.

Gypsy Jim is sentimental walla walla.

strongest of all dramatic themes and when any scene that showed a girl about to give herself to an actor in a gray toupee and with a gardenia in his button-hole—thus identified a villain—was certain to be a subject of discussion for the next three or four weeks. Miss Dane's play carries a wrong date line. It is at least twenty years behind the times. It belongs to that period of the Anglo-Saxon drama when no woman ever left a bachelor's chambers without leaving a tell-tale wrap or pair of gloves behind her and when the news of the villain's painful death in South Africa always arrived in



By George Jean Nathan

Decorations by Wynn

time to pave the way for the more or less happy ending. There are instances of good writing in the Dane opus, but the whole business is too stale to pop present-day interest. What interest attaches to the hoopedoodle centres in Katharine Cornell's excellent performance of the leading role. The rest, while excessively noisy, is silence.

III

PIRANDELLO and Mah Jong are the two leading New York fads up to the time of going to press. Doubtless by the time the ink is dry, both will be in the discard and succeeded by the latest Serbian dramatist and strip poker. But as I write, Pirandello is the leading favorite of the local intellectual petting parties. The natives are doing everything to Pirandello, in fact, but understanding him. He is hailed as the greatest dramatic genius of the day, and is being given receptions by Otto Kahn, dinners by the American Society of Stamp Collectors, balls by the Elks and embroidered handkerchiefs by the sweet ones of the Junior League. His plays are being put on by his fellow Italian, the Signor Brocco Pembertoni, at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre; everybody is dolling up in evening clothes for the occasion; the ushers have temporarily stopped chewing gum in honor of the great event; and even the actors have magnanimously lent their share to the festivities by learning some of the lines.

Of Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author,"

you already know. Of his "Henry IV," more recently produced under the title "The Living Mask," it may be said, as I once observed of a play of Zoe Akins, that it is a stage-

struck novelette. For all its very interesting and intelligently manoeuvred theme, it is as lacking in theatrical and dramatic properties as an essay by Dr. Jacques Loeb. The considerable theatrical to-do that has been made over it in certain quarters may be laid to the intellectual pushing that is so characteristic a part of the New York stockbroker kultur. Arnold Korff, who is the star of the piece, had such a blustering cold on the night I reviewed the performance that he might better have been cast for the snowstorm in "Way Down East."

IV

ONCE in a while I hear it said of me that I talk about everything concerned with a play but the play itself. In other words, that my method of criticism often neglects to tell my flock exactly what the play I am eloquently writing of is about. So that there may be no complaint on this score in the instance of "Gypsy Jim," by the Messrs. Hammerstein and Gropper, let me change my customary tactics—and see how you like it. "Gypsy Jim," therefore, is about a romantic millionaire who dresses himself up like a Webster Hall ball and in this guise prowls around the country on a Pollyanna mission of cheer. Accompanied by the Knickerbocker Grill string quartette that plays sad music (Continued on Page 94)

Q Says Mr. Nathan

The Miracle is the most thoroughly beautiful spectacle that the American theatre has known.

The Show-Off is one of the most perfectly recognizable portraits in the album of native drama.

Mr. Pitt as a play has no more shading than the Arizona desert.

The Goose Hangs High is another one of those plays in which a flock of ingenues and juveniles sass the older actors who play the roles of their parents.

Pups

A Popular Pets of Picture-dom



Q Agnes Ayres and her puppy named Kiki.



Q Viola Dana has a chow puppy for a pet.

DOGS are by far the most popular pets in Hollywood, as elsewhere. The exotic pets, like Viola Dana's little pig, or Sigrid Holmquist's Whozit (nobody could quite figure out what species Sigrid's pet was supposed to be) are strictly for publicity purposes. I doubt very much whether the dainty Viola ever murmured, "Wasim a fweetest ittle sing ever was?" to her little porkling, when the camera's eye was not trained on her. Pigs are simply not *simpatico*, somehow, even little pink baby pigs.


Though as a rule we never like to touch on scandal in the movie colony, we feel we really must tell you about Ignatz. Ignatz is Alice Terry's white Spitz, a most amiable dog who allows visitors to Alice's set to stroke him at will, especially if they will scratch him gently just at

Q Right: Charles Ray and his wire haired puppy—"Whiskers." Below: Raymond McKee, Goldwyn actor, has trained his dog to mimic his every action, as shown in this picture.

the base of the ears. Ignatz was given Alice by an Eastern dignitary on one of her trips to New York, and on the way back, some heartless baggage man or brakeman must have booted poor Ignatz off the train, for Ignatz was lost in the wilds of Arizona. Railroad officials took one look at Alice's pleading face and burned up the wires with instructions to get that dog back if it became necessary to throw the brakeman off after him. The dog was finally found, his white fur matted and stuck full of burrs, his tummy very empty, but otherwise intact. He was returned to Alice's welcoming arms and quickly became the pet of the Rex Ingram company. But we mentioned scandal. Lean closer, and don't say who told you. Ignatz one morning presented "his" mistress with a fine litter of silky white puppies. Rex and Alice thought at first they would have to change Ignatz's (Continued on Page 78.)

Q Below: Enid Bennett and her mother, and Harrison Ford and his mother, at Balboa Beach, California. Miss Bennett's pup is showing off.



A large, stylized illustration of palm trees dominates the left side of the page. In the foreground, a group of movie stars and other figures are depicted in a tropical setting. From left to right, they are Betty Compson, Norma Talmadge, Dorothy Dalton, Mrs. Sam Harris, and June Caprice. In the background, Irving Berlin, Senator Archibald McNeil, and E. Ray Goetz are also shown. The scene is set behind a white picket fence.

The Original COCOANUT GROVE

By Myron Zobel

EVERYBODY knows the Cocoanut Grove dining-room in the Ambassador Hotel of Los Angeles. It has become famous to screen fans the world over as the gathering place of screenland's socially elect. Tuesday night is the night to go if you would see Charlie and Pola and Claire and Viola and scramble madly with your favorites for the toy balloons that are dropped at midnight from the artificial cocoanut trees overhead.

And now comes Palm Beach, Florida, trying to wean the movies away from Hollywood and claiming the distinction of possessing the *original* Cocoanut Grove. There you may sit under real cocoanut trees beneath the canopy of heaven with the glory of a real Florida sunset coming down about your head and the twinkling little Japanese lanterns lighting up as the sky grows dusky.

Broadway Jones and his orchestra is there too. Art Hickman's only rival. And as you dance there beneath the trees, from which real cocoanuts instead of toy balloons may topple on you, may be seen so many stars that you might think almost you were in Hollywood.

Betty Compson, on her way to Miami to film her new picture by that name; and Norma Talmadge and Dorothy Dalton and June Caprice—vacationing.

For that is Palm Beach—the (Continued on Page 89)

Q Movie Stars Vacationing at Palm Beach—Florida's famous cocoanut grove. Reading left to right: Betty Compson, Norma Talmadge, Dorothy Dalton, Mrs. Sam Harris and June Caprice. In the back ground: Irving Berlin, Senator Archibald McNeil of Conn. and E. Ray Goetz, producer.

The INCOME TAX

is the BOGEY MAN

BEWARE the Ides of March!

Julius Caesar had his Brutus, Fatty Arbuckle his Will Hays—and the movie stars—the stars have the income tax collector.

If this be treason, make the most of it.

The Ides of March have come and gone. And many a bright new dollar that came to Hollywood to get into the movies, has gone to Washington—perhaps never more to return.

"I've sent more than a million friends upon their way to Congress," weeps Bill Hart, "more than a million sweet green paper dollars. And this year—"

The double-barreled hero of the wide open spaces grinned pleasantly—

"I wish I had a million to send this year—but there'll be enough young Bills representing me anyway."

Yes, the facts about the real incomes of the stars and the producers—washed out by the Ides—make the movie industry gleam like a tale from ancient Sybarus.

Floors of gold, ceilings of precious stones, pillars of hewn marble, walls of jade and amber, chariots of beaten silver and hammered platinum—Uncle Sam takes mighty tribute from this modern city of the Sybarites.

The Tax Collector Talks

IN case you think that's too flowery, let the Los Angeles collector of internal revenue, Mr. E. C. Goodcell, tell it in his way:

"Moving picture stars are earning tremendous salaries, larger than even the public imagines. Salaries of \$2,000 a week are not unusual. Some of them get much more.

"However, the number of stars isn't large—and the number of people making big money who are little known in the pictures is amazing.

"I could astonish you, if I dared, by telling you what some of the big producers make each year—and showing how insignificant those sums are compared with the incomes of second-rate actors. No, it

isn't always the big name that draws the big salary.

"And here's something else again—Uncle Sam gets more money out of the small salaried people than he does out of the stars—because God made so many of the little-time folks."

Bill Hart's Tribute to Uncle Sam

WELL, Bill Hart has a big name, and he gets a big pile of dollars every year. It is stated he never made a picture that didn't take in more than half a million dollars—and Bill's rakeoff hasn't been so undersized, either.

He has paid over \$1,000,000 to the government in a few years. Which, if you figure it out, is more than the President of the United States

Q Can you imagine a star who earns \$4,000 a week and asked to take a two weeks' vacation yearly without pay in order to keep her income tax below the \$200,000 mark? She prefers to rest rather than work for a measly \$2,000 a week and give Uncle Sam the other 50 per cent. Hollywood is just full of sad cases like this.

would receive—even if he were allowed to serve three terms.

But then—ask any
(Cont. on page 92)



MABEL NORMAND



JUNE MATHIS



WALLACE BEERY



CONRAD NAGEL



TECH DIRECTOR



CAMERA MAN



BATHING BEAUTIES



\$10,000 CHARITY EXEMPTION

\$55,000 TAX PAID LAST YEAR

Salaries per week

\$100. \$200. \$300. \$500. \$750. \$1000. \$1500. \$3000.

COLLECTOR

of HOLLYWOOD



GLORIA SWANSON



TOM MIX



WILLIAM S. HART



PICKFORD FAIRBANKS



JACKIE COOGAN & BABY PEGGY

\$1,000 EXEMPTION FOR UNMARRIED MAN

JACKIE, AGE EIGHT
PAID A TAX OF
\$260,720

Uncle Sam's share

Salaries per week
\$5,000 \$5,500

\$10,000

\$15,000

\$20,000

Young

Q The Queen, or the Lady? — Seven Years of Training have fitted Lois Wilson to play either part.

By Ruth Mary Harris

Veteran

MISS LOIS WILSON, a brown-eyed, timid slip of a girl, sat behind the teacher's desk of an old country school house in Morris, Alabama. She was watching her hulking, twenty-year-old pupils gamboling at recess. It was time to ring the bell—but her thoughts were elsewhere! Just how did girls, without money or influence, get into the limelight, how did they become famous? Why, yes, the Harold Bell Wright ladies of luck usually did a solo dance on the greensward—and positively fascinated the right man! But that was out of the question here. And at her boarding house she would surely upset the kerosene lamp, and there'd be a hot time in Alabam'—Oh, my, who was that?

She clapped one hand to her head and the other to the bell rope. For the august members of the School Board, whiskers, goatees and all, were stalking in to visit "teacher." Hastily she garnered her flock together and tried to demonstrate the latest method in the rule of three. But, as far as the husky lads and lassies were concerned, recess was still on, in a slightly modified form. Between fear of the grave henchmen staring rigidly at her, and the strain of trying to keep order, the little school ma'am could hardly hold on to the chalk.

But the hour passed, and the girl was soon packing to go home—for school was dismissed by the revered gentlemen during cotton picking time. Happily Miss Lois thought of the winter's session—she would be earning money, money for a trip to Hollywood, to the door of the Silver Screen. The world was a beautiful place, and this little vacation at home would be a taste of Heaven after three weeks of that terrible school-room.

BUT one day came a letter into the midst of her roseate plans, and the envelope bore the portentous name of the School Board inscribed thereon. In fear Miss Lois carried it to her mother. "You open it, please, I don't dare," she pleaded.

With cold formality these tried men and true regretted that they had found Miss Wilson not the person to teach their Future Presidents—no reflection, personally, just youth and inexperience.

Her heart was broken, her bubble of dreams burst! But father Wilson took his weeping little daughter into the shelter of his arms, and reminded her that some of the most famous people had made failures of their first ventures. But the way they had used this defeat to spur them on—this was the measure of their success.

Inspired by his faith in her, Miss Lois made out some rules for future reference—and awaited her chance, which didn't come to Alabama. So she went more than half way to meet it—to Chicago, where she found an opening wedge as "atmosphere" in the Pavlova pictures. Beyond weaving the web of grease-paint fascination more tightly about her, this offered no great opportunity—and Miss Lois went on to Hollywood.

If you crave a sensational story of fatal, persecuted beauty, of an innocently questioning face that lured every director to plot the heroine's downfall, of sweet helplessness that intrigued all the old roués to acts of misunderstood devotion, and a rescue from the midnight bathing party—if that's what (Continued on page 92)



Q Lois Wilson in the part of the Queen which she plays opposite Valentino, in Famous Players Version of "Monsieur Beaucaire."

The Girls that Men Forget

*@ A Chat in the
New Manner
with Richard Dix*

By E. V. Durling



Richard Dix is a
"regular fellow"
and this article
proves it.

Photo by
Melbourne
Spurr

AFTER a terrific hand-to-hand fight with a crowd of wild-eyed subway commuters I finally came up for air in Astoria, Long Island, where the Famous Players-Lasky company has built a studio apparently for the purpose of making their stars appreciate Hollywood and discouraging ambitious extras. Crashing through the gate, walking across the stage and winding my weary way through a maze of corridors I came upon Richard Dix in his so-called dressing room. With his chair tilted back at an unbelievable angle, smoking a particularly vile smelling pipe and reading the American Golfer, sat the man who is reputed to have broken a thousand hearts.

"To what," asked Mr. Dix with a tinge of sarcasm, "do I owe this honor?"

"I have come," I replied simply, "to interview you."

At this remark, I am sorry to say, Mr. Dix extended me the none too respectful raspberry.

"Say," he said, "why don't you go to work? You've been in the newspaper business long enough."

"If you can find any harder work," I replied, not without some heat, "than to spend an afternoon traveling over to Long Island to talk to actors, name it."

"Why, you poor sap," said the pride of St. Paul, "the actors do all the talking."

"You said it, kid," I answered, "and that's what makes it work, hard labor in fact. But let's get down to business. Here you are eating regularly, getting a haircut once a week and on somebody's payroll. To what do you attribute your great success?"

"Are you kidding me?" inquired Mr. Dix suspiciously.

"Perish the thought," I said. "Let me repeat, I have come to, as the saying goes, interview you."

"Forget it," begged Poor Richard, "just have me holding a copy of the magazine and write what you want. I've been insulted by experts."

"To what," I said firmly, "do you attribute your success?"

"Have you got a cigarette?" asked Mr. Dix, shaking out his pipe.

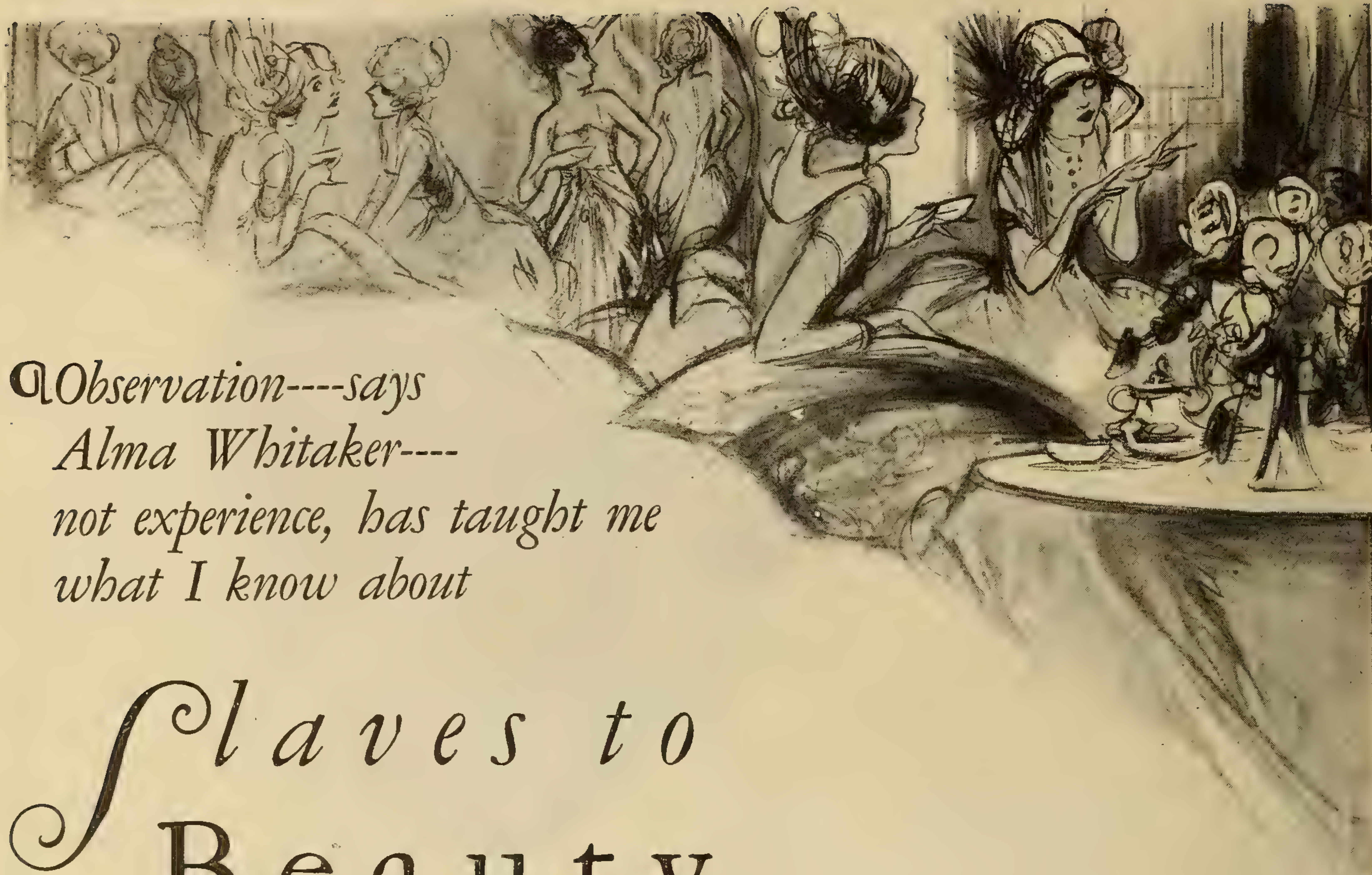
Grudgingly handing the gentleman the package I had foolishly revealed I suggested as politely as possible that he open up his heart and buy some himself once in a while.

"I'll walk a mile for one," he said, "but that's my limit. Out in these wide open Long Island spaces you have to walk ten to get anything."

"To what do you attribute your success?"

"Do you drink anything?" asked Mr. Dix, opening a drawer in his desk.

"Ah!" I exclaimed enthusiastically, "Richard is himself again. Don't mind (Continued on page 85)



*Observation----says
Alma Whitaker----
not experience, has taught me
what I know about*

Slaves to Beauty

I WAS at a party with a score of successful young maidens recently, three of them right in the inner circle, all of them at least past the first barrier and basking inside the outer circle. I was the only homely—and comfortable person there. Try as we would to get the conversation round to other subjects, somehow we always came back to the cult of beauty. So presently I teased them about it.

"Oh, forget your charms for a spell, you vain little girls, you all seem to be worrying about how you look and your chief obsession is new forms of beauty treatments. Don't you get sick to death of beauty treatments?" I teased.

"Oh, well, it is our business you know," piped up one little beauty well known to fame. "We have to worry about our looks."

And then they began to tell me how they have to consider every little part of them. One exquisite little thing was most unhappy about her elbows—and we are not wearing sleeves this year. Oh, the time and attention and fussing that dear child puts in on elbows.

Another had to take a role in which she showed her ears. And the director had said her ears were too large for her face. She was almost ready to weep about it. There wasn't any torture she would not readily undergo to shrink those plaguey ears.

Another suffers from imperfect hands. "And oh, hands are so impor-

tant," she wailed. Hence mountains of creams, rivers of lotions, hours of careful massaging are lavished upon those hands. In any other walk of life those hands would not have occasioned her a moment's pang—but in pictures they were an ever-present misery.

Still another little beauty was heavy-hearted because she was heavy-footed. It appears that with all her obvious charms she cannot walk with that gay and springy, sprightly step. And a brute of a critic had noted it in a newspaper story. Now it was getting worse than ever because she was self-conscious about it. "Clumsy"—perfectly ghastly word as applied to a lovely little picture star.

Hair, it appears, isn't so bad. Wigs can be so clever. But still one beautiful little creature who had a bob and a permanent wave only to discover that it was wholly unsuited to her style, was allowing that factor to blight her young life. It would take at least a year for it to grow in again, and in the meantime the only solace was a hair-net.

Actually there was not one girl at that party, successful and distinguished though they were, who was not worried sick about some defect. And these were the girls, the very young ones. Can't you imagine the even greater misery of the older beauties? How they scan their mirrors and see hazy little lines that no one else has noticed. How they quiver with fear and misery at each tiny bit of new evidence that beauty





*Q I used
to envy
beautiful women;
now I realize that they are slaves
----slaves to their beauty.*

cannot last forever. And every time they quiver, they hasten the dread proceeding.

Why, some of these lovely creatures even fear to smile. Smiles, you see, bring lines round the mouth. And yet they know that the glad and lovely smile is an asset, too. So they are

torn between present necessity and future laugh-lines.

I was enjoying a confidential chat with a very famous star recently and, turning over a book of cuttings, I found a mean cartoon from a French comic paper. It was a picture of a lovely girl serious, and then the same lovely girl laughing. The laughing girl's laugh-lines were hideous. It was a brutally clever drawing. And my star gazed at it, fascinated. "Yes, you know, laughing does that," she murmured with awful seriousness, stepping to the mirror and intently inspecting the lines around her mouth. And really that beautiful woman's soul seemed to be in unspeakable anguish, like a mother watching a dying babe, as she spied the evidence of reckless laughter once-indulged. Oh, she is so thrifty of her smiles now. Caught off her guard she will start a merry silvery laugh, only to remember hastily, and suddenly compose her face into an unsmiling mask.

I know one young beauty who has been out of a job several months. She is worrying terribly. Her little store of money is giving out. She is miserable and afraid. But that

doesn't prevent her spending every penny she can scrape together on beauty treatments. She goes on short rations, she has moved into a cheaper room, she pinches and screws in a dozen cheap and paltry ways—on everything but the beauty treatments. And then she cries and ruins the artist's work. Crying, you see, is just as bad for beauty as laughing. And worrying is the worst of all.

I used to envy beautiful women. How I longed to be beautiful. But after living in the capital of filmdom, after realizing the daily fears and agonies of beauties, I am not so sure. They are slaves, slaves to their beauty. More than half of them live in terror of "putting on weight" and restrict themselves to a most unattractive diet—or, when the self-control falters, suffer agonies of fear and remorse and rush straight from the weighing machine to the anti-fat expert. And the irony of it! Every male admirer who yearns to shower affection on these lovely damsels always wants to feed them,

always wants to stuff them with rich and epicurean food. You have only, for instance, to hear Charlie Chaplin make a succinct comment on Edna Purviance's contour to appreciate why Edna famishes on lettuce leaf lunches and spends bitter fasting hours with her masseuse.

But in their beauty is their fortune and, if they are self-denying enough, they are passing rich. And still always, bitterly, with an accent on the "passing."





Q Bull Montana shows new uses for ancient weapons.
—photo by Braun, L. A.

The Listening POST

Q What they are saying
and doing in the
Hollywood studios

By Eunice Marshall

WHEN Hollywood puts on a party, it likes to strut its stuff big-town fashion. So when the city fathers enforced the law forbidding dancing after midnight, the movie folks took their doll rags and went up to San Francisco to play. The Wampas Frolic, which marked the social debut of the 1924 crop of Baby Stars, was a red letter day in the calendar of the Bay City, and San Francisco was so exhilarated at seeing so many stars at one time that they practically handed the town over to the Hollywood pilgrims.

They donated the use of the Civic Auditorium, draped with blue and gold crepe and wreaths of redwood that lent a pleasant pungent odor. A gorgeous Oriental palace was the stage background, against which the stars appeared to make their bows to the audience that packed the great place to the doors and beyond.

Pola Negri was the sensation of the evening. When she appeared in the powdered wig and crinolines of her *Madame DuBarry* in *Passion*, she received an ovation that might have healed in part the hurt that she has felt over the coldness she has encountered in this country.

Bebe Daniels and Carmel Myers sang for the crowd, and did it very nicely, too. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason did their now famous imitation of the tango as done by Valentino and Rambova, and won a great hand.

Q Estelle Taylor has made a pet of "Samson," the peaceful lion of the Al. G. Barnes Circus now in winter quarters near Los Angeles.—photo by International.



Strongheart Makes Personal Appearance

STRONGHEART, very much on his dignity, was there with the rest of the stars. Lillian Rich had him in tow. Tom Mix and Tony were right there on the job, too. Antonio Moreno made his entrance to the Auditorium, trying to look as if he didn't hear the piercing whisper of a fan to "Look'ut the shiek!" Hoot Gibson won a crushing victory over Tom Mix by wearing a sombrero at least two inches wider around the brim than Tom's beaver. It quite spoiled Tom's visit, we hear. And Bill Hart received a welcome from the fans at the train that must have convinced him that his troubles have not alienated his friends.

SAM GOLDWYN tells this one on himself in his book, "Behind the Screen":

It seems that Goldwyn very much wanted to film some of Bernard Shaw's plays, and one happy occasion he met Shaw. He started right in to garner in the screen rights to the Britisher's works. He talked eloquently for an hour on the artistic treatment he would accord the plays, promising to engage the finest artists of the screen to act and direct the stories, and the real contributions to art that the finished products would be. And when he stopped from want of Breath, Bernard Shaw rose, put on his hat and said:

"I am sorry, sir, but I am afraid we can never understand each other's point of view. You think of nothing but your art and I think of nothing but money."

Fashion Note

IF you happen to be a girl, and especially a girl with a none-too-robust bank account, you're bound to be interested in Ethel Chaffin's statement that calico is going to be *the* material for frocks this summer. And not only that, but the styles are to be so simple that any female woman that knows how to thread a needle can make them herself.

The sort of calico that grandma used to cover quilts with is going to be most favored, so if you have any old comforters up attic, rout them out now. In addition to calico, Mrs. Chaffin says, gingham and organdie are again going to be very smart for summer. And by the way, the calico left over from your dress can be used for a hat and also for a hand-bag with a tortoise-shell top. Calico and gingham bags are the very last word in chic, Mrs. Chaffin assures us, and several of the girls on the Lasky lot are going to carry them in their new pictures.

BECOMING a little bit bored with hitching his wagon merely to a star, Fred Niblo decided to hitch his to a prince. And sent the following cable to the Prince of Wales:

"Most respectfully submitted. Would your royal highness consider appearing in an historical photoplay of magnitude and dignity? Time, place and financial arrangements at your convenience. Niblo, Los Angeles."

We'll bet the prince would like to come, at that. There are lots of pretty girls and good dancers in Hollywood, and that's about the fondest thing the prince is of, we hear. And maybe Hollywood wouldn't like to have him! (Cont. on p. 86)



Q Betty Blythe arrives in New York on the S. S. America after eight months spent in Europe making pictures.—photo by Pacific & Atlantic.

Alice Lin

Through the
She
Fashions



Q Claire Windsor in a lovely bouffant frock of chiffon which she wears in "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," Goldwyn production now being released.

Q The screen sets the fashion. This monthly department will be conducted by Miss Anesley to help our readers to follow these fashions by keeping ever abreast of them.

CLAIRE WINDSOR wears some of the most delectable and adaptable of the fashions of filmdom. In her new starring vehicle, brightly christened Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model, I see her in frocks of a loveliness that will fill every Feminine Film Follower's heart with delight and envy. And after all there is no cause for the envy to remain for every one of the F. F. F.'s just mentioned may quite easily emulate Miss Windsor's taste in wardrobes.

Even though many of us are not as munificently rewarded for our labors as the so ravishing Miss Claire, we can still adapt expensive ideas—if we are clever. Why not seize the inspiration of the lovely bouffant frock she wears in one of the later reels (sketched at the left of this page). This costume was itself quite obviously inspired by those airy dreams in shaded tulle that Callot recently launched. As you doubtless know, Callot is one of the greatest Paris coutouriers.

This model with its fluffy daintiness is an ideal summer evening dress. It could be developed in several shades of chiffon—as it is in Miss Windsor's dress—or in tulle, which is even newer. The front panel of the skirt and the underbodice are of shimmering silver lace. The scarflike drapery of the overbodice strikes another new note. And it adds flattering softness to the many other charms of the gown. For dancing this dress should be much shorter. Brevity does not in the least detract from its chic.

The evening wrap pictured at the top of the next page is one of the smartest models appearing now in exclusive New York shops. Its collar and deep hembands are of that novel and interesting trimming ostrich fringe. Miss Windsor wears this wrap in velvet. But for summer wear I recommend two thicknesses of Mallinson's indestructible voile (silk, of course). The outer part might well be of orange and the inner of yellow with the ostrich trimming a blend of yellow and orange. It was in this delightful sunset-coloring that I saw it at one of our very best shops.

And because we must all have smart little frocks for every day wear as well as lovely frivolous things for evening I have chosen two very attractive and simple dresses from the same picture. The demure dotted swiss morning frock pictured at the right is the sort of thing that every woman needs. Its collar, cuffs and fluted bandings of organdie give it the ingenuous freshness



Q Miss Windsor in a summer frock with collar, cuffs and fluted pleatings of organdie.

Screenland

Looking Glass
Sees
of Filmdom

that is so charming for mornings at home. Miss Windsor shows that Nellie is a practical as well as pretty girl by choosing such a useful little dress.

The other daytime dress worn by Mae Busch as Nellie's friend in the early part of the picture, is characteristic of the type of dress being worn by four-fifths of the girls in New York now. It is typically boyish and correct, from its Bramley collar and string tie to its ultra smart plaid belt. It is the dress one sees everywhere in twill or vivid flannel. And it is the dress that is most worn at Palm Beach in Roshanara or heavy crepe de chine. It is pictured at the bottom of this column.

The belt of this dress deserves special mention, for it is quite the smartest and most outstanding thing in an otherwise beltless season. These belts are called hatband or harness belts, because the belt itself is of gaily striped or plaided men's hatband ribbon and the fastenings are of tan or black leather. The hatband or harness belt is worn with all types of sports costumes and is especially smart with a plain colored boyish dress or slip-over sweater.

Charming and wearable fashions from pictures that are just being released will be presented Through the Looking Glass every month. Anything I show here will be of the type that is lovely to wear as well as to see. You may write to me—

care of SCREENLAND MAGAZINE,
145 West 57th Street, New
York City—and ask any fur-
ther details of the clothes
shown or ask advice about
those you plan to have. Ar-
ticles mentioned in this de-
partment are actually available
in the New York shops and I
will be glad to tell you their
cost and where they may be
purchased if you care to know.
It is possible to actually see
all these costumes in Nellie,
the Beautiful Cloak Model,
which the Goldwyn company
released during March.

Yours,

Alice Anesley.



Q Wrap worn by
Miss Windsor of
velvet with os-
trich trimmings
on collar and
deep hembands.
The same design
may be used to
good effect in
voile.

Q Miss Anesley will be pleased to answer any questions concerning fashions that our readers may care to ask of her and to conduct---quite without charge---any shopping service they desire in New York City.



Q Mae Busch, in a
typically boyish and
correct street frock
with Bramley collar
and cuffs.

Our Own News Reel

Q Cinema News
in Picture Form



Hollywood, Cal.—Raoul Walsh, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Charlie Chaplin, Doug Fairbanks, Jack Pickford and an unknown gentleman strum a mean racket on the Fairbanks tennis court after a day's work.

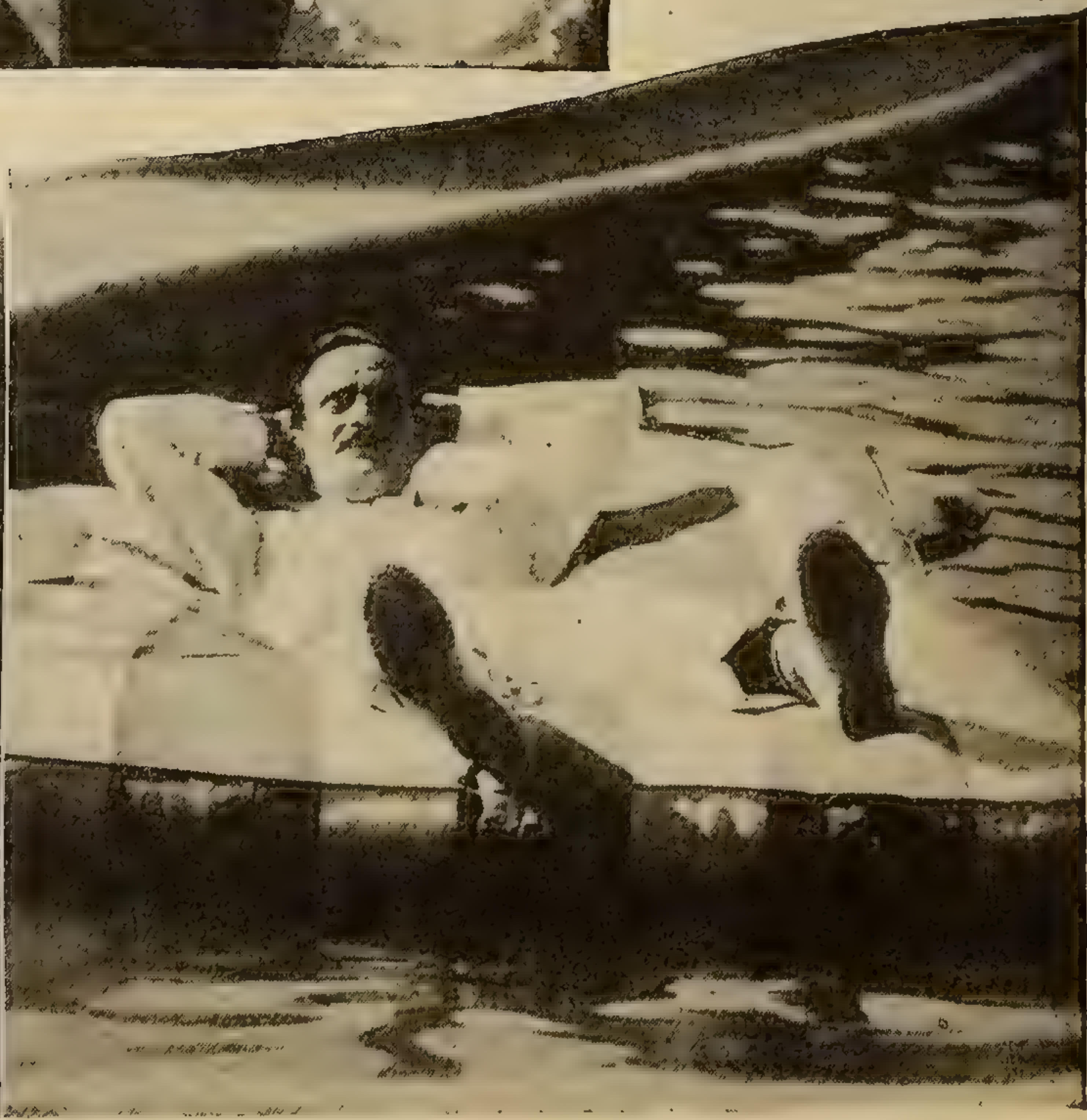
New York City.—Below is shown June Mathis, noted screen editor and writer, with her grandmother, Mrs. Emily Hawks, pictured as they sailed for abroad.

©—International.



London, England.—Not an anti-Klan costume, but a hood to prevent "Klieg eyes": This weird head covering is worn by players in a London moving picture studio to rest their eyes from the intense glare of the studio lights. It helps to prevent "Klieg eyes", the studio malady from which many American stars have suffered lately.

Hollywood, Cal.—By the time this is published, it will be April and Spring will again be with us. Here's a tip on how to spend the hot summer days. Pretty soft for Doug, eh?



Hollywood, Cal. — Abdul the Turk, trainer for Douglas Fairbanks, brings the year-old thatch under the rule of brush and comb while "Jazz," the bootblack plays "blues." —Underwood



New York City—Among the many notables who sailed on the Mediterranean cruise were Mr. and Mrs. Jules E. Brulatour. Mrs. Brulatour is popularly known as Hope Hampton International.



Los Angeles, Cal. —Pretty Lola De Lillies, film actress, likes to play golf and also likes dogs, especially her pet "Ranger", so Lola has taught Ranger to be a regular caddie.—International.



Culver City, Cal.—That Rupert Hughes can do other things than write novels and direct pictures is demonstrated here, when the camera caught him hanging a right to the jaw of Jim Tully, boxer and author.



Hollywood, Cal.—The inimitable and the incomparable, Chaplin and Pavlova, are good friends. Anna recently visited Charlie at his Hollywood studio, and, without a suggestion from the nimble press agent, Charlie did an unusual thing:—he posed for the camera, and the pose was real chummy-like too.—Keystone.



The \$1,000 Scenario



Q The Palmer Photoplay Corporation's production of *Judgment of the Storm* marks an interesting era in the history of the screen, representing a real endeavor to unearth new film writers. The author, Mrs. Styles Middleton, is a Pittsburgh housewife. She receives \$1,000 and five-year royalties for her work. The screenplay, which was directed by Del Andrews and has Lloyd Hughes, Lucille Rickson, George Hackathorne and Myrtle Stedman in the principal roles, is being released by Film Booking Offices.

Q Mail Order Movies—An Expose of Fake Scenario Agents—From page 29.

Worked on "Editorial Staff"

Two years ago the writer of this article was almost as ingenuous as the "sucker" who tries to learn how to write scenarios by correspondence. Almost—but not quite. He did believe at that time, however, that there were honest concerns which rendered to their clients a vital service. He therefore entered the employ of one of these scenario mills, on the "editorial staff. He learned very soon, however, that no editorial discretion whatever was permitted him in the rejection of obviously impossible manuscripts, and therefore promptly severed official connection with the concern. Subsequently, however, on a piece work basis, he "revised"—happy euphemism—over two thousand pitiful efforts of amateurs. He is in a position, therefore, to write with some feeling and some authority, regarding the "inside" methods of these flourishing concerns.

While they may vary regarding the actual nature of the promises they make and the "service" they render, nearly all these concerns have various factors in common. They use sucker lists, which they trade among themselves for a few dollars a thousand names. These are obtained in various interesting ways. Stenographers and clerks in the employ of big motion picture producers are bribed to obtain lists of the names of all those who have submitted synopses to the scenario department. Editorial assistants on popular magazines are likewise offered inducements to obtain lists of those who have mailed in contributions.

The clever gentry who run these scenario concerns know very well that the belief in literary ability is one of the most common of human emotions, and by far the hardest to kill. They trade shrewdly on this psychological truth, and as a result, thousands of luckless amateurs are added each month to the list of suckers.

Not Actually Illegal

BUCKET shops and fake oil-stock promoters are definitely illegal, and can be stamped out by due process of law. *The danger of the scenario school, or what-not, lies in the fact that it is not actually illegal.*

The advertising pages of practically every popular magazine today are full of the skillful and disingenuous announcements of these concerns. "Write for the Movies," "Let Us Help You Turn Your Ideas Into Cash," they say, invitingly;—"Producers Pay Big Prices For Ideas," "Send Us Your Ideas For Movies And We Will Market Them For You." The phrases are familiar to everyone.

These advertisements are diabolically clever and psychologically perfectly sound—from the advertiser's point of view. It so happens that ninety per cent, or more, of the average audience at a movie theatre are saying, or thinking, to themselves: "Gee, I bet I could write as good a movie as that." You have only

to stand in the lobby of any movie theatre and overhear the snatches of conversation as the audience files out after the performance, to be convinced of their mental processes. It is almost universal—this belief of a man or a woman in the ability to write as good a movie as any they have seen.

Similarly, nearly every man believes himself capable of editing a magazine, or running a successful hotel.

Misleading Promises

Now, the postal regulations are so strict that the operations of nearly all these concerns are perfectly legal. They are far too shrewd to attempt anything too raw. They have no desire to open their files to Uncle Sam's inquisitive inspectors. It is only indirectly that they hold out promises which they know can never be fulfilled, and they are also extremely careful to cloak anything they say in a mass of pretentious verbiage, so that it requires no little intelligence actually to divine what it is all about. Let us examine the nature of these various institutions and specious promises.

The worst offenders are those who undertake to elaborate the rough ideas submitted by amateurs and "put them on the market." It is with them that this article will deal.

How it Is Done

BRIEFLY, under the promise of helping him to sell his story by "putting it into the proper form," sums of money are extracted from the ambitious writer. In one instance, known to the author, the initial sum demanded is thirty-six dollars. A small percentage actually pay this amount in full. There are, however, dozens of appropriate form letters gradually reducing the price and tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, so that quite often the "service" gets under way upon receipt of the first payment of \$4.00 on a total of \$12.00, "the balance of \$24.00 to be paid when we have sold your story." There is, of course, not the remotest chance that this happy event will ever take place, but meanwhile \$12.00 is better than nothing. The "service" consists in re-writing the author's story to a length of approximately eight hundred or nine hundred words. This may entail boiling it down from a full-length novel or over a hundred thousand words, or, on the other hand, building it up from a few scribbled words on the back of a post-card. The finished manuscript, which could easily be contained on one sheet of single-spaced foolscap, is made to appear far longer by using immensely wide margins so that not more than four or five words go to make up a line. There is triple spacing between paragraphs and approximately three inches left at the top and bottom of each sheet. The result is a manuscript consisting of from four to six pages of typed matter. These are then neatly dolled up in attractive "art folders" and lo! and behold! the masterpiece is ready for the second stage of

the service, namely, to be submitted to the various producers.

The nature of this finished work may be judged when the writer confesses that he has dictated as many as ten of these "scenarios" to his stenographer, inside of two hours.

Anything Accepted

THAT no editorial discrimination is exercised in the acceptance of manuscripts, has been amply proved by the test case quoted and illustrated earlier in this article. With much profession of sincerity the printed literature of these concerns states that "only stories of photo-play merit will be considered." *This is not the case.* Manuscripts which, to the inexperienced eye of any normally intelligent office boy, must appear impossible at first glance, are cheerfully accepted—provided the money is forthcoming. Occasionally a manuscript is rejected, and a form letter is sent, stating that the plot is too hackneyed. This, however, is only done where the covering letter sent with the manuscript indicates a state of financial embarrassment on the part of the author which renders his payment for the service extremely problematical.

The general procedure, however, is to mail the author who submits the manuscript an enthusiastic form letter, telling him that the work shows great possibilities—all within forty-eight hours of its receipt. *At that time, it has not even been read.*

Some Actual Cases

AMONG the manuscripts accepted by one concern and alleged to possess photoplay merit, which were subsequently turned over to the writer for revision, have been the following:

1. A school boy's valedictory speech.
2. An eight-line verse by a small girl about a bunch of flowers—submitted by her fond mother.
3. A copy of a letter from a woman to a friend, describing her operation for a fractured hip in a hospital.
4. The obvious ravings of a lunatic, describing in bloody detail the crucifixion of three women.

In each of these cases the writer, under protest, has completely ignored the submitted manuscript and has dictated a few hundred words of banal rubbish. This effusion has been returned to the author in its beautiful *art cover* as "our version of your story."

In justice, however, it should be stated that in most cases the unfortunate authors have been perfectly satisfied according to the terms of the ornate and meaningless "contracts" made between themselves and the company. This "satisfaction" of the client's is the *Sine qua non* of these contracts. Great care, however, is taken to impress upon the author that, after all, he knows very little about it, and this form of sophistry is usually successful in avoiding complications and objections. Inasmuch as the

clients of these concerns are nearly all ignorant and illiterate people, they seldom have the courage or the intelligence to say that they are dissatisfied, and, on such occasions where an enterprising author duly registers a "kick," a few words are hastily altered in the "preliminary manuscript," another soothing form letter is sent out, and all is once more well.

Claim "Pull" With Studios

WITHOUT any basis in actual fact many of these concerns claim to be in close touch with the producers, creating the false impression that they have a "pull" with the big executives. With the exception of the "scenario-editor-in-chief" (a "has-been" who lends his name for \$50 a week), this writer does not know of one person connected with a certain one of these concerns who has ever been inside a studio. If they had been, common sense might tell them that it is nothing short of robbery to accept payment for the revision of a "slap-stick" comedy scenario when it is well known that these are never bought under any circumstances from outside sources, "Gag" men on the studio lot being employed exclusively for this purpose. Ethical considerations, however, do not as a rule enter into the calculations of the promoters of these concerns, which are run mostly by mail-order men who find in it a very profitable source of income.

In proof of the utter insincerity and worthlessness of the promises made by these concerns, several instances may be cited. Numerous manuscripts were received dealing with such obviously disgusting and impossible things as incestuous marriages and venereal disease. *In each case, the form letter went out as usual, telling the author that his story has been read and found to contain excellent photo-play material.*

Statements are made in the literature of several of these concerns, and bolstered up by facsimile letters, that clients have been enabled to sell their scenarios for several thousand dollars on the strength of the revision and service rendered by the concern. Those statements are, almost without exception, false and misleading. The name of the

company purchasing the story is carefully withheld, as is frequently the name of the alleged story. If that were a bona fide statement, the concern would emblazon those names on their advertising and shriek them from the housetops.

With the exception of the Palmer Photo-Play Corporation of Hollywood, Calif, who maintain a Sales and a Production Staff, it is doubtful whether all the "scenario schools," "studios," or "agents" combined, have ever enabled a student to sell—or sold on behalf of a student—one single scenario.

Disgrace to a Great Industry

THE evil is growing and it is an offshoot of the motion picture industry of which no one can be proud. The industry has grown to a point where it should no longer be possible to "trim suckers" in its name. That it is a "sucker-trimming" business, none can deny. The first requisite, in fact, in starting such a business, is a sucker list. *If you have ever contributed a story to a magazine, and subsequently received letters from any of these concerns, you need no longer be puzzled to know how they obtained your name.*

Fearless exposure of these concerns and their methods is a duty and a service to the public and it is a duty which this magazine is glad to assume. It is high time that the eyes of amateurs all over the country were opened to the colossal proportions of this lawful larceny.

The great fact to remember is that these concerns all operate within the letter of the law. They are nearly all extremely careful to leave themselves a loophole of escape in their ridiculous literature and pretentious "contracts." When pressed, they occasionally refund the money demanded by their clients. Far more often, however, they gently "kid the sucker along," and not only avoid refunding the money, but actually take a little more away from him. They appeal to the vanity and egotism of the "sucker" with uncanny skill. The desire to see one's name in print is strong in most of us;—and they trade on this. As part of their service, some of them print a "bulletin" every month, containing several hundred "thumb-nail synop-

ses" of the scenarios revised during the previous month. This weird document is mailed to the scenario editors of the large producers, and the ingenuous author who receives a dozen or so copies for himself is assured that "his name is being put before the producers so that they become familiar with his work."

Scenarios Mailed Out in Bulk

NATURALLY, the scenario editor referred to drops this printed drivel into the waste-paper basket unread. The typewritten scenarios in their pretty "art covers" are likewise mailed out in bulk to the producers and frequently returned unopened. When the producers have mailed back the bundles of "masterpieces," the terms of the "contract" have been fulfilled. The concern is richer by a goodly sum, and the "sucker" has a beautifully printed "contract,"—which means nothing; two copies of his scenario, as many copies of the "bulletin" as he wants, and innumerable form letters full of high hopes and encouraging promises.

But is he any the richer by experience? Not a bit of it—he promptly submits another piece of rubbish and goes through the whole business again. Hope certainly springs eternal in the breasts of the amateur writers.

It is truly amazing how they come back for more. The writer has seen many genuine and pathetic letters from widows, orphans, servant-girls, school children, illiterate immigrants, and others, telling of their struggles to raise the money necessary for first payments on stories, which any one who is not a half wit must recognize as the most pitiful nonsense. These people beg, borrow, pawn, and steal in order to finance their pathetic flights into literature.

But all is grist that comes to the scenario mills, and the same futile and sterile service is rendered to all these poor unfortunates, provided they can somehow scrape together the necessary money.

It is in the hope that the eyes of the public will be opened to this poisonous form of fraud which brings discredit to the whole motion picture industry, and which is yet within the letter of the law, that this article has been written.

Popular Pets of Pictorialdom—From page 62.

name, but "he" had grown so attached to it that they didn't after all.

One of the most traveled pups in Screenland is Natacha Rambova's Pomeranian. Everywhere that Natacha goes, Pom goes, too, and Natacha has commuted to Europe lately as often as Tommy Meighan used to from New York to Hollywood. Natacha's puppy plays around its home with the monkey that Rudolph gave his bride, but the monkey isn't permitted the advantages of foreign travel such as the Pom enjoys.

There are more police dogs in Hollywood than a hound dog has fleas. Every star with any pretensions to keeping up appearances has one. The police dogs sit in stern dignity on the front seats of

their owners' cars, evincing the most superb scorn of any common canines that may yap at them. But the dignity of Kenneth Harlan's dog was pathetically absent, the day we saw Kenneth Harlan's big Cadillac shoot by and draw up before a dog hospital on Western Avenue. There was something seriously wrong with the poor beastie, for his ears drooped dejectedly, and if ever a dog looked sick, he did. We hope it was nothing more than a tummy-ache.

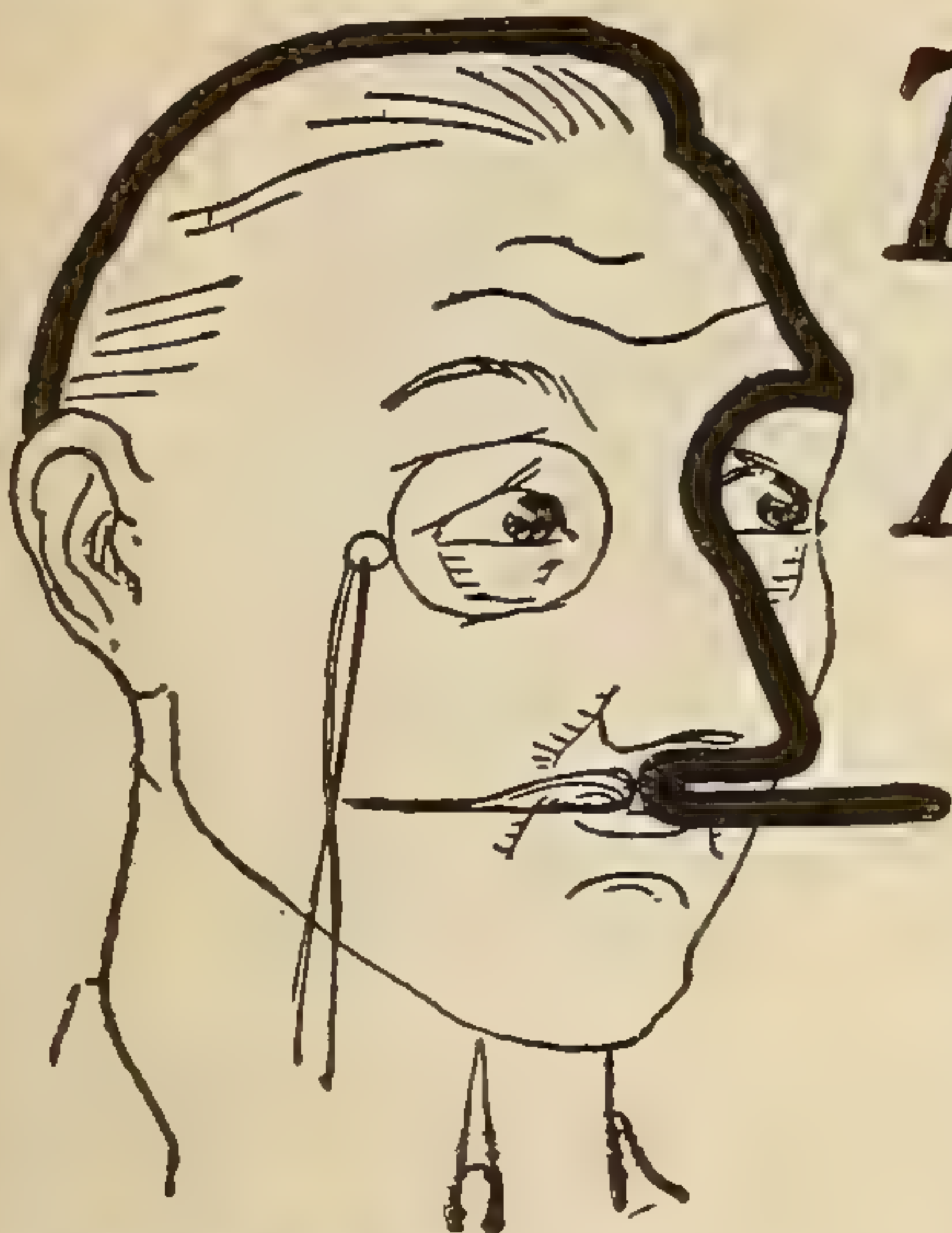
Have All Breeds

MÆ BUSCH has a police dog, a magnificent animal named Baree. So has Agnes Ayres. Her police dog re-

joices in the title of Thor, and quite ignores Agnes' other two pups, a cute little snub-nosed Boston bull named Tinker and an Irish terrier named Kiki.

When Rudolph Valentino lived in Hollywood, he used to promenade with his police dog up and down the Boulevard every night, at about eight-thirty. The flappers used to line up and wait for the parade. Rudie and his dog and two or three other slick-haired, foreign-looking chaps, each with his dog on a leash, like a bunch of little girls out wheeling their dolls. One night a bull-dog picked a fight with Rudie's dog and very nearly choked it to death, before Rudie ended

(Continued on page 90)



The Magic Power of A Few Little Lines



Have you ever noticed a cartoonist draw? A short line here. Another there. A small curve. A splash of shading—and you have a wonderful picture! It was all so easy—because he knew how—he knew which lines to use and just where to put them. Through this New Easy Way to Draw, you, too, can learn the Magic Power of a Few Little Lines and how to make big money in drawing them!

New Easy Way to DRAW

How Easy!



Note how these few little lines are transformed into a picture.

One of the most fascinating, best paid businesses—yours, after a few minutes' training a day.



Delightful pastime! Endless fun! Acquire the knack in your spare time.

Invaluable asset in your present business. A few lines can drive home your intangible ideas. New way makes it easy to learn drawing.



THIS wonderful new method makes it possible for *anyone* to learn Illustrating, Cartooning, or Commercial Art. Hundreds of our students are now making splendid incomes. And most of them never *touched* a drawing pencil before they studied with us.

The simplicity of this method will astound you. You will be amazed at your own rapid progress. You learn by mail—yet you receive *personal* instruction from one of America's foremost Commercial Artists:—Frank Godwin and Wynn Holcomb (Wynn), the famous artists, are but two of his many successful students. Get into this fascinating game, **NOW**. You can easily qualify and make big money. A few minutes' study each day is all that is needed.

Newspapers, advertising agencies, magazines, business concerns—all are looking for men and women to handle their art work. Cartoonists and designers are at a premium. Dozens of our students started work at a high salary. Many earn more

than the cost of the course while they are learning! **YOU**—with a little spare time study in your own home—can easily and quickly get one of these big-paying artists' jobs.

This amazing method has exploded the old idea that talent is an absolute necessity in art—that "it's all a 'gift'." Just as you have learned to write, this new method teaches you to draw. We start you with straight lines, then curves. Then you learn how to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective, and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making pictures that bring you From \$50 to \$500 or more. Many artists get as high as \$1,000 for a single drawing!

Big money is gladly paid—and big money is waiting for anyone with foresight enough to prepare for this pleasant profession. Through our new easy method of teaching, **YOU** can earn big money as an artist, regardless of your present ability. Mail coupon today for interesting booklet telling all about it.

Coupon Brings Fascinating Booklet

An interesting and handsomely illustrated booklet, "New Easy Way to Become an Artist," has been prepared and will be sent to you without cost. It tells how you can easily become an artist in a few minutes' daily spare time and at the cost of a few cents a day. Explains about this amazing method in detail. Tells of our students—and their wonderful progress—and how we can qualify you for a high-salaried artist's position. Booklet gives full particulars about our "Free Artist's Outfit" Offer. This booklet will be sent free, and without obligation. Read all about this amazing New Easy Way to Draw and how you can quickly learn, at home in spare time. Fill out the booklet-coupon now. Mail it **TODAY**.



Mail coupon today for this fascinating booklet, and learn how you can become an Artist in a few minutes a day of your spare time. Cut out coupon and mail **NOW**.

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Room 685--1115--15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your free book, "New Easy Way to Become an Artist," and full details about your special Short-Time Offer.

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City State

Washington School of Art, Inc.

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Washington, D. C.



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Wake up, fellers! Here's a lad with a whole pocket orchestra! Who said this was going to be a pepleless party?

GET-TOGETHER HARMONY

It's always fair weather when there's a Hohner in the house. Get yourself one and be popular. You can learn to play it in an hour—any tune you can whistle. Beautiful music, too—anything from jazz to grand opera. Get a Hohner to-day and delight your friends. Ask the dealer for the Hohner Free Instruction Book; if he is out of them, write "M. Hohner, New York" for one. Hohner Harmonicas are sold everywhere—50c up.

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KEEP YOUR EYES YOUNG VAH-DAH CREAM

is the one cream especially compounded to quickly erase crows-feet and frown-lines, and make the sensitive skin around your eyes youthfully fully firm and smooth.

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Write me your beauty problems
and send for my free booklet
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During the past 15 years thousands have added to their captivating glory of womanhood by using

GROWDINA

for bust, neck or arm development
Great Discovery of Parisian beauty expert. Harmless, easy, certain results accomplished quickly. Marvelous testimonials of efficiency. Confidential proof and literature (sealed) on request. Write now. - Mile. Sophie Koppel, Suite 912 503 Fifth Ave., New York



Have a Satin-Smooth Hair-Free Skin

Science has finally solved the problem of removing hair without slightest danger to the skin or complexion. This with NEET, a dainty cream, harmless and mild. You merely spread it on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all; the hair will be gone and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white! Old methods, the unwomanly razor and severe chemical preparations, have given way to this remarkable preparation which is already the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere from New York to San Francisco. Used by physicians. Money back if it fails to please. 50c at Drug and Dept. stores. Trial tube 10c by mail. Hannibal Phar. Co., 613 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

Q Petroushka—From page 46

golden head is seen against the black shoulder of a tall, lean man who is recognized as C. C. Julian, a Los Angeles oil promoter. Theda Bara, from her ring-side table, observes the throng through a be-jewelled lorgnette, thereby looking strangely dowager-ish.

The music ceases, and the dancers surge back to the tables. A rustle of menus. A scurrying of black-clad waiters. Flourishing of white napkins. Clinking of glasses. Ginger ale at eighty cents a bottle, gurgling as loudly as if it were aware of its new importance. Caviar at three dollars an order.

Local *bon vivants* trying to look as if they really liked it. Lobster Pavlova for gentlemen of erratic digestion who will regret it presently. Parfaits for plump ladies who have spent the afternoon in reducing parlors. Gossip. Craning of necks. A patter of applause. Prince Holiloff is about to dance.

Prince Holiloff is also from Russia, that unhappy land so prolific of royalty and revolutionists. Late of Moscow and even later of Paris. He is a toe dancer and dances superbly the Caucasian dances. Bravo! Stupendous! Isn't he handsome? Cake eater! You men are so jealous of any man who can dance on his own feet! Is that so! An applause-ridden exit.

See, there's Mildred Harris, sitting right opposite Charlie Chaplin. There, the blonde girl in white with the pearls. Charlie won't see her; see how he slides his glance past her when he looks up. Mildred is whispering something to her man. That's Julian, you know; the man they're having up in court about this big oil squabble. I wonder what she said. They're looking at Chaplin. Look, Julian's getting up! He's going over to Chaplin's table! Watch him lean up against Mary Miles Minter, would you! The man must be pie-eyed. Charlie's mad; see how he tightens his lips. Wonder what he said. Mary Miles looks furious. Charlie's getting up. What did he say? I couldn't hear. Oh, "Please do not annoy Miss Minter." Oh! Oh! Oh, boy, what a wallop! Charlie ducked just in time. Good night, it's a free-for-all, Julian's friends are getting in on it! Look out, Charlie. Oh, he ducked again. The boy's light on his feet. Ooh! A darb, right on Julian's eye! Atta boy, Charlie! Looka Charlie's nose bleed. Gee, the place will be pinched! Oh, they're stopping it. Who's that holding Julian? Mary Miles looks as if she were going to cry. Mildred doesn't, though. They're taking Julian out. Charlie's ruining that napkin; they'll never be able to get the blood out of it. What's he say? What's he say? Ssh! "If anybody else wishes to fight me, I am ready?" Well, the darn little sport!

The prices are high at the Petroushka, but the entertainment, on occasion, is worth it.

Q Algonquin—From page 47

keep her waiting. Ah! There he is—the brute. Her frown vanishes as a prominent playwright hurries in and hustles her to the dining room—for at noon there is really only one dining room—that one presided over by George. The "other" room is just as good for all practical purposes, but nobody wants to eat there. "Everybody" eats in George's, no matter how long the wait. It is like a queue at the box-office of a successful play, one with a real all-star cast.

Other head waiters, in George's place, might be inclined to hauteur; might show favoritism, and usher in the author of a current hit ahead of the leading man whose show has just closed but who has been waiting longer. George is a benign tyrant. He is as suave to press agents as to producers. Perhaps George knows life—at least life on Broadway; perhaps he has seen too many stars rise and fall, experienced the temperament of the prima donna, in the smalltime vaudevillian; perhaps George has also seen a good many plays without bothering to buy a ticket, thanks to those same press agents. However that may be, certainly George knows his customers. He is always there—suave, smiling.

You may see John Drew playing with his grandchildren—or somebody's; Pauline Garon gossiping with Billy Reardon, Irene Castle's dancing partner; Rex Beach and Hugo Ballin swapping yarns; Robert Sherwood looking down on his wife—she's Booth Tarkington's tiny niece; Matt Moore hurrying by, shy; the two reigning musical comedy queens, from England—Beatrice Lillie—whose lunch is almost always a glass of milk and who has never been seen to smoke—and Gertie Lawrence; Margalo Gilmore, looking bored; Marc Connelly, looking for her; someone accosting Larry Reid, motion picture critic, and calling him Louis; someone accosting Louis Reid, motion picture press agent, and calling him Larry; Rita Weiman, who writes "originals"; Peter Milne, who writes "continuities"; Thyra Samter Winslow, who writes; Mrs. Leslie Carter, looking as she looks in the third act; Theodore Roberts and his wife; John Robertson and his . . .

Of course, the food and the cooking is kidded. It would be. There may be several explanations of this. One is that many of the folks who eat here never eat anywhere else; and we have been told time and again that even mother's cooking will give indigestion in time. Another is that the food may not really be very good.

"Come on over to the Algonquin and have ptomaine poisoning," runs a frequent facetious suggestion. All in a spirit of good clean fun, of course, Mr. Case.

If you like some other place better why don't you go there? There isn't any other place. At least, no place you can see everybody you know. Now that the Claridge is gone and its grandeur almost forgotten, and the Astor's atmosphere a bit thick, why, what is there left?

(Continued on page 88)



April

Even if your hair is as short as this



July

By Summer you can do it up in full coiffure



Marvelous New Discovery

Grows bobbed hair back to normal — in half usual time

Milady! If you are tired of your "bob," but hate to think of waiting an eternity for your hair to grow out again—here is wonderful news for you—straight from America's leading dermatological laboratories.

Science has discovered a new liquid that will grow your bob back to full length again when the flowers bloom—giving you softer, curlier, lovelier hair than you ever had.

But this news is not only for "bobbed heads." It is for all women who would have gloriously beautiful hair, whether long or short.

If your hair is unruly and hard to keep in curl; if it is straggly, scrubby, brittle and dry; if it is dull, discolored, streaky or lustreless—do not despair. This new liquid will revitalize your hair as if by magic—giving you practically a new head of hair before summer.

From the very first day, when you start to spray your hair and massage your scalp with this delightful liquid, you will *see* and *feel* new "life," new vitality in your scalp and hair. Hair growth will be apparent at the end of a single week. And if you have a "bob" to lengthen, you will find your hair extending down your back in an almost unbelievably short time.

These results are guaranteed. I want that understood. For it is only on such a guarantee that I can show my unbounded faith in this remarkable discovery.

Where There Is a Need, Science Finds a Way

Probably the women of America never needed any beautifier so suddenly and so urgently as they needed this one, for Paris has decreed that long hair must prevail.

Science has answered woman's call with this amazing liquid called Nitrox.

Although Nitrox is so pure that you could drink it, it is the most powerful hair growing product Science has ever known. As its name suggests, it is a fusion of Nitrogen and Oxygen combined and liquefied by a formula of my own. I have simply gone directly to nature and bottled her ozone and sunshine by a secret process of my own, mixing them with delightful balsams and emollients. The result, I firmly believe, is the most wonderful hair grower and beautifier the world has ever known.

In addition to promoting hair growth, Nitrox rids the scalp promptly of all dandruff; fluffs out dead and listless hair, and gives to it wondrous light and sheen.

One week after you have started the use of Nitrox, rubbing it into the scalp for five minutes each day, at bed time—your new hair will differ from your old hair as day from night. No more straggly, loose hairs blowing every-which way. Your hair will stay in place perfectly, with that delightful, natural lustre that can come only from perfect hair and scalp health.

Not For Sale But Sent to You Direct

McGowan's Nitrox is not offered for sale through drug or department stores, for the vital elements in this remarkable liquid evaporate when kept standing for any length of time. I distribute this wonderful product direct from

laboratory to user, shipping, in every instance the same day the liquid is compounded.

At first, we contemplated selling Nitrox at \$10 a bottle—for it seemed easily worth that to any woman to save four or five months in getting her hair growth back to normal. But that price would confine the product to a very limited market. And since Nitrox is the greatest achievement of my laboratories, I am anxious to make this discovery known universally.

So I have decided to retail the first 25,000 bottles at only enough to pay the cost of production, handling and advertising—which I have figured down to just \$2.47 per bottle, plus a few cents postage.

Whether your hair is bobbed or long, if you want to control its length and add to its splendor, don't delay another minute. There is no formality for you to go through. I do not even ask that you send any money. Just sit down and fill out the coupon and send it in—you can pay the postman \$2.47 plus a few cents postage, when he delivers the package.

M. J. McGowan

President.

The McGowan Laboratories,
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 510, Chicago.

Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove to me, on your guarantee, that Nitrox will grow my hair at twice the normal rate of growth; that it will thicken, soften and beautify my hair, ridding it of any dandruff or scalp troubles. You may send me a full size bottle, and I will deposit \$2.47, the special introductory price, with the postman on its delivery (plus a few cents postage). This is with the understanding that, if I am not delighted with the results from the very outset, I can return unused contents of the bottle, within five days after its receipt, and you will refund my money

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....
If you expect to be out when postman calls, enclose \$2.60 with your order, and Nitrox will be mailed postpaid.



He Said Her Eyes Were Like Spring Flowers

AND so they were—round and soft and melting. Long ago she had learned the trick of accentuating their beauty and heightening their expressiveness by darkening their lashes with WINX.

Do you know this secret? Have you tried applying WINX to your lashes and seen the new lure in your eyes? If you haven't, there is a thrilling experience in store for you.

WINX is applied with the glass rod attached to the stopper of the bottle. It makes the lashes appear longer and heavier. Dries instantly, invisibly. Harmless, waterproof. Lasts for days, unaffected by perspiration or weeping at the theatre.

WINX (black or brown) 75c. To nourish the lashes and promote growth, use colorless Cream Lashlux at night. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless) 50c. At drug, department stores or by mail.

Send a dime today for a generous sample of WINX. For another dime, you will receive a sample of PERT the rouge that stays on until you remove it.

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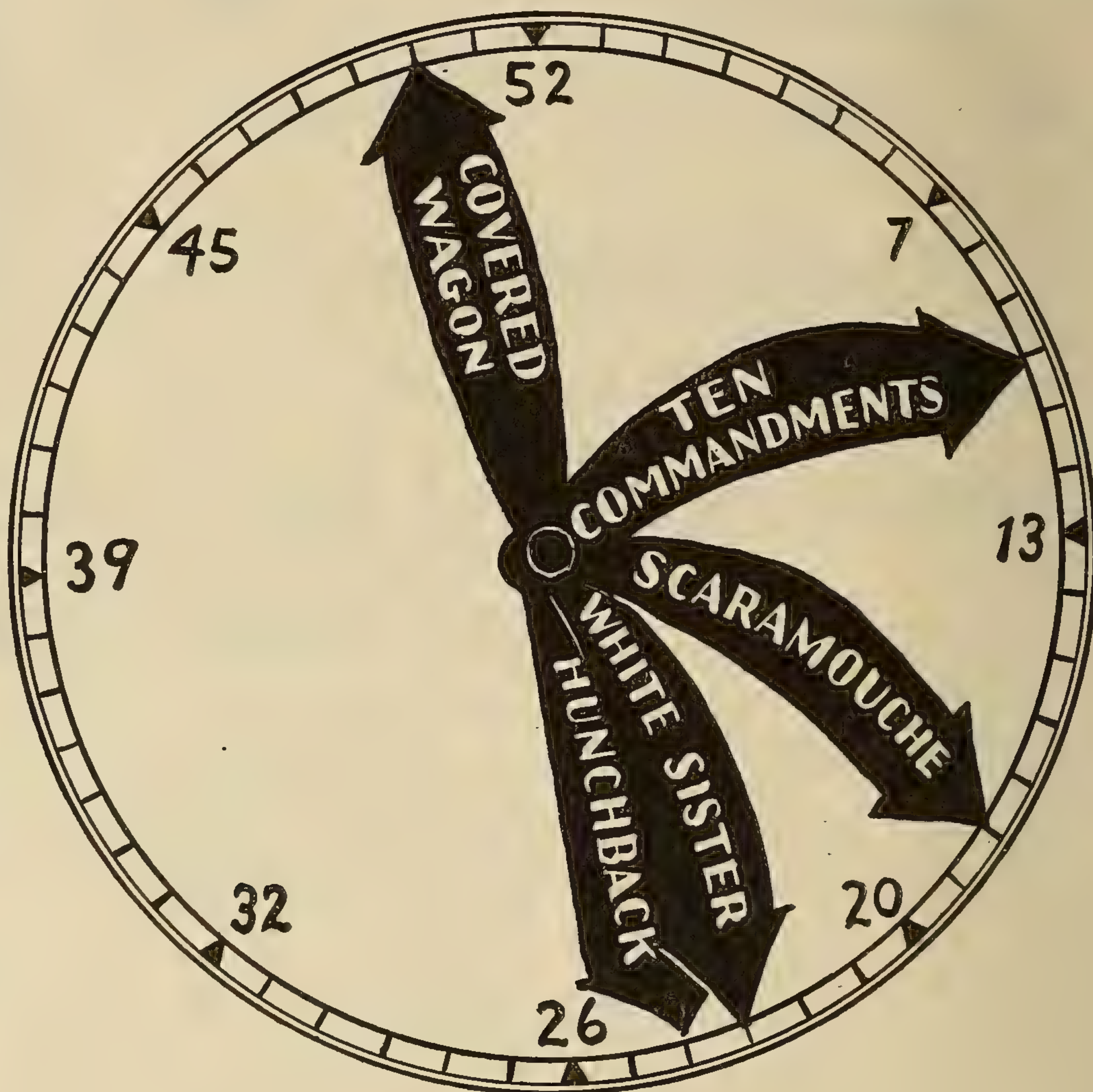
Each evening from Ten in the Unique Congo Room atop the Alamac. Tropical in Winter! Breezy in Summer!

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HARRY LATZ,
General Manager

The Movie Clock

Q Recording by weeks the record runs in New York screen theatres of five feature productions.



FEATURE productions of the screen are rivaling in length of run even some of New York's best dramatic hits. The public which once paid 5 cents to attend a fifteen-minute "moving picture" of a railroad train in motion in the local livery stable made over into an impromptu "nickelodeon" has grown accustomed to the spectacle of the so-called legitimate theatres being turned over regularly to the screen.

New York's magnificent movie palaces—such as the Rialto, the Rivoli, the Strand, the Cosmopolitan, the Criterion, and the Capitol—are famous, but the screen drama has spread beyond these and is encroaching upon Broadway's older playhouses, long sacred to the spoken drama.

As New York City constitutes a fairly accurate indication of the nation's taste

in amusement, we have decided to run The Movie Clock as a regular monthly feature in SCREENLAND. On it will be listed monthly the five leading screen plays in the order of their longevity. As we go to press—March first—the list is as follows:

Covered Wagon opened at the Criterion Theatre March 16, 1923, *Hunchback of Notre Dame* opened at the Astor Theatre Sept. 1, 1923, now at Strand; *White Sister* opened Sept. 5, 1923, Lyric Theatre; *Scaramouche* opened at the 44th Street Theatre Oct. 28, 1923, *Ten Commandments* opened at the Geo. M. Cohan Theatre Dec. 22, 1923.

Other pictures which give indications of long runs are as follows: *Yolanda*, which opened at the Cosmopolitan Theatre Feb. 19, 1924; *America*, which opened at the 44th Street Theatre Feb. 21, 1924, replacing *Scaramouche*.

Q *Editor's Letter Box—From*
page 8

the girls that don't like her don't purely because they are jealous. They won't admit that she is what they would like to be. And, what's more, she can act.

FREDERIC LEITZAN,
3651 Waterloo St.,
Detroit, Mich.

DEAR EDITOR:—



Q *Mary Parks*

I'm really getting disgusted with some of the magazines the way they keep putting Gloria Swanson before us all the time, why in the world don't they give us more about the "Human

Ones"—Jane Novak, Lillian Gish, Ethel Clayton, Ella Hall, Claire McDowell, Lois Wilson, Dorothy Philips, Charles Ray, William S. Hart, Harry Carey, Lon Chaney, John Bowers, Casson Ferguson, Theodore Roberts, Richard Barthelmess and several more who are human, sincere and possessing real acting ability?

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, the French Doll, Gold Diggers and Wandering D't's were certainly not much, but we welcome and should have more like Big Brother, The White Sister, Way Down East, the Girl I Love, Little Old New York, Only 38, Desert Driven, and Human Wreckage.

I especially want to say that I like SCREENLAND because of its independence and I appreciate the fact that you can read it through and feel that it is not being *paid* to sugar-coat some of the "stars."

MARY PARKS,
928 No. 23rd St., Waco, Tex.

DEAR EDITOR:—

Shall we publicly crucify a little star on a hospital cot? I have in mind little bright-eyed Mabel Normand, who comes in for the unjust censorship of thoughtless women's clubs, whose members will be found in the front ranks fighting for standing room in our divorce courts, while this little Child of Tragedy lies helpless.

I have no doubt in my mind but that the hand of Fate has fallen upon her in this unfortunate affair, just as many other victims are subjected to that eternal Law of Destiny. The leading physiognomists of this country point to her picture as a striking child of innocence through whose clear eyes there shines a soul of beauty.

She has been my idol from the start and is my idol still.

L. C. EIS,
304 Bouquet St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Continued on page 91)

Here's \$200 a Week

for any Man or Woman and a

Special Offer for Quick Action-Grab it

I KNOW that there are thousands of men and women who are interested right now in making more money. They want immediate action—without red tape, and without delay. Now I am going to make a personal, special offer that will enable any man or woman to make from \$100 to \$200 a week, depending upon how much time is devoted to my proposition.

How Much Can You Make?

I want a man or woman in each community to act as my representative—to call on my customers and take their orders for raincoats. That's all there is to it. If you take four average orders a day I will pay you \$96 a week. If you take only one average order a day you will make about \$24 a week, and that is easy. Hundreds of my representatives are earning that much just in their spare time. For instance, George Garon made \$40 clear profit his first day. And there is Harry Swartz of Pennsylvania whose commissions on one day were \$66. And W. S. Cooper, who has averaged over \$5,000 a year for six years, working only four hours a day.

No Experience Is Needed

It is not necessary for you to have been a salesman. You do not need any previous knowledge about raincoats. I will give you all the information you will ever need. There is no trick to taking orders for Comer All-Weather Coats and the reason is simply this—they are such big bargains that they sell themselves. People like to buy direct from the factory, for the money saved by this method of selling is passed on to the customer. We manufacture our own coats and sell them direct to our customers by parcel post. Our representatives simply take orders. The values speak for themselves—and with such values, styles, and materials as we offer, our representatives often take from 2 to 4 orders at a single call.

And because Comer Coats are such big values and sell so easily, E. A. Sweet, of Michigan, made \$1,200 in a single month—Spencer earned \$625 in one month's spare time—McCrary increased his earnings from \$2 a day to \$9,000 a year

This Is All You Have To Do

All that my representatives do is take orders—and they get their money immediately. If your profit for one day is \$10, you will have that \$10 in cash the same day. You don't carry a stock of coats. You don't deliver anything, and I do my own collecting through the mail.

Accept My Special Offer

Now—the important thing is to get started. I know that you can make at least \$100 within one week of today and have that \$100 in cash. I know that within a short time you can be making \$200 a week—every week. The important thing is to get started and get started quick. If you will fill out the coupon with your name and address, I will send you without any preliminary correspondence, and with absolutely no deposit



E. A. Sweet

whatever on your part, a complete selling outfit with full instructions, samples of raincoat material, style book, order blanks, and everything that you will need to make money. I will write you a letter that is so complete, clear and concise that after you read it you will know absolutely where to go, what to say, and how to make money.

Within the past few weeks I have paid my representatives hundreds of thousands of dollars. And I am willing to make this concession to you—send you the complete outfit, confidential information and instructions at once. So if you are one of those men or women who want a real opportunity to establish a big, permanent, substantial and profitable business—if you are sincere and earnest in your desire to make more money, sign and mail the coupon at once. In less than a week you will be making more money than you ever thought possible.

C. E. Comer, The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. 26-LS Dayton, Ohio

Just Mail This NOW!


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Dept. 26-LS, Dayton, Ohio

Please send me, without expense or obligation, your special proposition, together with complete outfit and instructions, so I can begin at once to earn money.

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Print or Write Plainly



**All day or evening,
this Rouge stays on!**

INDOORS or in the open, through the heat of exercise or the friction of constant powdering, *Pert Rouge remains on!* Its natural rosinness lasts all day or evening, until you remove it yourself with cold cream or soap and water.

Pert has a light fluffy cream base which is instantly absorbed by the skin, thus protecting it against the formation of enlarged pores.

At Last—a *Pert Waterproof Lipstick* to match your *Pert Rouge*. Made with wholesome oil of sweet almonds.

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Send a dime to-day for a generous sample of *Pert Rouge*. For another dime, you will receive sample of *Winx*, for darkening the lashes.

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ARTEX CO., Dept. 84 1133 B'way., N. Y. City, N. Y.

Delight Evans Reviews the New Screenplay—From page 50.

Daddies Too Sticky Sweet and Kittenish

I BEGAN by liking Claude Gillingwater. Now I discover to my horror that the excellent actor has become my particular aversion. It isn't his fault that he is just the type for these crusty old bachelor parts—these fussy fossils whose hearts melt automatically at the machinations of infants whose weekly salaries triple mine. In *Daddies* Mr. Gillingwater does it again. This time it is even worse. He falls for the child's mother as well as the baby prattle and the patter of little feet. His susceptibility is shocking.

Daddies is great stuff if you like your sweetness and blight in large doses. It is Formula 16, upholstered with a good cast and Mae Marsh. Miss Marsh is so human she seems out of place in a role any ingenue could have played. But in the one or two moments she is granted in the merry melange of melting bachelors and hard-boiled babies she is herself, which is enough for most people, or should be.

Don't bring the children. They know enough tricks now. The director has just turned the infant actors loose and let them wreck the place. Whatever remuneration the kiddies or their parents received for their participation in the awfully-cute scenes was overpay.

The Next Corner Very Poor

THE NEXT CORNER is one of those pictures which prejudice people against the movies. Its titles tell the story. The company which produced it might just as well have issued a list of the titles and saved money. Even intelligent acting doesn't help. Dorothy Mackaill, one of the most interesting young women who ever trouped, makes it seem a little better than a bad dream. Ricardo Cortez is present with the slickest coiffure ever seen outside an ad. for hair polish.

Name the Man Realistic

Remembering the amazing photoplays he made in his native Sweden you will be disappointed in *Name the Man*, Victor Seastrom's first American effort. Possibly if left to himself Mr. Seastrom would not have insisted upon a story by Sir Hall Caine. But he has done wonders with his material and the result is a production far above the ordinary and with an incident or two that approaches great drama. He can impart to a scene a stark power that is equalled only by Von Stroheim.

Seastrom has made few concessions to the motion picture book of behavior. The hero, leaving his love after a quarrel, does not glide out gracefully as is the way of screen leading men. He trips over a rug. And this director has provided a seduction scene which is the first one in cinema to ring true. Mr. Griffith should see it.

The heroine's home life isn't all it should be. Again the atmosphere is decidedly unethical according to movie regulations. The audience I sat with shuddered at the crippled mother's maddened outburst against her brutal husband in defense of her unfortunate daughter. Too long, it is still a superb episode, unique for its fearless realism. In fact, realism is present in large chunks; and those accustomed to the light fare usually served may suffer from slight indigestion.

Mae Busch proves that she is absolutely original as an actress and an individual. At times her repression actually irritates. But she is not at home in a role requiring naivete and girlish charm. I want to watch her sometime in a woman-sized part which calls for everything she does.

Marriage Circle Excellent

IT is too late to tell you that *The Marriage Circle* is a charming picture. You know it yourself by this time. A gay quartette rendered by the Misses Prevost and Vidor and Messrs. Blue and Menjou. Menjou, of course, does some splendid work. But the bit I liked best belonged to Marie. Do you recall that after her emotional Waterloo with Monte she calmly filed her finger nails? Ernst Lubitsch knows too much about the inner workings of a woman's mind. If he keeps on revealing the secrets of the make-up box he'll give the whole thing away.

The Ant a Microscopic Classic

BUT if I were asked to consider gravely and name the best performance of the month I would present the gelatine medal to *The Ant*, whose engaging work in Louis Tolhurst's microscopic close-up is entitled to immortality. This diminutive actor is as acrobatic as Doug, as amusing as Charlot, and with full command of all the emotions. *The Ant* is not merely informative; it is much more fun than several of the month's fiction films.

(Additional Reviews Will Be Found on Page 12)

DELIGHT EVANS

MOST reviewers feel too heavily their responsibilities as critics. Either they grow tedious in a recital of the plot of the picture because they lack the originality required in critical work, or else they sacrifice an honest criticism of the picture to a desire to show off. Miss Evans has the happy faculty of being able to see a picture and transmit her impressions of it to the reader without garbling its good points or falling over herself in condemning its bad ones. And, by the way, she has asked us to inquire of our readers if they prefer the character sketches by Covarrubias, run in this department, or if they would rather have back the old fashioned "stills" from the pictures we review. Which shall it be?—Editor.

*Q Girls That Men Forget—**From page 67*

if I do."

"Try and get it," he said, taking out of the desk a box of matches.

How a guy like that can be popular is beyond me.

"Look here," I said nastily, "to what do you attribute success or in plain words how do you get away with it?"

Putting my pack of cigarettes into his pocket and handing me his matches Mr. Dix replied, "To a heluva lot of nerve, good luck and Charlie Chaplin."

"Charlie Chaplin?"

"Sure, Chaplin said I would never screen well. Somebody gave the story a lot of publicity and within a week a hundred producers wanted to prove Chaplin was wrong."

"Well, I suppose all these producers are now saying to Chaplin, 'I told you so'."

"No," Mr. Dix, "that's what Chaplin's saying."

"There's a matter on which some of our feminine readers want an expert opinion," I continued, "and that is, what sort of women do men forget?"

"Say," protested the world's most elusive bachelor, "who do you think I am, Valentino? I don't know anything about that. My trouble is that I can't forget them."

"I have an idea," he said suddenly, "let's hire a hack and drive out to Coney Island. Great place this time of the year. Or maybe you would rather go over to the club and play handball? After that we can sneak into Dinty Moore's and kill a couple of steaks. Then you can go home and write the interview. Say anything you want."

"Now look here," I said determinedly, "I want your opinion. Let's get to the point. What sort of women do men forget?"

"Well," answered Mr. Dix, sighing submissively, "there's the girl of only thirty-eight who bobs her hair."

"Very good, excellent, in fact," I exclaimed, handing him a fresh cigarette.

"And there's the plump, jolly damsel who talks baby talk and calls everybody 'honey'."

"Immense," I cried, "continue."

"There's the girl who won't ask you in when she's only met you once and there's her friend who imitates Ethel Barrymore by saying, 'that's all there is, there isn't any more.' And the sweet, young thing, with the girlish laughter and the dead, dumb pan who can't say anything but 'too cute for words' and 'just perfectly wonderful'."

"And what is your ideal girl?"

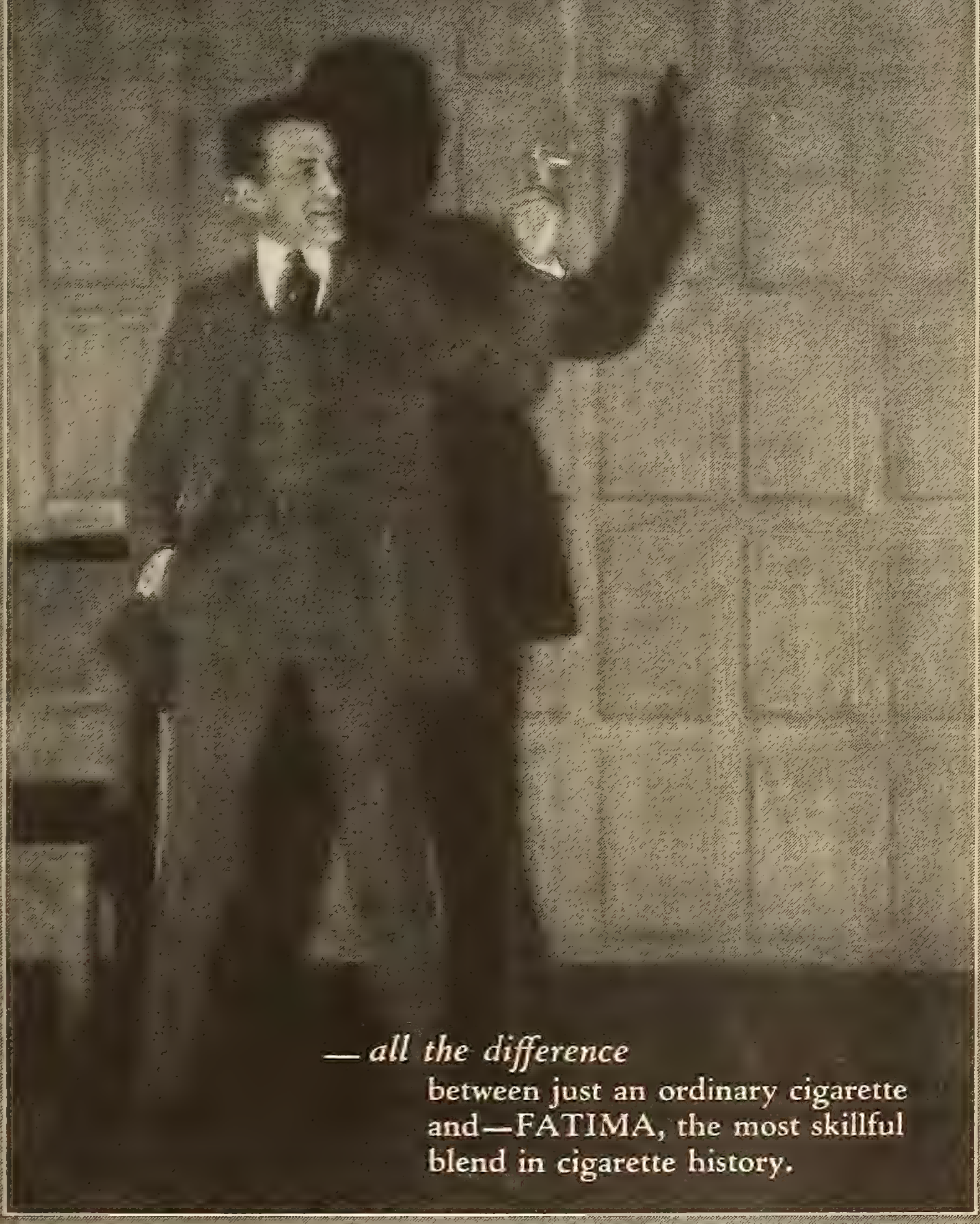
"Now," said Richard, "you're getting personal. But along about June that question may be definitely answered."

"By the way," he said, "must you be going? Too bad. Come and see me again soon."

"How about coming over to the studio Thursday?" I asked.

"Fine! Great!" said Mr. Dix, "I'll be on location that day."

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Q Lucille Larrimer Reports the Listening Post—From page 71

NOT even knowing that Lon Chaney was married or anything, we were surprised to learn that Lon has around six feet or so of son. The boy is just about ready for college, and he is among those sons of famous when who are *not* ruined by prosperity. Lon gives his strapping son a small amount of spending money every week. And the boy earns the rest of the money he wants, by working out of school hours.

Bull Montana Buys Home

BULL MONTANA has bought himself a luxurious new house, and is as proud of it as a boy with his first long pants. The new home is brown stucco on the outside, and is fixed up inside with pink silk curtains in the bedroom, and everything. The *piece de resistance* is an imposing portrait of Bull himself, done in oil, which takes up practically one whole wall of the living room. Bull lives there happily, by himself, playing the phonograph and watering the lawn for recreation.

Oscar, the Lasky Bootblack

WHEN you send your most adored hero candied cherries, you may or may not be scoring what the critics call "a personal hit." Some ardent lady fan sent such a gift to Rod LaRoque the other day, and all the ten-minute eggs around the Lasky lot though it was just too dear for anything.

Rod himself just simpered and started to pass the cherries around, gurgling, "Miss LaRoque will pour." But he tripped over one of the loose cables that the "grips" are always leaving underfoot, and the cherries all spilled out on the floor. But Oscar, the well-known bootblack, picked them up and washed them off, and everybody ate them anyway.

Real Life Drama

A DRAMATIC incident that narrowly bordered on a tragedy was acted in real life recently by Nell Shipman and her husband, Bert Van Tuyle. An accident to Van Tuyle's right foot resulted in severe injury and infection. Desperate to get her husband to a doctor, Miss Shipman left their camp in Northern Idaho, with her husband out of his head with pain on a dog sled. For twenty-five miles, through snow and over treacherous ice, she struggled, with her husband raving in delirium. Once Van Tuyle left the sled and walked upon his injured foot, now infected by gangrene. While crossing the thin ice of Priest lake in Idaho, near Coolin, Miss Shipman and her husband broke through the ice several times, falling into the icy water up to their waists. That night, when their strength was almost exhausted, they came upon a ranch house, where a motor boat was obtained. The next morning they continued the journey in the boat, breaking a slow and tortuous path through the ice. The last three miles were covered by Nell Shipman alone on foot, and a rescue party was sent back for Van Tuyle.

Van Tuyle suffered the amputation of his infected foot, and his brave wife was

on the border of collapse from her terrible ordeal.

Film stars are heroines sometimes in their own right.

Flexible Flesh

A FILM star has to take on pounds or dispense with them on order as casually as she produces tears. Estelle Taylor was given the role of *Miriam* in the *Ten Commandments*, on consideration that she take on a little more weight. So she groomed herself to weigh 140 pounds. Then Mary Pickford chose her for *Dorothy Vernon*, and the role required a sylph. So Estelle went in for massage and a strict diet, and soon weighed a mere 105 pounds. And now her doctor has ordered her back to her normal weight of 125 pounds for the sake of her health. Estelle is hoping she'll be allowed to remain that way for some time.

Conway Tearle's Story

CONWAY TEARLE got a great laugh with this one at the Writers' Club the other night:

The Irishman and the Hebrew were arguing. As usual. "Aw," said Mr. O'Flaherty, "I'm sick and tired of seeing Cohen and Isaacson and all these Yiddish names on all the windows. I'm going where it's too doggone cold for any Hebrew."

"And vere," asked Mr. Cohen politely, "is that?"

"The North Pole!" said Mr. O'Flaherty.

"Vell," drawled Mr. Cohen, spreading his hands and smiling gently, "uv course, if you call Izeberg an Irish name!"

A Delicate Situation

FACT is what some stars have nothing else but. Occasionally they need it. Adolphe Menjou and Lew Cody, along with three Hollywood actresses whose names are not relevant here because we don't know them, were making personal appearances in a small town not so long ago. After the picture, the audience was given permission to ask questions of the stars. Somebody from the audience piped up and asked Lew and Adolphe:

"Say, who's your favorite picture actress?"

Lew looked at Adolphe and Adolphe looked at Lew. They retired for consultation. Presently they emerged and announced cannily, "Baby Peggy!"

It is not true that Bill Hart got mad at Paramount. It is equally not true that Paramount got mad at Bill Hart. They love each other just as well as they ever did, and Bill is going to continue to make pictures for Lasky. Charles Eyton says so. So there!

A Martyred Maiden

POOR little Lila Lee! Because her foster father became embroiled in an ugly affair concerning some missing funds, one of the nicest girls in Hollywood or elsewhere is suffering the cruelest sort of notoriety. The black head-lines scream her name.

The newsboys proclaim on every corner the fact that "Lila Lee's father" is wanted by the police. Every newspaper mention of the case, no matter how brief, "plays up" the fact that the fugitive is the father of a famous film star. And so poor, sensitive Lila is being hounded to the point of retiring from the screen, from the shame of it all. And all through no fault or deed of her own.

Don't leave the screen, Lila Lee! The films need just such earnest, fine little actresses as you. The public knows that all this hurly-burly is your misfortune and not your fault.

Color

WE wonder if Ethel Chaffin, head designer at the Paramount West Coast plant, designs Cecil DeMille's costumes as well as the stars, or whether his sartorial triumphs are his own creation. The other day we saw him directing some scenes in his new picture, *Triumph*, and indeed, he was restful and soothing to the eye. A soft sport shirt of a delicate green was visible under his tweed jacket, and the color note was repeated in the gem that blazed on the little finger of his left hand—a green diamond set in green gold, one of the five jewels of the kind existing in the world.

Bill Hart Tells This One

THEY tell this story about Baby Turner, the two-year-old youngster who is playing in Bill Hart's new picture. Baby Turner seems rather young to hang it on, but it's a good story, anyway.

It seems that Bill was talking about wars and generals with Phyllis Haver, who is turning the bad man of the plains from ways of violence these days—on the screen. Bill happened to mention U. S. Grant. The youngster, who was listening in, turned to Phyllis and asked:

"Is that the Grant we pray to in church?"

"Why, honey," said Phyllis, "we don't pray to Grant in church."

"Oh yes, we do," the che-ild is alleged to have insisted. "Last Sunday the preacher said, 'Grant, we beseech thee to hear us!'"

Bigamy?

THERE have been plenty of movie actors who quit acting to direct, but not so many directors who gave up directing to act. But in Norma Talmadge's new picture, *The House of Youth*, Frank Borzage is going to do both. He's going to direct a spell, and then he'll put on his make-up and act a spell, as one of Norma's leading men. The other one will be Eugene O'Brien, who is giving Conway Tearle a chance to rest up after supporting the combined Talmadge family in goodness knows how many pictures. We like Conway—when he forgets to look noble—but somehow when he embraces Norma in the sixth reel, we always think of his love scenes with Constance. And vice-versa. It looks sorta bigamous to us, somehow.



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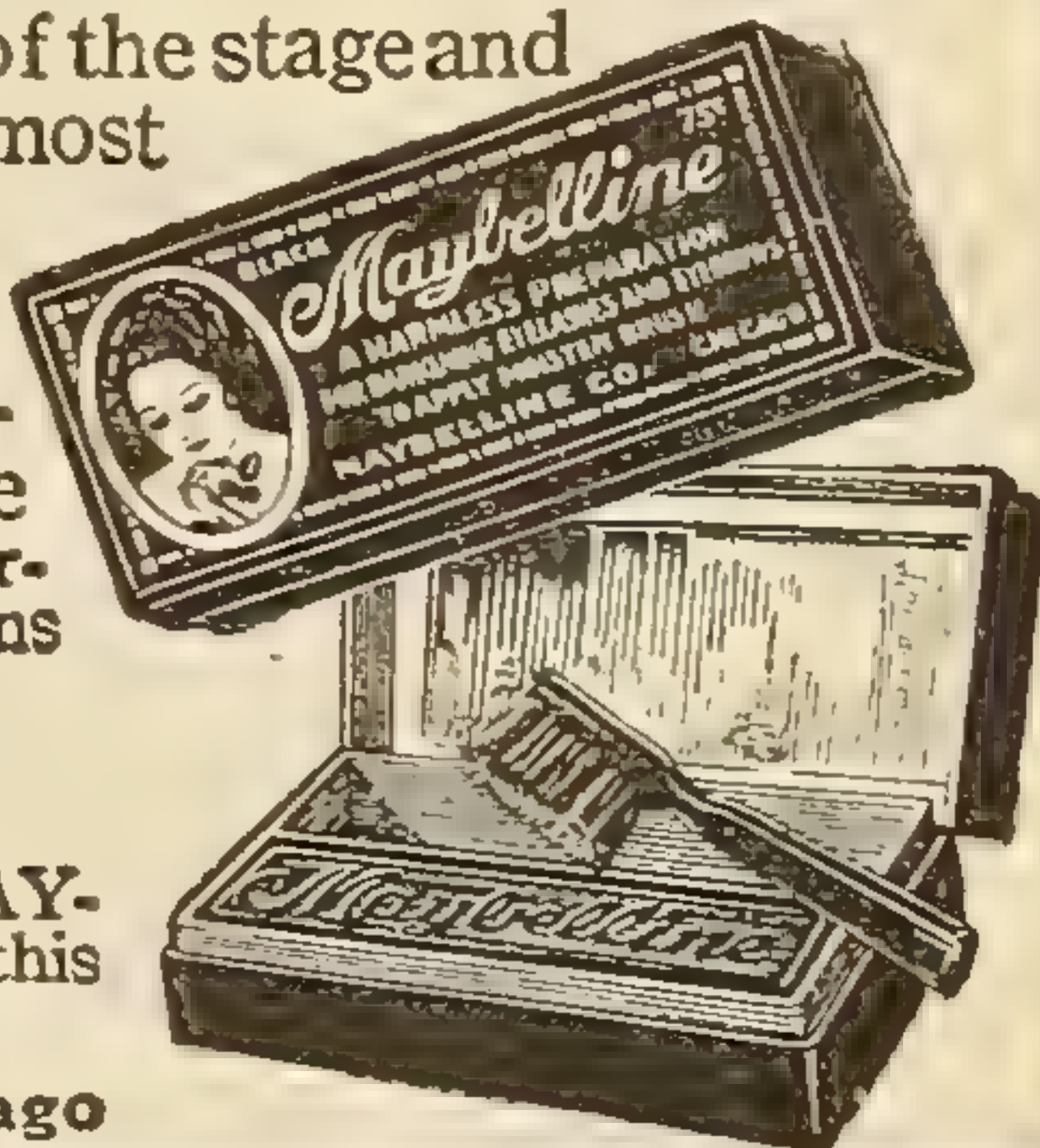
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New York has its Algonquin—from page 80.

Sometimes, at the Knickerbocker Grill you can still see magnates scribbling figures on the table cloths; but they are not always there; and if they are they do not always scribble. There's the Ritz, where Hedda Hopper, Mabel Normand, Anita Stewart, and often Tommy Meighan like to lunch. Alma Rubens prefers Pierre's; Lucy Fox and Lilyan Tashman the Plaza. The Gishes go to Sherry's. But you may run into all of them at the Algonquin.

And Ann Pennington's dimpled knees with Brooke Johns. And Frances Marion lunching with her publisher. And Betty Compson, on her way to Florida. Dagmar Godowsky, all in black—and it seems only the other day she was kissing her then-husband, Frank Mayo, in this same dining room. May McAvoy sits next to you at one of the tables against the walls, May, demure in a boyish suit and hat, and May's mother. Again, Bebe and Mrs. Daniels.

There is the Round Table, that solemn gathering of the great—well, anyway, they *look* important. They are the men and an occasional woman or wife who make and break Broadway's stars, actors, authors; who write the columns that New York would rather miss its train and its breakfast than go without; who make millions laugh—sometimes intentionally. They are a little Algonquin all to themselves, bless their hearts. No one else ever sits at their table. Perhaps, one day, someone will elude George, slip in and take a chair there. But when the Others come in for their lunch—for even Great Men must eat—they won't even notice him, and he will get up and slink away.

There are strange sights in the Algonquin. There is the fur-collared coat which Alexander Woollcott wears—he, the august critic. And the cap on Heywood Broun's head when he comes shambling in—the cap which looks as if he stole it from an umpire in the days when he criticized baseball games; and the fur-lined great-coat of Edmund Goulding, who has found scenario writing remunerative. There's Strongheart, without his wife, Lady Julie. Sssh!

Chorus men and actors out of work. Dancers and dramatic artistes and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Doug's dad used to live here with the first Mrs. Fairbanks. Leatrice Joy being interviewed and looking as if she enjoyed it—Leatrice is an honest woman. H. L. Mencken, in but not of it. Conrad and Ruth Nagel. Morris

Gest, performing another miracle with his luncheon.

You'll never find George Jean Nathan no matter how long you sit there or how hard you look. He eats across the street at his bachelor abode.

"Ladies are requested not to smoke in the lounge" by means of dainty cards proffered on silver salvers by obsequious servitors. Ladies continued to smoke in the lounge and now nice ash-trays may be found at every chair.

Romance and intrigue. Ambition and heart-break. Brave smiles and run-over shoes. Flashing ties and walking sticks, and hope of a cordial, "Come on and eat with us, old chap." A little world all to itself—a mimic world. Of course, it's unreal. You look for a director and a grinding camera. Then a boy pages Theda Bara and you wonder if someone has a sense of humor or if she ever really does appear here in person. But ah—here's Anita Loos.

They say that in Hollywood the motion picture people have become too professional; that they live too much among themselves; that they lack perspective and the vision of the rest of the world. California has its Hollywood. New York has its Algonquin.

Except that the hotel is not monopolized by the flickering tintypes and their fleshly incarnations. You'll find there Carl Van Vechten, who wrote "The Blind Bow Boy," and Fania Marinoff, his wife. Burton Rascoe and Ernest Boyd and the Liverights. And there is always an off-day when the lunchers are mostly made up of Aunt Saras from Indiana who point out Cousin Kates from upstate as Betty Compson or Mary Pickford. Mary herself always visits when she's in town.

On Tuesdays the *Woman Pays*. It's a club composed of well known newspapermen and motion picture writers—all female—and every meeting is attended by a famous guest. Hardly a motion picture star of consequence has failed to rise before them and begin, "Unaccustomed as I am—"

But outside of all this, there's really no reason for the popularity of the place. It's near Broadway and all that, but so are scores of other hotels. It serves food, but so does Childs. It is rumored—only rumored, mind you—that every Christmas the barber shop is turned into a bar; but then Christmas comes but once a year. After all—

What? You're running along now? Well, I'll see you Tuesday. Make it one—at the Algonquin.

NEXT MONTH

DELIGHT EVANS is a versatile writer. Tragedy, comedy, satire—stories of every kind flow from her pen with equal facility. Next month she will contribute a story on D. W. Griffith and another on Lillian Gish—different types of writing, alike in only one respect, that they are equally good. Watch for the June SCREENLAND. Ready May first.

*Original Cocoanut Grove—
From page 63.*

resting up place of America. Society leaders, politicians, movie actresses and millionaires go there in the Winter to rest up before going someplace else.

A queer place, Palm Beach—three hotels and as many golf clubs. Not to mention America's greatest gambling club and a scattering of private homes, private yachts and private railroad cars. Wealth, luxury, opulence. And across the bridge, in West Palm Beach, a little town not unlike Long Beach, California, the natives are pitching horse-shoes. On one side of the bridge: Rolls-Royces—on the other: rebuilt Fords.

A charming place, Palm Beach, with its eternal sunshine, its bathing beach, its clubs, hotels and its *Original Cocoanut Grove*.

I have my reservations made already for next winter.

Another Naldi—From page 55.

you couldn't notice any accent on her, now, could you? Did you happen to see the picture she had in the paper? Yeh, the reporters came and interviewed her, just like they do to Nita, but they didn't use any of the good stuff she told 'em, but just went and printed what she happened to let slip about her and Nita taking turns running a rolling-pin over each other, to make lines where the curves used to be.

Convents seem to be putting out a snappy line of spring graduates these days. But anyway, if Mary screens as well as she photographs, there'll be another star in the Naldi family.

No Jazz for Jetta—From page 59.

house. He offers her a cigarette, winks at the headwaiter and says, "See what the little lady will have."

All wrong, boys, all wrong.

Now when you meet Jetta, and I can wish you no better luck than to hope you do—gaze at her in astonishment and say, "I can never believe a girl like you could play vampire parts."

At that, mark my words, Jetta will have the preliminary sensations of thinking you a very discerning fellow.

"Why?" she will ask, widening her eyes as only she can.

"Oh, because you are so sweet, so young, so innocent, so simple."

Then follow this up by saying, "I am driving out in the country to-morrow morning to get away from all this hustle and bustle. Won't you join me?"

Jetta will. And once out in the great open spaces speak of nothing but sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, babies, bungalows and so forth.

And the girl is yours.

How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B——, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile—"

"Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B——, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B—— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose—

"She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly.

"Yes, but I remember," said Miss B——'s maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

IN a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B—— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it?" I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. Trilety, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B—— in the privacy of her home!

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing to M. Trilety for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.

ATTENTION to your personal appearance is nowadays essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must "look your best" at all times.

M. Trilety's latest improved Nose Shaper, "Trados" Model No. 25, U. S. Patent, is the most meritorious Nose Shaper of the age. His 15 years of experience in perfecting nose Shapers has proven that to the unfortunate possessor of ill-shaped noses he offers a sensational opportunity to beautify one's Personal Appearance. His latest model has so many superior qualities that it surpasses all his previous shapers and other nose adjusters by a large margin. This new model has every requirement that you might need. The adjustments are simple and such that it will fit every nose without exception. The apparatus is constructed of light-weight metal, is firm, and is afforded very accurate regulation for adjustment in any desired position. You can obtain the absolutely exact pressure for correcting the various nasal deformities, such as: long-pointed nose—pug—hook or shrew nose—and will give marked success in modulating the distended or wide nostrils. There are no straps to be pulled in order to exert pressure on the nasal organ.

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Pups—Popular Pets of Picturedom—From page 78.

the battle with a neatly implanted boot on the bull-dog's head. It was a surprised and battered dog that Rudie led home that night.

Al Christie breeds prize terriers when he isn't making comedies. When the dog fanciers of Southern California hold their shows at Pasadena or Hollywood, the Christie dogs are always very much present when the blue ribbons are given out. Christie favors the wire hair terriers.

"Whiskers" Rated Cutest

AND speaking of wire haired terriers, Charles Ray's Whiskers is about the cutest pup in Hollywood. An actor of parts, too, is Whiskers, though he does feel that acting interferes somewhat with his real vocation, which is adoring Charlie. Whiskers really should be named Shadow, because he clings to Charlie just as tightly as Charlie's shadow-self. We saw Whiskers almost go into hysterics on the Ray lot, when the lot was all cluttered up with descendants of the Mayflower passengers, at the "launching" of the Mayflower set last spring. Whiskers had inadvertently become separated from Charles, and he was frantically searching through the crowd for his master, sniffing at strange heels and squirming out from under the hands of plump matrons who sought to pet him. Finally Charlie whistled to him from his post on the deck of the Mayflower, and Whiskers shot up the gangplank and catapulted against Charlie's legs as if he hadn't seen him for years.

The real boss of the Harold Lloyd household is Pat, a diminutive Boston bull. Mildred Davis Lloyd bosses Harold, you see, and Pat bosses Mildred. Mildred started out to be very stern with Pat, but inside of three weeks, Pat had Mildred excellently trained. Pat ran away one day. Or rather, stepped out to see a little more of the world than could be noted from the grassy back yard of the Lloyd home on Irving Boulevard. That night he didn't come home. Tragedy reigned in the Lloyd menage. Mildred couldn't eat her dinner, and Harold didn't have much of an appetite either. The next day came and passed, and no Pat. Then Harold sent out an S. O. S. to the newspapers, which published a description of the missing pup. And on the third day Pat came back, towed by an angel in raiments of light who had found Pat curled up asleep on his front porch, quite worn out by the strain of being a dog-about-town.

Mary's Dog Disappears

IT was the newspapers that brought back Mary Pickford's little wire-haired terrier, Zorro, named after Doug's picture, *The Mark of Zorro*. Zorro rides home from the studio every night on the running-board of Mary's car. One night, no Zorro. The studio was scoured for traces of the missing puppy, but to no avail. The newspapers were notified, and a few days later Zorro came back. He had picked the wrong automobile and had curled up on the running-board of a

strange visitor to the studio, who had not noticed the dog's presence until he got him home.

Helene Chadwick is another star who has a terrier, a snow-white little animal with sharp eyes and a most inquisitive little black nose. He can "speak," stand up on his hind legs and beg and do other tricks appropriate to the pet of a famous star.

An educated puppy who understands French is Fino, the puppy belonging to Jeanette Davis, the little French actress who is working with Pola Negri in her pictures, "Man," and "The Shadow of Paris."

Fino's mother must surely have contracted a messalliance at some time, for Fino has the head and stocky frame of a bull terrier, and short legs of a dachshund. The rear view of Fino dashing down the walk reminds one strangely of a battleship on wheels, but Fino has the cutest, most understanding face and is almost human in his comprehension. His prize trick is to play the soldier. Propped up in a corner, with a stick in his paws to serve as a musket, Fino comes to attention and stands stiffly erect until little by little his short legs slip on the polished floor and he collapses in his corner like a picket overcome in his cups.

Miss Daw's Formidable Pet

IT is a case of Beauty and the Beast with Marjory Daw and her great bull-dog, Jocko. Jocko is so ugly that he is beautiful, with his bowed legs and great, undershot jaw. He looks as formidable as Jack Dempsey, but is really an amiable beast. Of course, he doesn't have to be cross; his fighting face gains him immediate respect.

Gail Henry kills two birds with one stone by making her pets work for their living. Her favorite of her seven dogs is Pat, a huge Irish wolf-hound that is only seven months old but is already about the size of a ton-truck. Pat is principally legs, but harbors the idea that he is a curly little lap-dog; he loves to curl up in your lap. When this is done, the holder is completely eclipsed, and about two yards of dog legs hang over the sides. Gail occasionally puts him on a leash and parades him along Hollywood boulevard, where he invariably draws as big a crowd as Ben Turpin doing his favorite stunt of directing the traffic on the corner of Western and Santa Monica Boulevard.

Gail Henry has pups of all assorted sizes. Pat is the biggest. The littlest is a tiny black ink-spot of a dog. He is small enough to be held in the palm of your hand, but has a voice out of all proportion to his size. He cost exactly one dollar. Gail's mother picked him up at a farmhouse in the country and gave him to Gail. Gail's husband, Henry East, trains dogs for the movies, is fast teaching Nigger to be a breadwinner. Trained dogs get anywhere from \$50 a week up. Gail seems sure to realize on her dollar dog, both in affection and profit.

Q Editor's Letter Box—From
page 83

DEAR EDITOR:—



Q Madeline Glass

It seems to me that a rejuvenation of some sort would improve Conway Tearle a great deal. He looks so tired and careworn. Just why Tearle should be so enormously popular and Norman Kerry so unappreciated is something I never expect to understand. I admire Clara Bow but her makeup is very crude and obvious. As for her flapper characterization—well, I'd like to see a girl behave like that with my father. He'd roar at her just once and tough flapper would become as meek as a lamb.

I wonder why it is that we have so few realistic death scenes in our pictures. Mae Marsh's histrionical demise in *The Birth of a Nation* was a piece of realism never to be forgotten. The average cinema death is crude and stupid. Dying people don't usually thrash about their bed and execute a detailed farewell of all their friends and relatives; neither do they emote prettily and request that sentimental songs be sung.

MADELINE GLASS,
720 So. Coronado St.,
Los Angeles, California.

DEAR EDITOR:—

SCREENLAND reminds me of T. R. It has the courage of its convictions. Thank God—here at last one magazine comes forth monthly minus the usual sugar-coated interviews.

Please let me state here, now, and with the rumbling of perchance a thousand Windsor fans in my ears. Here is one who has been pushed ahead, exploited, raved over, press-agented, until I'm absolutely sick of either seeing her pictures or plays. She is no beauty—and furthermore whatever it is that is called The Spark—Duse has it, Nazimova, Pola, yes and even May McAvoy (witness her acting in *Kick-In*). Claire is about as active as—well, we'll let it go at that—but why do they call her the "Most beautiful woman extant!"?

Here's another—I like Corinne Griffith. I think she has some claim to beauty—and as such is somewhat handicapped in her acting. I didn't like Black

(Continued on page 95)



Q E. B. McConnell

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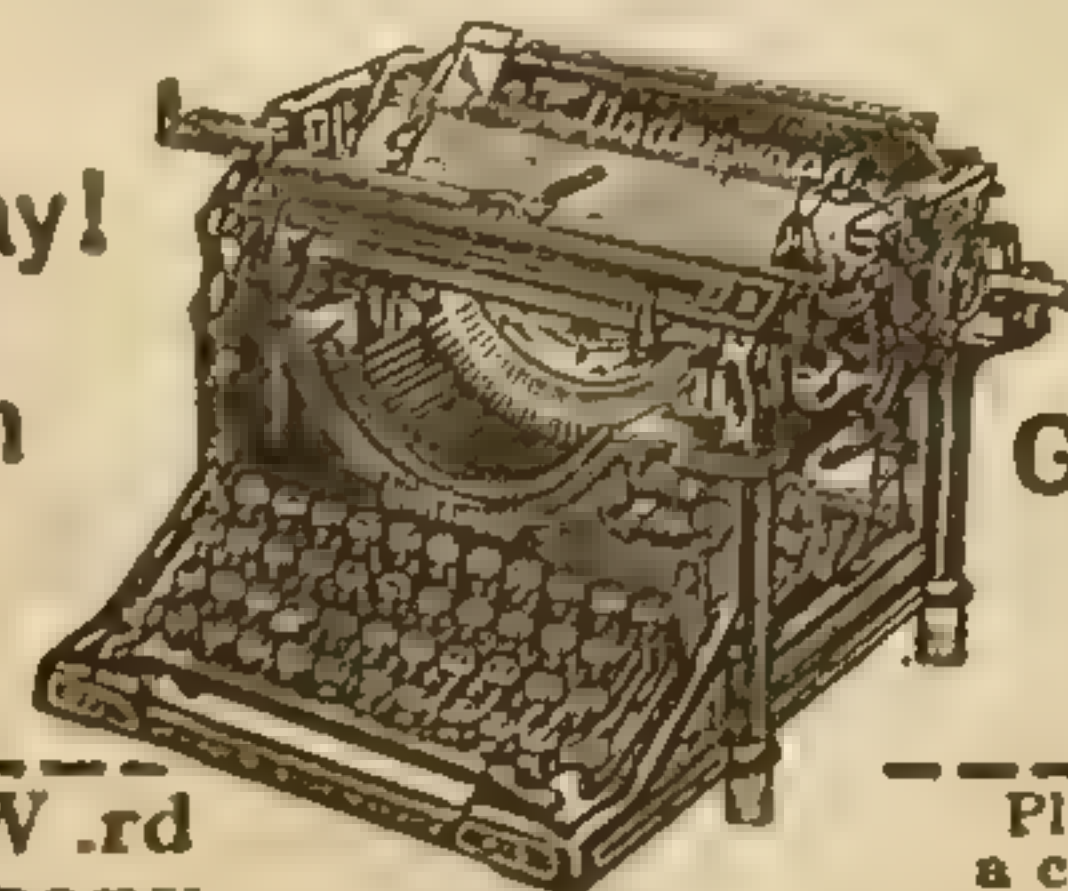
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Q Ruth Mary Harris Tell of a Young Veteran—From page 66

you want, pass on! Lois Wilson never had time for such applesauce.

Two Years of Struggle

FOR two years disappointment dogged her and poverty clanged noisily behind her. At the age when a girl craves fun, imported frocks and excitement, she had to be steady, capable and dependent. The people who are so glib now about her "life of ease" and her "soft snap" never knew of the times that she flung herself, weary and discouraged, into mother Kerrigan's—to read the lurid press notices of mushroom adventuresses who flashed dizzily into stardom, leaving a trail of exotic perfume along with the dust of their foreign motors.

But the mother of J. Warren Kerrigan was always ready to encourage, and even when she felt that she was soon to slip away from this world, said: "Remember I'll always be with you, Lois, laughing when you laugh, and wishing you every good thing, from beyond."

She knew that Lois had stuck, even when she didn't have the price of a pair of shoes, to make a decent showing at the studios—and she isn't the type of girl to have barefoot parts thrust at her.

Along with her plodding she had to fight that self-consciousness that flays one before the glaring Kliegs—and passes away rapidly with the assurance of a devoted sugar daddy waiting with heart balm outside, in case the director gets snappy—but remains for a year or two with the girl who has to make good on her own.

So, while the fly by night actresses flickered and flashed out, there was Lois, the plodder—Roast Beef, Medium, if you will—learning the valuable apprenticeship

that keeps one a star more than the customary three years. She had figured out the advantages of that staple diet—and saw that it had its points above Meringue Glace and Puff Pastry!

When, for instance, other ingenues were sullen and temperamental, from midnight parties and other merriment, Lois was ready and awaiting her chance—and to her came parts of increasing distinction.

A Versatile Actress

WHEN she sat in her dressing room, the other day, attired in the costly and gorgeous finery of the time of "Monsieur Beaucaire," I figured out to myself what those years had done to her—seven of them. For one thing, I didn't know then whether she was to be the Queen or Lady Mary Carlisle of Bath—and the choice item was, that she could play either. There was the youth of the famous Belle of Bath in her soft, happy brown eyes—and the stately poise of a Queen to the manner born—the part she finally received.

She has arrived, today, with a clean record, and is so schooled by experience that she can take any given part, with equal sincerity. She was the leading lady in "Only 38," you remember—for the lines of young maturity that come only from a cruel struggle, were hers, and also the smooth complexioned freshness of a young girl, when "Only 38" rejuvenates herself.

I would call her the young veteran of the screen, as we name those youngsters who bear the traces of a lifetime, lived in two years of the World War! And faces do not lie, especially before the pitiless Kliegs.

Q Income Tax Collector of Hollywood—From page 65

small boy whether he'd rather be president than Hart!

Bill claims no exemption for either Winifred Westover or his son, Bill Jr., though it would save him a few dollars and cents. He is not living with his wife—and he is therefore only a single man.

Winifred must make out her own income statement—and there's been quite a few items in the twelve months of 1923 that she must enter in the proper places. Bill's been giving her \$1200 a month for 18 months. Now she's receiving the interest on the \$100,000 trust fund he established for her when she left his bed and board.

Hart has returned to the pictures recently after being away for two years. But don't worry. You should be as flat as William S. Hart!

Bill's books have brought him in a number of nickels and dimes; and there are bales and bales of tax-exempt securities in the bank—an interesting collection, and the interest doesn't die. And—another thing about the hero of the boys—he doesn't waste his money on wild parties and fancy automobiles and treatments in the beauty parlors and exquisite raiment

like many a Hollywood star. Bill's just a regular he-guy, with no frills, and no foolishness.

Mabel Normand Pays \$55,000

NOW Mabel Normand—there's a gal that gives her money away. Hers is not the neatly catalogued list of the earnest Lady Bountiful. Rather it is the rollicking good will of a Robin Hood. She has given fur coats to factory girls, equipped whole regiments with silver cigarette cases, put many boys and girls where they could earn some jack, and foiled the villain with the mortgage more often off the screen than on.

And yet Uncle Sammy delights to look at Mabel's figure. Not getting naughty—but honest her figure is as sweet to the star-splashed old gentlemen, as is the biggest figure in a bank clearing statement.

Last year she gave him \$55,000, after her lawyer had made her claim exemption for \$10,000 spent in charity—it was all Mabel could remember—and for her dependents. Yes, Mabel supports her parents and her sister and her brother. And then of course there was the money spent in sending out photographs to fans,

and the money invested in stamps and stationery and ink—it costs some stars \$50,000 a year to keep in touch with the fans—and for secretary hire, and for chauffeurs and other servants.

Helen Ferguson is one of those actresses who are not so well known as others, but who get their money every Saturday, rain or shine; the kind Mr. Goodcell may have had in mind when he made those wise cracks I have already listed.

Helen's too modest to say what her income is—but she does carry the household cares on her slim shoulders. She has a sister of school age, a mother, a nice little brown bungalow, and a car. She's earned the money for five years, and posed for more pictures than the Prince of Wales.

And Helen has never fallen off her horse! (London papers please copy.)

Special Exemption for Screen Actors

I've hinted at some of the exemptions allowed a harried moving picture star. But I've said nothing about clothes. And clothes—ah, where would the stars be without clothes?

I know—you were going to mention Mae Murray and some of the other dancing girls.

Naughty! Naughty!

A star has to buy her own clothes for each picture, unless her contract makes the producer pay the bills. And *they are allowed by the government to claim exemption for half the amount so spent.*

It comes under the head of "advertising."

There's Tom Mix now. See what he does with clothes. A red and green and blue and gray checked shirt—especially if the red is a loud red—attracts Mr. Mix from a far distance. And when Mr. Mix wears said shirt, it attracts everybody within a radius of a mile.

"I'm claiming exemption for all my clothes," Tom told a friend.

"Thought they were loud enough to speak for themselves," the friend responded. "But what's the idea?"

"Advertising," Mix explained. "You don't think I wear those outlandish things for any other reason, do you?"

Mix is said to be collecting \$5,500 every Saturday night at the Fox studios; and he has a yacht with his name on it and his horse's picture, and automobiles with his name on them and fancy advertising leather.

Barbara LaMarr's galumptious jewels and scrumptious clothes also go under the general classification of advertising.

Jackie's Little Tax

AND you can't link stars and taxes together without mentioning Jackie Coogan, or thinking to yourself—

"And a little child shall lead them."

Jackie got a contract more than a year ago which gave him half a million dollars in his little pants' pockets, a salary of \$1250 a week, 60 per cent of the net for every picture he made, and no production costs to pay.

Poor little Jackie.

Right away Uncle Sam sneaked up and

beamed him for \$260,720 of that bonus.

Jackie hasn't married yet—although there has been some talk—and therefore he is given exemption of only one thousand dollars.

And then he has to pay taxes too on that salary of his, on that 60 per cent, and on the fleet of oil wells that he owns.

Jackie's papa gets \$1,000 a week as Jackie's director—under the contract. Legally he could claim \$400 exemption for Jackie as a dependent son—but if there are any exemptions for "dependents" going around, why not give them to Jackie.

And, just to make you feel bad, we'll consider Baby Peggy, dependent daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Montgomery.

Baby Peggy signed a contract with Principal Pictures last August, whereby she got a very nice bonus that was placed in a trust fund for her, and something over \$1,000,000 a year for three years.

Peggy is a thrifty little lass, and even if she does work while other children play, she probably will never have to learn how to run a typewriter or a carpet sweeper.

Her income tax alone will top the earning capacity of all the business men in many and many a town.

Neck and Neck With the President

DOUG and Mary and Charlie and many another Hollywood millionaire must pay a fee for the purpose of finding out how much they owe to Uncle.

Doug's not worried anyway. His income tax battalion has already done its dirty work; and Doug's all washed up and ready for travel. He's spent \$2,000,000 on *The Thief of Bagdad*, sent his check to Washington—and still has enough to tip every bellboy in the world.

Calvin Coolidge is the head of a nation. He gets \$75,000 a year. He doesn't have to pay that \$36.50 a month rent any more. He gets his rent free.

June Mathis is the head of a scenario department. They call her an editorial director. She gets \$75,000 a year, but she's got to pay an income tax, and so does the president.

Tom Gallery and Zazu

TOM GALLERY and Zazu Pitts made individual returns, although they are married. Each claims \$1,000 exemption, just like unmarried folks. And they split poor little Ann in two, Tom claiming \$200 for her support, and Zazu \$200.

Ann is only 20 months old. When she's older—well, there are many couples in the movies who wouldn't object to having a child. It would mean exemption of \$400 to the actors who were working steadily—and it might mean money in the sock in the long run. Many people who aren't actors travel thousands of miles to put their babies in front of the camera.

Buster Keaton got another little exemption not long ago; but it came too late to put it on the blank this year.

Gladys Walton, Mrs. Earle Williams, and Doris May are expecting exemptions soon.



New Safe Way To Remove Teeth Stains

New Discovery Bleaches Dark Teeth Instantly!

A new safe treatment has been discovered which dissolves teeth stains instantly, giving dull, dingy teeth a charming new whiteness and lustre. This new treatment is called the Bleachodent Combination. It consists of a safe mild liquid and a new kind of paste. The liquid instantly curdles or softens the stains, while the paste removes them and if used daily prevents the formation of future stains. You just brush your teeth with a few drops of the liquid, then use the paste, and before your very eyes your teeth acquire a clear, flashing whiteness that even ten times the scouring by out-fashioned methods could not give them.

It is vitally important that only a safe, mild preparation like Bleachodent Combination be used on children's teeth, which are especially subject to stains and decay. Bleachodent Combination is safe and harmless for its mild ingredients are especially combined to act only on surface stains. It does not affect the enamel in any way. Gritty and abrasive dentifrices should never be used. If you want sparkling, white, pearly teeth get Bleachodent Combination today. Costs only a few cents. Distributed by Bleachodent Dental Laboratories and sold by drug and department stores everywhere.



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explaining how the FAMOUS MARVO LIQUID SKIN PEEL PREPARATIONS remove all surface blemishes, freckles, pimples, blackheads, eczema, discolorations, etc. Wonderful results proven. GUARANTEED absolutely Painless and Harmless. Produces healthy new skin as Nature intends you to have. Write NOW before you turn this page—for full details

and free "MARVO-BEAUTY BOOKLET."
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So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it. Conserve your body and life first.

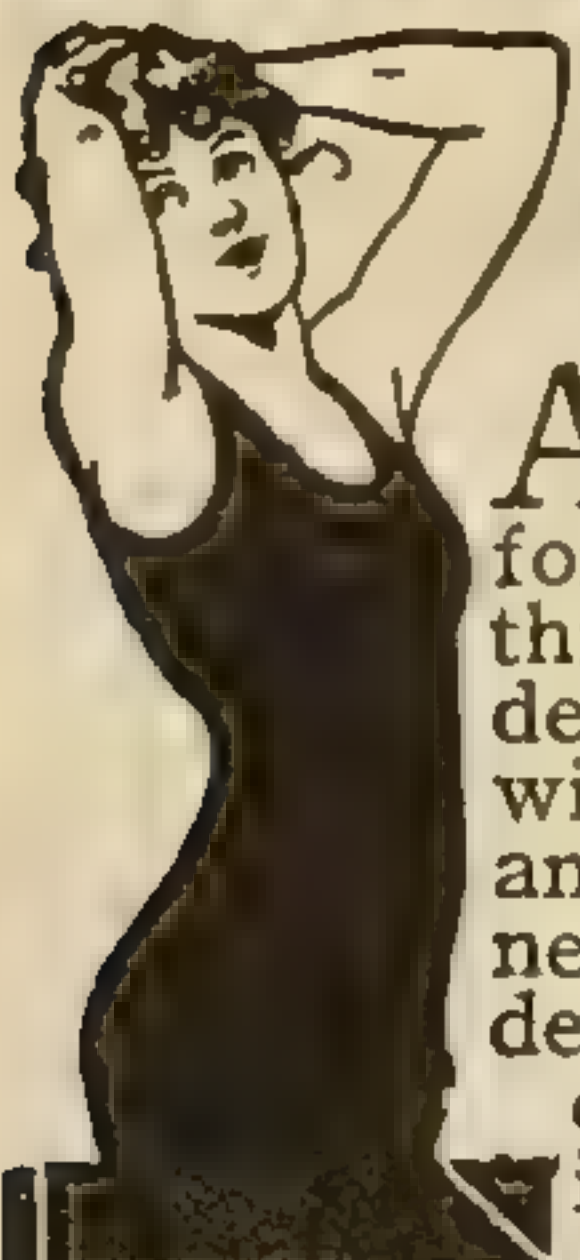
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It contains some amazing facts that are vitally interesting to those who want to reduce. You needn't be fat—and you needn't drug, starve or weaken yourself in reducing. There are a limited number of these books. Mail the coupon, or if you prefer, just send your name and address on a post card.

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Q George Jean Nathan presents Dramaland—From page 61

off stage whenever he gives the signal, he enters a household that is in the throes of despair. By crafty use of his money, he persuades the inmates that they can succeed and be happy if only they put their minds to it. In the last act, true enough, the Pollyanna Peruna has worked. All their ills are cured and they are each as rich and handsome as Charlie Schwab. When the final curtain falls, the beautiful young daughter of the household, who through the heroic Dr. Frank Crane's efforts has become a writer as great as Johnny Far-rar, is found gurgling matrimonially in noble Gypsy Jim's arms.

In other words, dear reader, reverting to the deplorable George Jean Nathan species of criticism—sentimental walla-walla.

Leo Carillo is the star. The Mons. Carillo is the kind of actor who is very fond of the romantic charm of his own eyes. He raises them, drops them, casts them sidewise, narrows them, blinks them, gazes ardently with them and further employs them as constant substitutes for histrionic ability. Martha Bryan Allen is an attractive heroine.

V.

"THE MIRACLE," as directed by Reinhardt, designed by Norman-Bel Geddes, and set into motion by Prof. Dr. Morris Gest, is by all odds the most thoroughly beautiful spectacle that the American theatre has known. So much has been written about it already that doubtless the natives of even remote Kansas are by this time as familiar with it as they are with long-sleeve undershirts, embroidered suspenders and the poetry of Edgar A. Guest. All that remains for me to say about it is urge it upon your notice. It is everything that one of the numerous million and a half dollar moving pictures claims to be and isn't. It is stupendous in taste, in splendor, and in its emotional effect. It has converted the Century Theatre, once a dramatic poor-house, into a cathedral of sweeping dramatic grandeur. To come to New York and not to see "The Miracle" is to come to New York and miss the greatest new sight that the city has boasted since "Abie's Irish Rose" was a bud.

VI.

THE usual play elaborated from a vaudeville sketch consists of an available ten or fifteen minute idea surrounded by two hours of cheap and imitative dramatic writing. The first act is generally patterned after the first act of Smith's "Fortune Hunter"; the last is an imitation of the trick finish of a George Cohan comedy; and all of the second act save that portion of it that is consumed by the original sketch is modeled more or less faithfully after the middle act of Roi Cooper Megrue's "It Pays to Advertise"—whether it fits the idea of the original sketch or not. George Kelly's "The

Show-Off" is an elaboration of a vaudeville sketch, so my agents report to me, but what I have observed of the majority of such elaborations does not apply to it. Kelly has carefully elaborated his sketch as a careful writer elaborates a character and a theme, not as a theatrical hack amplifies a character merely by keeping him on the stage two hours instead of twenty minutes and a theme merely by taking two hours to tell it instead of ten minutes. What results is a thoroughly amusing and vital study of a typical young American master of bunk and a comedy which, while decidedly uneven, yet comprises an effective background for that character. It is the character of the young braggart, a thirty-two dollar clerk in the freight department of the Pennsylvania Railroad who passes himself off as an official of the road, that is actually the play, however. There is more real drama in this single character than there is in nine-tenths of the plays along Broadway. It is so completely vivid that it seems almost to dramatize itself. And as it is embodied by a newcomer named Bartels, it becomes one of the most perfectly recognizable portraits in the album of native drama.

VII.

ZONA GALE'S attempt at character drawing in "Mister Pitt" is not nearly so successful as Prof. Kelly's. La Gale's efforts in this particular case remind one of the numerous writers of detective stories who followed in the wake of Conan Doyle and his celebrated bloodhound Sherlock. These writers believed that characterization was an absurdly easy business and set about to negotiate it by identifying this one of their sleuth heroes simply as an invariable smoker of purple cigarettes and that one simply as an omnivorous reader of cook books. La Gale similarly appears to believe that all that is necessary to the identification of a stage character is to put the hard pedal down on his chief peculiarity. As a result, her Mister Pitt has no more shading than the Arizona desert. It is less a character than a single trait of character. And it, together with the play that surrounds it, is accordingly monotonous. Walter Huston is an effective actor, but the role deadens his performance.

VIII.

THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH," by Lewis Beach, is still another play dealing with the Younger Generation. I am tired of hearing about the Younger Generation. The next time I go to the theatre and a flock of ingenues and juveniles trot on with bobbed hair, white flannels, copies of Freud and tennis racquets, gabble loudly about jazz and cocktails, and sass the older actors who play the roles of their parents, I am going to write a letter of protest to the newspapers. Scott Fitzgerald will surely have a lot to answer for on Judgment Day!

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN brings the theatre to your door every month in Dramaland. Watch for his reviews of current stage plays in SCREENLAND for June. Ready May first.

Q Editor's Letter Box—From
page 91.

Oxen. I think it was absurd to cast her in this role. She was not in character at any time, although she worked very hard. And right here I rise up to state that the absolutely adorable Clara Bow stole the picture entirely. Here is a mere slip of a girl with a personality like La Negri. Why Colleen Moore, here is another manufactured "star," outside of being Irish, and being able to "flap" successfully through several pictures, why make the mistake of starring her when there is so much better material at hand? Consider Zazu Pitts. Here is a genuine actress who can act—why doesn't someone star her? Oh, she has no sex-appeal. Bah!

E. B. McCONNELL,
703 Maryland Ave.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR:—

I frequent the movie houses 4 times a week but I haven't seen yet one young man capable of making love to our beautiful screen stars—Meighan, Tearle, Nagel, etc., are all medi-



Q Jeanne Villiate

ocrities when it comes to courting a girl—They twitch their mouths, they raise their shoulders, they make sour faces, they cross their hands, they raise their fists, they shut their eyes, they look over the skies, but they positively cannot and don't know how to make love to a girl. I ask myself should one of the so-called stars attempt to court in real life one of our beautiful screen girls—will they ever succeed to conquer their hearts if they would employ the same mediocre mimicry as they often exhibit on the screen.

JEANNE VILLIATE,
1885 7th, Ave., care L. Goulet,
New York City.

In addition to the regular payment at space rates for all material published in The Editor's Letter Box, SCREENLAND is offering monthly a \$10.00 cash prize for the best, and five free one-year subscriptions for the five next best letters grading the stories and illustrations in this issue according to the following rules:

90 to 100%—The stories or illustrations that pleased you perfectly.

80 to 90%—The stories or illustrations that you considered very good.

70 to 80%—The stories or illustrations that you considered pretty good.

60 to 70%—the stories or illustrations that you considered only fair, and under 60%, the stories that you considered poor.

Reasons may be given, when necessary, to explain the grades awarded. Please list the stories and the illustrations separately. Address letter: Editor, SCREENLAND, 145 West 57th Street, New York City.

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Betty McCoy, Movie Actress, Los Angeles, whose photo is shown at the left, says: "I am delighted with the results from the use of The New National, which has given me a three-inch increase in size—a remarkable firmness and classic contour. A number of my friends have recently remarked on my improved appearance."

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THE OLIVE CO., Dept. 30

CLARINDA, IOWA



Rudolph Valentino

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To let gray hair spoil your looks, by making you seem old, is so unnecessary when Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer will bring back the original color surely and safely. Very easily applied—you simply comb it through the hair. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky or stringy, nothing to wash or rub off—just beautiful, natural, becoming hair.

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Send today for the absolutely Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

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6 MAIDEN LANE - NEW YORK

Sydney Valentine Tell of a Great Love—From page 54.

her he called her "Queen"—in his own heart, at least. And she, even though her part did not call for such an emotion, fell in love with him.

And so they were married. Their romance is one of the sweetest and cleanest in the records of the mimic world. You may not have heard much about it. They never employed a press agent. They didn't need one. To them it was enough that they loved each other. Not for them posing for the public on the front porch, arms about each other's shoulders; nor the home and fireside chromos to grace the pages of the papers. They were too happy to call in the press and summon the photographers. Just because their faces, cheek to cheek, did not adorn the magazines, don't think that they were not as devoted, as affectionate and as loyal as a husband and wife can be.

Not Seeking Publicity

POSSIBLY because she feared that if she refused she would be accused of deliberately hiding her small daughter's existence from the world, Dorothy Phillips posed with her for mother and daughter pictures. Only, I happen to know, at the urgent request of the editors. She never sought publicity. She almost cranked from seeing her name emblazoned here and there. Interviewers will tell you she is the most difficult of all the picture people to pin to paper. Always charming, always gracious, but always aloof. That's why the world knows so little about her.

She has been content. She wants it that way. But she expressed a wish—a wistful little wish—that the world of pictures and picture followers would not forget him. And so she should not mind if her heart is held up and dissected by a sympathetic surgeon.

She is so quiet that, if you had not known her, you would never guess that she has experienced a tremendous emotional upheaval. Women like her, so frail and shy, are often indomitable; of splendid courage. That's why she is going to carry on. That's why she has smiled instead of crying.

With her sister, she has just spent a few weeks in New York. The Manhattan motion picture world hardly knew she was in town. One of the few she saw was a little bride. A very new bride whose very new home is far uptown. The bride's husband called at the Biltmore for Dorothy and her sister. He whistled for a cab. But the stellar visitor said, "Why, the subway's right there!" and started for it on foot. It was a rather long ride—almost an hour's, in fact. It was also the rush hour. She laughed it off. She would rather spend an evening eating an amateur culinary effort and exclaiming over wedding presents, in a little apartment far from the "heart of things," than anything else.

Does Not Believe in Mourning

SHE has not been in mourning. She doesn't believe in it; and she knows that he would not have wished her to be.

He is still a part of her life.

It is only when you see her pause in front of a shop on Fifth Avenue, with men's ties and shirts displayed, that you realize just how lost she is without him. She was one of the old-fashioned wives who went along and helped pick out things.

And he was one of the old-fashioned husbands who really enjoyed holidays, and remembered birthdays and anniversaries. This last Christmas in the home in Hollywood was not a merry one. Instead of the family, only a housekeeper. A faithful soul who wrote to her mistress in the east, "Christmas don't seem like Christmas this year, without him trimming the tree."

He enjoyed things like that. A more than capable director in the studio—businesslike, attentive, keen. At home, Dorothy Phillips' husband. Not that anyone ever referred to him as that. Nor to her as his wife. They preserved their identities.

My most vivid recollection of him is one of those personal appearances at a New York theater several years ago. He was the only director in a group of stars who were to make their bows to the audiences. He stood a little way off from the others, smiling. The insincere "messages" of the stars to their dear, dear friends out front left him a little amused. His heart wasn't in it. He couldn't pose. He didn't belong in that crowd of glittering cuties. His air was not superior; he simply seemed to think that the joke was on him.

Allen Holubar

ALLEN HOLUBAR was only thirty-five when he died. One of the most promising of the younger picture-makers, he was scheduled for big things. He began his screen career as an actor with Universal. Then he became a director, and his wife became his leading woman. Their first big picture together, "The Heart of Humanity," employed the best talent of both. They worked well together. She did her finest acting under his direction. Her presence on the set inspired him. It was a fifty-fifty combination. The exigencies of the business took them apart professionally, but it did not, as in so many cases, affect their co-starring combination at home. She was his star whether she appeared in his pictures or not.

"Broken Chains" featured another actress, but no one was prouder of its success than Dorothy Phillips. Her encouragement and criticisms meant more to him than any producer's.

They would have done greater things together.

But the Great Director decreed otherwise. The star is going on alone—often, it must seem to her in her loneliness, without anyone at the megaphone. But she is not the sort to hide away. She will face the camera with a smile on her lips even if her heart is shattered.

There will be a new Dorothy Phillips picture soon. She is back in Hollywood now, going on. Still, not quite alone. There is a living memory for inspiration.

Q Delight Evans Quotes the Studio Child's Lament—From page 53.

Save me for the Close-ups.
They Never Knew
What Chances they Took.
Oh, for—
Crying Out Loud!

STILL, It Got Worse
As the Boy Grew Older.
I Almost Preferred being
The Unwelcome Arrival
To What I Walked Into
Later On.
I Became
The Little Child Who Leads Them.
What a Life!
As Soon as I was
Big Enough, they Cast Me
In Parts like that—you know—
I Never Wore Anything
Except a Nightie—and sometimes
Not Even that.
I Nearly Lost
My Self-respect
In those Bath-tub Scenes
That Draw Delighted Gasps
From the Ladies in the Audience.
I Wish they'd Mind their Own Business.

I WAS always
Asking Papa
If he Loved Mama—when
I Knew All Along
He would Like
To Knock her Cold—she
Was Always Trying
To Steal his Scenes.
I Had to
Climb out of Bed
In my Prop Nursery, with
The Duckies and the
Doggies and the
Wooly Lambs, and
Come Down Stairs
One Step at a Time when
I Wanted
To Slide Down the Bannisters—
And Take Mama and Papa
By the Hand
And Bring them Together—and
Then Ride Upstairs again
On Papa's Back—

How I Loved
Kicking the Leading Man
In the Scene—

I'm Broad-Minded, though.
When
The Leading Lady
Asked me to Stay one Night
For some Retakes, I Said,
"Sure. I Don't Mind the Scandal
If you Don't."

BUT NOW,
It's Come to this!
I've been Made a Star.
Of course, I've Fought my Way
Up the Ladder
Rung by Rung; what little
Success I have Achieved,
Has been Earned, and
In the Right Way.

But
As soon as I Could Lisp,
I Asked
For a Pair of Roller Skates.
Instead, I was Handed
A Contract
To Star in Kiddie Pictures
At a Thousand Bucks a Week.
I've Got to Remember
That I'm in the Public Eye—
Like a Cinder or Something.
I've Got to Pretend
That I'd Rather Ride
In a Rolls-Royce
Than an Express Wagon,
And Play with
A Pedigreed Pup
When what I Want
Is a Mut.
The Only Time
I'm Allowed
To Thumb my Nose
Is in my Comedy Stuff.
The Only Way I Can
Get Even with 'Em,
Is to Get Too Big
To Play Kiddie Roles.
I Wish to God
I'd Grow Up!

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

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HEROES ARE NOW DOING THEIR HAIR

H B K WILLIS

We can't make up our mind which one of these subjects to choose for Willis' article next month. They are all good hunches. Write in and help us make the choice, and watch for the result in the June SCREENLAND. Ready May first.

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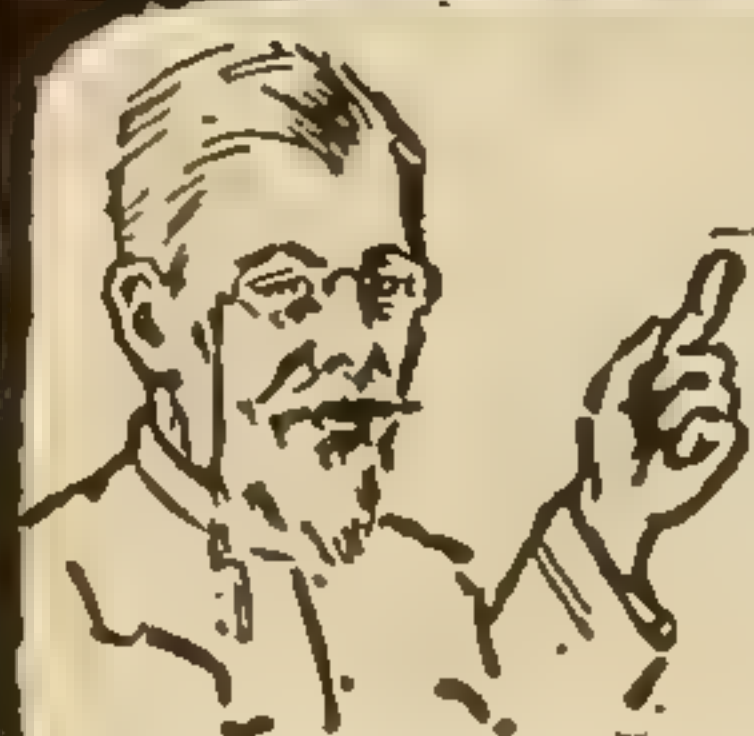
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Q Barry Vannon's Story of One Little Scene—From page 45.

deeply regretted that he could not accept the honor. General Pershing, Senator Johnson, and the governor also sent regrets.

Mary and Doug were finally selected as sponsors, although Sam plainly didn't like it.

"For why should I advertise Mary and Doug with my money?" he demanded. He gave up only when Graham convinced him that the famous couple didn't need the advertising.

"Why the people call it Doug and Mary furniture now," Graham said.

MERRY soon began to play young mother roles, with the baby in the cast. There were near riots at some theaters. Perambulators, bassinets, tiny frocks, booties, rattles, dolls, and maternity gowns were named after her.

She asked for a new contract.

"Oy, Jerry," the old man wailed to his press agent. "Nothing but troubles since I started this, you should ask me. It's made me lots of money, yes. But it's made Merry Morrow a miser, Jerry. Like a stone she is.

"And the kid, Jerry"—he sighed prodigiously—"she don't care for him, and neither does the papa. Me, if I had that kid yet, Jerry, the money wouldn't mean nothing—or nothing much anyway. Ach, such a baby! He should be mine once. I am his real papa, Jerry, so?"

It was even so. And the parents realized it themselves.

"Everybody's crazy about our baby but ourselves," said Merry one night. "The only time I pick him up is when there is a man near with a pencil or a camera.

"I can't bear his crying. I can't bear to dress him. I even hate to hold him. Sometimes I think I hate him."

"He was sure a little boob to pick us for his parents," added Drury.

"He's getting on my nerves," Merry continued. "If we'd been like other married couples, and there hadn't been such a tremendous palaver about him, we would have loved him. But he isn't really a baby at all. He's only a press agent story. And we feel like hypocrites when we read how we adore him. I wish to God he had never been born!"

SAM KESSER took up the scenario of a popular novel and tossed it to Jerry Graham.

"We'll put the baby in this, Jerry," he said, "and feature him in support of his father. You should tell Eddie to write ninety scenes into it, about the kid. Maybe you can give it him a couple hints, Jerry, eh?"

Graham was going out. Kesser stayed him.

"Hey, Jerry, wait a minute. Sit down." He bent his head in deep thought.

"Jerry, you think maybe Merry Morrow she really loves her baby, Jerry, and don't know it?"

"Mebbe," said Graham. "But I doubt it. If she had a speck of affection for it, she could act with it. Did you see the rushes on 'Angel Child'? Terrible. Absolutely terrible. Take that one little

scene where Merry's holding her sick baby in her arms, and she's supposed to be frantic. She's just peeved."

"I know," said Kesser wearily. "We did that scene one hundred and thirty-seven times. I taught her everything I knew—and still she's rotten. Oy, Jerry, we got to make her act! It's the biggest picture of her life. And she's nothing but a stick. You think of something, eh, Jerry?"

He sat long in his swivel chair, munching a cold cigar, and suddenly he jumped up and smashed his right fist into the palm of his left hand.

"Maybe that does it!" he shouted, and bit the cigar in two.

The scenario concerned a big game hunter, a young girl in a beautiful evening gown lost in the jungle, a band of savage tribesmen, a battle, a smashing big ship wreck scene, the slaying of a wild elephant, and a few other thrills. It had nothing whatever to do with a baby.

But Eddie had his orders, and he put the baby into ninety scenes. Of course ninety other scenes had to be cut out. The plot had to be twisted and jerked and pulled and twined around the baby. The girl was the baby's erring mother, abandoning her child in the jungle, hoping some nice man would come along and save him and make him his heir. The jungle, by the way, was made into a desert, and the baby's saviour was the cowboy son of an eastern millionaire. Eddie was quite proud of his "adaptation."

WHEN the continuity was finished the company went on location in the Mojave desert. Merry went along. She had been "resting," but that was no excuse. Sam Kesser made her go. She didn't want to. She pleaded her fear of snakes, and her dread of the desert heat.

"You got to," Sam answered. "What would people think if you let your baby go away without you—out in the desert—even for one day? Can't you see, Merry—to you he's the most wonderful baby what is. You—you idolize him, see? You can't let him out of your eye-eight, eh?"

She would have felt better if he had slapped her.

An August day in the desert. The sun blinded. The winds scorched. Lips cracked. Tongues dried and swelled, despite the fact that there was all the water needed. The sands, the Joshua trees, the cactus, the greasewood, the very air seemed to shimmer with the heat. Everyone wore colored glasses, everyone cursed.

"Quit whining," Kesser shouted. "You ain't half hot yet. Put them tripods right here. We'll put the baby by that big cactus, and the dog is guarding him, see? There's some shade there, and the baby won't feel the heat. Where is the little feller, anyway?"

The nurse brought him forward. He was holding out his arms and saying, "See Sam! See Sam!"

Sam snatched him from the nurse, and kissed him.

"Your my own baby, Drury," he said vehemently. "The damndest finest kid in the world, you should ask me."

He leaned closer to the baby's ear and whispered.

"But today, I think you get a mamma and a papa, and you lose old Sam. I hope you do, Baby, as God is good."

HE sat the child down in the cactus shade, and summoned the nurse. He drew her to one side, out of ear shot, and talked to her a long while. She seemed to be protesting. But Sam drew something out of his pocket, and she grinned, and they shook hands. Naturally everybody expected something mysterious to happen.

"Where's the dog?" Sam demanded suddenly.

Vance Jones, who owned the animal, brought him forward. He winked one eye at Sam.

"He'll do just what you want," he said.

"Shut up"—Sam seemed fighting mad. "Did I ask you something? You stand over there, out of camera range, and do your stuff when I give you the signal."

Jones grinned the grin of a man who grins when rebuked in public, and stepped back, silent.

"Now we're all ready," Sam said, collecting the company around him—all save Merry Morrow, who sat under her sun shade, very cool, very bored, and very wooden. "I tell you just what you do, and maybe we make only one rehearsal."

"Drury Jr. here is playing with his rag doll. His mother—that's you, 'Rene—has just left him. Drury here comes riding up. He doesn't see the baby at first. He just sees the dog. He whistles. The dog perks up his ears—and he will, too. He's the best actor I got. But he won't leave the baby."

"You ride up slow, Drury, and then you dismount, and come up. The dog won't let you get near the baby at first—not until the baby puts out his arms to you, see. Then you take your baby up, kinda awkward like you weren't used to it. You won't have no trouble about that, and you say, slow, so the camera catches it, you say—'Well, I'll be darned.' Like that. You poke a finger in the baby's tummy. Then you give him some water out of your canteen. See? Then you take him up with you, and ride off. And the dog will follow, see?"

Sol looked at make-up and costume, rolled a brown paper cigarette, lit it and pinched it out, then stuck it in a corner of Drury's mouth.

"All right," he said. "Nurse, when I yell, you get out of the camera range, see? But wait till I yell."

THE scene was shot. It looked well done to me; but Sam insisted it be done over again.

"All right," said Drury. "But this saddle's hot as blazes."

"Put some water on it, and do your stuff," Sam advised him; "and come slow this time. All right. To your places."

Drury loped away. In an instant—and so quietly that few observed—a studio set was erected back of the baby. It looked like the wall of a nursery, with pictures of ducks and rabbits and cub bears and other animals on it.

And then Sam looked at Jones, and swung his arm. Immediately Jones yelled. The dog began to bark, and attack the baby. The nurse screamed, "Mad dog! Mad dog! My God, he's bit the baby!"

THE cameras started to grind.

Merry Morrow's hand went to her breast. She sprang up. She ran through the sage and the greasewood to her child, not caring if all the snakes in the world were in her path, not fearing the mad dog, not stopping for anything.

She picked up her son, and kissed him and hugged him, and called him all the tender names she had ever heard. Tears streamed from her eyes. She was frantic with mother love and the fear that her child had been hurt.

Drury, riding west, heard the commotion, looked backward, turned his horse and came on the gallop. He too was crying. He too was suddenly filled with love and fear. He tried to take the child from Merry, but she would not have it so.

And Sam and Jerry Graham and the camera men stood back and grinned. The only thing Sam said was "cut." This to the camera man when Drury came galloping up.

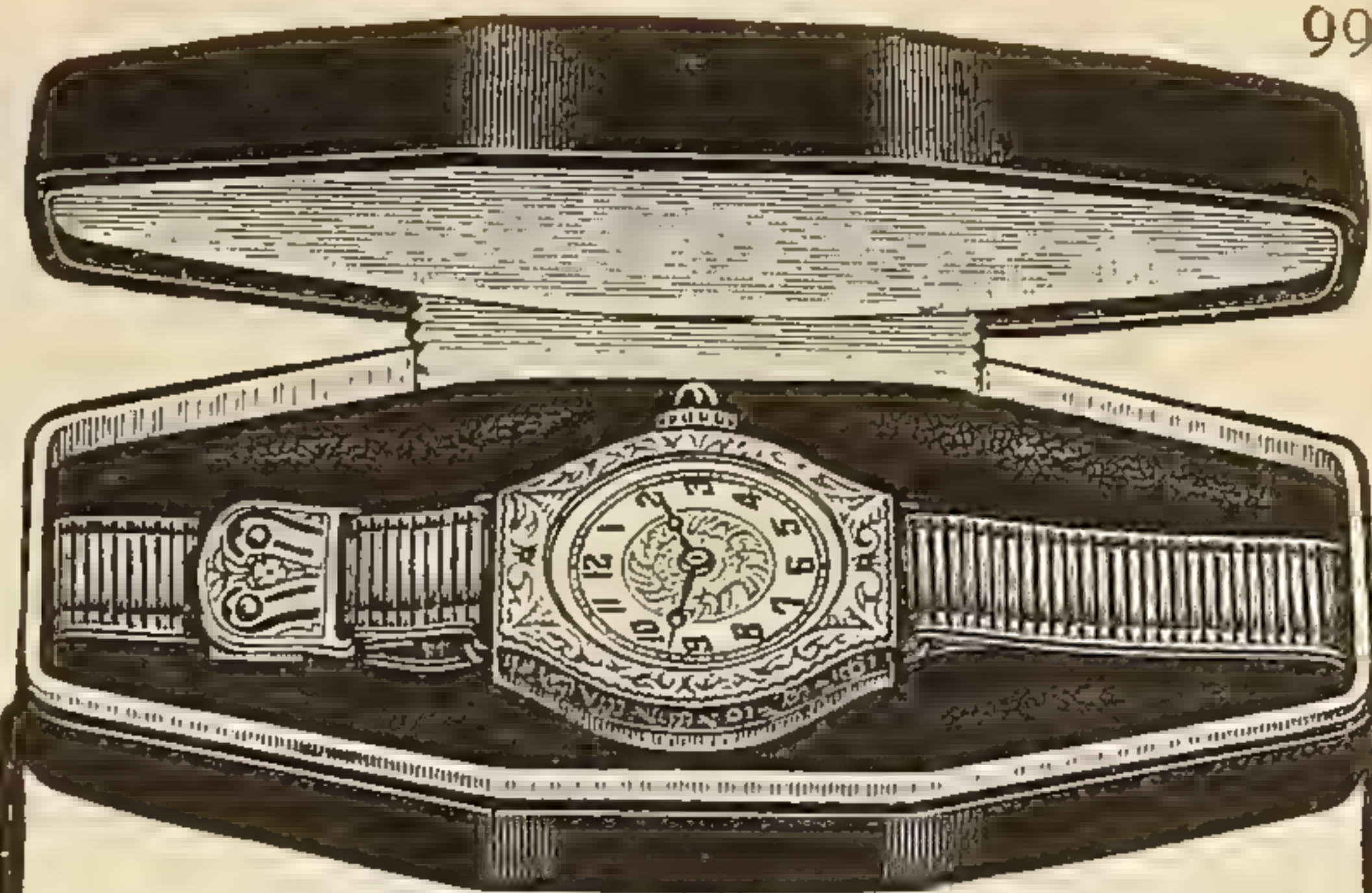
"Well, it cost us something, Jerry," said later. "But it's worth it, eh? Forty-five to the nurse. And fifty to Jones. But Merry and Drury, they find out they love the kid, Jerry, and he gets a real home now."

"And I get the one little scene I wanted for 'Angel Child,' and it's a bear, Jerry, a bear-wolf. Merry Morrow holding her sick child in his little nursery."

"Say, Harry, if Jones sells that dog, I buy him. You ask him Jerry, eh? Whatever he wants. That dog he is an actor."

COUNTERFEIT

THAT is the alluring title that Barry Vannon has chosen for his story next month. It is one of Jim Wellborn's favorite fables of Hollywood and it may well have served as an inspiration to the author of Black Oxen. You must not miss it. In the June SCREENLAND. Ready May first.



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Newell Pharmacal Company, Dept. 997 St. Louis, Mo.

Anne Austin's Story of the Man Who Was Lincoln—from page 37

it to the camera."

Now can you see the tragedy that I saw and which saddened me when I talked with George Billings?

A star for a day. A national figure. His name on everyone's tongue in sincere praise.

And yet—through. And broke. And bewildered. And made unfit for building inspecting. Or carpentry.

Finally Yields to Offers

GEORGE BILLINGS, against his will almost, has been led to the top of the mountain and shown the promised land—fame and wealth and honor and achievement. Now he will be led back down again, or allowed to wander back alone, forgotten after the first flush of his triumph has died down.

For George Billings is not an actor. His six feet five of awkward, gangling, ugly body is marvelous for "Abraham Lincoln," but for nothing else. If he were another Tully Marshall or Lon Chaney or Raymond Hatton, he could create role after role, each challenging the last for the medal of perfection.

But he is not an actor. He has played the only role of which he is capable. Like Lincoln he rose abruptly from menial labor to national prominence. But unlike Lincoln he will not hold the center of the stage for years. Whereas Lincoln was murdered by a lunatic actor, Billings will be a martyr to the insatiable movie monster, who makes his daily meals off human hearts.

A man said laughingly, "Oh, the old boy has had his fling. He's had a rip-roaring good time while it lasted. There are thousands of middle-aged men in the United States who would be perfectly willing to go back to their old jobs if they could do one big thing like Billings has done."

Maybe so. But have you ever seen a child who was demoted at school? Have you watched a workman who has been a foreman placed back in the ranks? Not much joy in the work, is there?

Billings has been wearing a frock coat and a dress shirt with studs, and patent leather shoes. He has been dining with celebrities, making personal appearances at the Gaiety Theatre in New York, addressing the Rotary Club and the Lions and the Indiana State Society,—playing the celebrity for weeks. How will it feel to go back to Los Angeles and hunt work? His building inspecting job has passed on to someone with no talent to sell to

the movies. And there are only two fingers on his right hand. And he is nearly deaf and blind.

His salary as an actor? Probably you didn't know that the courageous Rockett boys—Al and Ray—made "Abraham Lincoln" on a shoestring, that some of the actors took their salary in stock. Because George Billings had a bed-ridden wife and there was no money in the bank, the Rockett boys paid him his salary in cash weekly. I imagine it was not more than a hundred a week, possibly not more than seventy-five. For a hundred is a very good salary for an inexperienced actor.

Will Screen Lose Him?

THAT money is gone. He is on a small salary and expense while he is making personal appearances with the picture, but when that is over—what next? There were hundreds of small expenses attached to his job, which he bore himself. He had to dress better, felt constrained to mingle a bit with the other actors. And the neighbors expected him to live a bit better, since he was a movie actor and a star and all. A hundred—maybe less—doesn't go far under such circumstances.

At any rate, the salary is gone now. And there is still a sick wife to care for.

As an extra in Hollywood, Billings might make his seven-fifty or even ten dollars a day—when he worked. I can imagine a call going out for backwoods lumbermen or for a rawboned old-fashioned preacher. And I can see George Billings hastening with dozens of others to snap at the chance.

Sacrilege

WHAT sacrilege to tarnish a matchless performance by becoming a Hollywood hanger-on, a half-starving extra! Undoubtedly some producer will attempt to cash in on the publicity which George Billings is getting by giving him a role in a picture. But George Billings himself says he is no actor. Will not Billings himself be happier to have given to the world one perfect thing, a thing no one else could have given it, than to tarnish the perfection of that gift by failing in other roles, perhaps even by making himself ridiculous, grotesque. For Billings is no actor.

So—if you have envied George Billings his sudden rise to fame, the plaudits of the multitudes, be a little sorry now for the carpenter who was Lincoln.

ANNE AUSTIN has written us a story for next month in quite a different vein. Cupid as a Press Agent is the title. It will be one of the many good things in store for you in the June SCREENLAND. Ready May first.

H. B. K. Willis Talks on Pose and Adipose—From page 35

of the building on Santa Monica Avenue which houses the executive offices of the Pickford-Fairbanks company.

Strenuous Physical Torture

ABDUL the Turk took him away from my questions by falling to work and disclosing that Fairbanks at play had as many coats as a tamale. The room was full of people, Fairbanks the Younger, Raoul Walsh, Tom Geraghty, a pompous gent who looked like a scenario writer and several others, including a lantern-jawed bird with a zitz whom I mistook for a baron though he was only a barber.

Quickly Abdul peeled Doug's clothes from the most athletic frame in film-land. Soon the floor was heaped high with steaming aparel. Then off came the gutta percha pants with a snap. Fairbanks was as bare as the back of Nita Naldi in "Don't Call It Love," but, since it was but a step from his costume in his latest venture, "The Thief of Bagdad," he exhibited no perturbation.

Then straightway he fell to his onslaught against fat. Fifty times did he perform that physical torture stunt so dear to the heart of drill sergeants in the late unpleasantness, the "leaning rest." Supported only by the palms of his hands and the tips of his toes, fifty times did he raise his stiffened body from the floor on his extensors in defiance of the laws of gravity and tendons which should have been tired.

With bulging eye-balls I awaited the popping of a blood-vessel as Fairbanks counted-off his round-trips to and from the carpet upon which he had first spread himself.

"Forty-nine—fifty!" he said with finality and sprang to his feet.

"Do that often?" I queried.

"Fifty times, night and morning," he answered before running off to his bath with his rubbers, Abdul the Turk and another burly.

Soon the air was filled with thwackings and slappings such as one would expect to hear when a giant stropped his razor. More larrupings and poundings and then the hiss of stinging showers followed by splashing and floundering in Fairbanks' private pool.

THEN Douglas re-entered the room and strode toward the door leading out to the lot to meet another Fairbanks face to face before stepping on him. Not Douglas, Jr., but his father's famous "Fairbanks scales."

Abdul fiddled with the weights. Fairbanks argued with him about the quarter of a pound. Abdul shrugged his shoulders and added a cabalistic "150" to the long straggling column of figures pencilled on the wall beside the door-jamb before enveloping Fairbanks in a bath-towel as big as a winding sheet but much fuzzier. The figures told of the endless battle of pose and adipose in which the former is still the victor.

Then the lantern-jawed bird with the zitz had his inning and Fairbanks lost the quarter of a pound with which he had taunted Abdul. With his scissors he removed the heavy thatch which Fairbanks grew for "The Thief."

With bated breath the salon watched the most emulated side-burns in Hollywood fall before the barber's glittering snickersnees. The snip-snip of the scissors as they took their toll was broken but once when Raoul Walsh, with anguish in his voice, sent Fairbanks flying to his mirror with his query:

"Why did you let him cut it round in the back?"

The barber exhibited a straight flush at the intimation of treason on his part, focusing his eyes on the electrical Gilda Gray which stood nearby. (Gilda is a motor, mounted on a pedestal. A shaft extends from each side of it with an eccentric mounted on each end. The eccentrics are connected with a broad canvas band to cradle the Fairbanksian hips. The motor is cut in; the canvas band is drawn rapidly to and fro, imparting a fat-dispelling shimmy to the hips pressed against it.)

As soon as a handglass told him he had been hoaxed Fairbanks again submitted to his barber, and a great laugh arose, the latter's scissors clicking an obligato. The laughter subsided and Fairbanks gloomily sipped a glass of ginger ale in a solitary and silent toast to the fat cells which had that day departed.

HELP EDIT SCREENLAND

H. B. K. WILLIS is SCREENLAND's literary battleground. Our readers either like his stuff better than anything else in the book or it doesn't get over at all. Nathan is another one that comes in this class, and Upton Sinclair and Covarrubias and Ben Hecht and Wynn. What is your opinion of all these? Who is your favorite author in this issue? Who is your favorite illustrator? The best letter received during April that lists every article in this issue and rates them will be awarded a \$10.00 cash prize. Five free one-year subscriptions will be awarded to the five next best letters. In case of a tie, full prizes will be awarded to tying contestants. Grade stories as follows:

- 90 to 100%—The stories or illustrations that pleased you perfectly.
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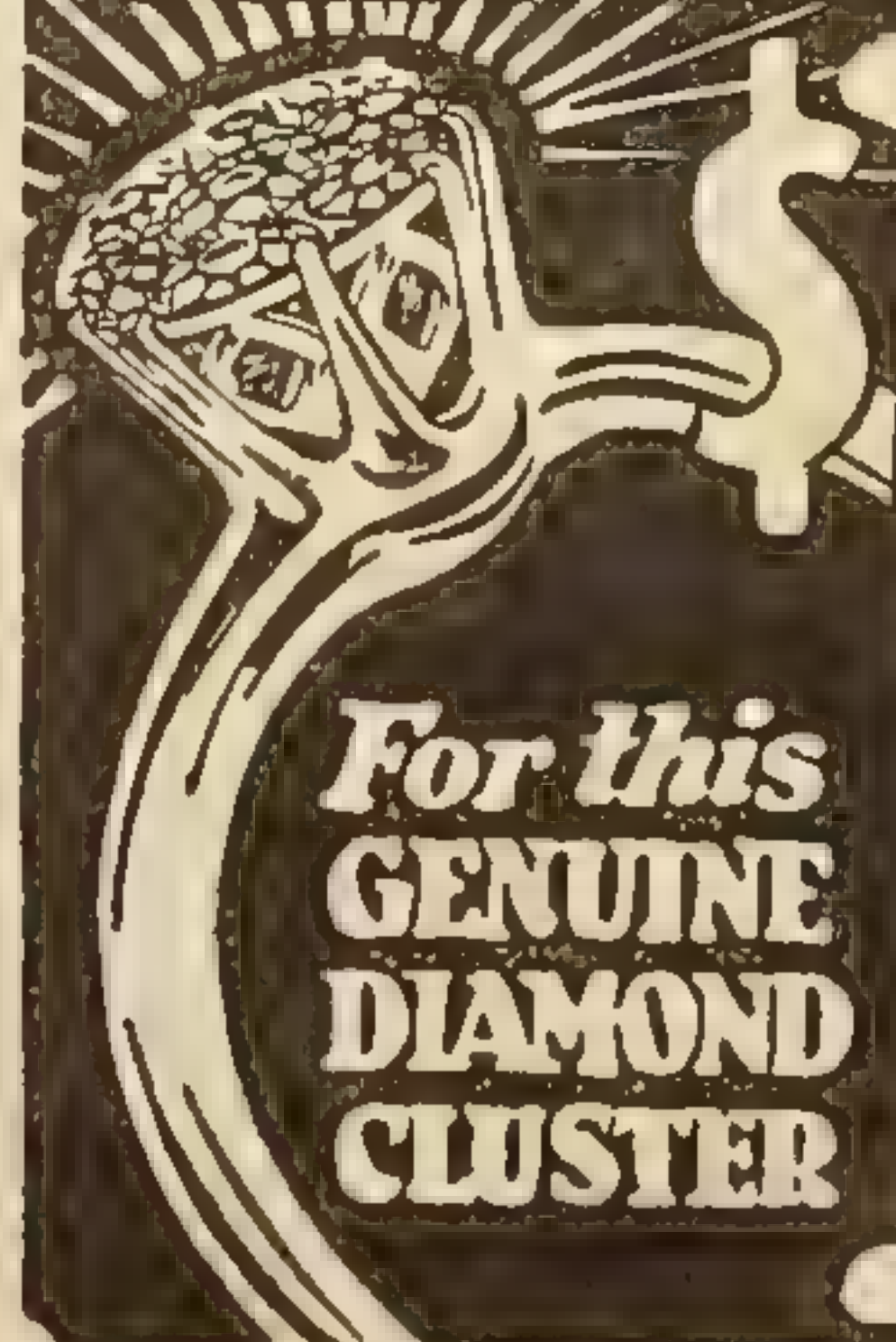
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Herbert Crooker Speaks of That Misunderstood Art, The Movie Kiss—From page 31

"Pity the poor laboring man," remarked his friend sarcastically.

The star excused himself for a moment, and while his friend was waiting for him he was approached by a small person wearing a charming organdie frock, but looking, as the young man expressed it, "as though she'd been buried and dug up again." It was not until she spoke that he recognized her.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "Are you Miss Harts?"

"Why—ye—yes!" she stammered, taken aback. "What's the matter? Don't I look all right?"

And then it dawned on pretty Nina Harts—it was her make-up! She surrendered to the desire to laugh—indeed, so hearty was her laughter that it caused several of the studio hands to look in her direction.

"There!" she said, suddenly sobering in the midst of her mirth, "you've made me laugh so hard that I've ruined my make-up!"

The girl clapped her hands for her maid, and then the initiate saw what he never expected to see in a sane world—two damp, black eyes suddenly removed, blacked over deftly, and a smooth coating of yellow grease-paint and powder applied to the damaged portions of Nina Harts' face.

"Now, Mr. Dulane, Miss Harts," commanded the director, "this is the betrothal embrace. The girl is shy and a bit frightened—the man masterful and tender. All right, Mr. Dulane, now speak the lines, 'Is — it — possible — that — you — love — me!'"

And Then—the Kiss!

AND the ghastly Mr. Dulane took the Alivid Nina Harts in his arms and spoke the fatal words. When that business was done an endless number of times for re-takes, the couple clinched for the kiss, which the onlooker knew would be a fearful and wonderful conglomeration of yellow, pink and red.

"Time!" the director shouted. And then there were more re-takes, for the kissers seemed slow in giving the director just what he wanted.

"Lights out!" he finally shouted, when the kiss was performed as he approved.

"Thank heavens, that's over with," said Dulane, coming smilingly toward his friend.

"Yes," agreed Nina Harts. "Wasn't it sticky today?"

"Well, what did you think of it, old man?" the star asked his visitor.

"I think I'll stick to engineering, if you don't mind," he answered apologetically.

And that's one of the insights into the studio where the famous film kiss is daily manufactured.

A Friendship, Spoiled by a Kiss

BEFORE the Ernst Lubitsch production, "The Marriage Circle," went into production, Florence Vidor and Monte Blue were good friends. When the picture was

finished they were almost enemies. Why? Simply because the energetic Lubitsch insisted that every time a kissing scene was done it should be absolutely correct. Monte Blue and Florence Vidor each probably thought they knew something about kissing, but the famous director convinced them they did not. Forty re-takes were made for one scene before the osculating couple satisfied Lubitsch. Now mention a kiss to either of these splendid screen personalities!

There are many other insights. There is the feminine star whose mother sits off the set and watches to see that the kiss is not being overdone when her daughter is the featured participant. There is the wife of the star, who watches her husband kiss his supporting leading lady, and who makes up her mind that this screen kiss will not cause a rupture in her home life.

But to most of the motion picture lovers, a kiss is considered merely a part of the day's work—sometimes a pleasure and sometimes distasteful.

But at the same time there are the mimic romances of the studio that have endured. Some kissing scenes before the camera have led to actualities. Is it the perfect kiss of two screen personalities that has brought this about, or is it the lines of Fate that have cast two congenial souls together in their similar line of fascinating work?

When two pairs of lips meet, there is a flash of souls, or there is not. And when there is a flash of souls, there is the flash that endures, or the flash that is merely tragic. There are evidences of these differences with all their queer twists among the studio folk.

Tragedies in Kisses

LET us look at the tragedies first. The romance of Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen was as stirring a romance as ever recorded itself among love stories of the films. Who will forget that memorable night when the famous diva was carried away by her husband's acting on an opening night in a Broadway theatre? Forgetting the audience, forgetting everyone, she sprang from her chair in the box to the stage and publicly kissed the man she loved. But this love was not enduring! Was the first kiss a lie?

Owen Moore was considered the most fortunate of men when he won the heart of Mary Pickford. It began when he played opposite her, but the romance snapped. The same can be said of his brother, Tom, who married Alice Joyce, only to have the result a divorce. His second studio love match, with Renee Adoree, also went on the rocks.

Among other screen sweethearts who could not carry their romances into real life are Pearl White and Wally McCutcheon, the serial lovers; George Walsh and Seena Owen, who found and lost romance in the films; Anita Stewart and Rudie Cameron, whose comradeship ended when it should have continued everlasting; Bill Hart and Winifred Westover,

who faced thrills and movie struggles together which led to the happy ending, could not find a happy ending in matrimony.

But the studio kiss has, on the other hand, brought happiness to many. The love scenes, urged on by the shouts of the director, now need no urging with these happy, contented folk, whose first love contact was a cool studio kiss in sticky make-up. For three years Harold Lloyd made bashful love to Mildred Davis. Their friends still watch them, happy in the throes of a real love affair which is not before the camera, but in their own home.

A Lucky Studio Kiss

A BOYHOOD and girlhood kiss ripened into romance when little Marguerite Courtot and Raymond McKee renewed their friendship in a studio kiss and thereupon decided upon a happy continuation. Dorothy Gish and James Rennie fanned the spark of love before the studio lights and rejoiced in the flame that followed.

James Kirkwood and Lila Lee Kirkwood found the studio kiss altogether desirable and something they could not live without—they are now living with! Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne emerged from love tragedies of the past and found real love when they first embraced before the camera.

And there are quaint touches to these love matches that evolve from the studio kiss. In Japan kissing isn't done. Motion picture kissing scenes are eliminated from all pictures shown there. And yet, Sessue Hayawaka and Tsuru Aoki, stars from Nippon's Isle, found pleasure in the great American pastime. They kissed after being instructed by a director—they liked it—they were married!

But for a glimpse of the future.

Rumors creep out now and then—rumors which are smilingly denied. Glenn Hunter and May McAvoy have sobbed forth words of love beneath the Klieg lights. They are reported to be engaged. Lois Wilson and Richard Dix have played endless love scenes together in numerous pictures. They have become attuned to one another in scenes where love dominates. They are now constantly seen together, but they smilingly deny all reports of approaching nuptials.

Now all this should prove that kissing is really a modern art which has been developed to its highest plane by the movies. And to some people it will come as a surprise to learn that only within recent years, speaking from a geological viewpoint, has the kiss been practiced at all.

In fact, today the art of osculation is not universally indulged in. But give the movies time and the kiss may yet penetrate the wilds of darkest Africa, Greenland, China and Japan, where it is now eschewed. When such a startling act as kissing first invaded Russia, most of the horrified citizens grew beards as a preventive.

But the motion picture is a universal instructor. It instructs the indulgers and it instructs the onlookers.

Upton Sinclair—From page 38.

world—evils we might easily remedy, if we were willing to take the trouble. But some draw their income from these evils—and so don't want us to think. Those who profit by our system of organized greed insist that the moving pictures shall entertain and beguile us with sentimental fairy-tales. Their view was expressed by our new propaganda master, Mr. Will H. Hays, who said at a banquet of bankers in New York: "Unless people are properly entertained, this country may go red; but shake a rattle at the baby and it calms down."

Pictures Incite Social Discontent

Well, I will tell Mr. Hays something about this new "rattle." I will tell him that the moving pictures are—in spite of themselves, and in spite of everything the masters of capital can do—the greatest inciters of social discontent yet discovered in the world! The reason is because they accustom the masses of the people to the idea of the free spending of money. They place on exhibit before millions in the loneliest mining and lumber camps, in the most degraded factory and mill-towns, all the latest inventions in costumes, jewelry, furniture, plumbing, automobiles, and house construction. To see these things is to want them.

Not merely in America, but in the jungles of Central Africa, in the deserts of Arabia, in the snowy wastes of Greenland, in the swarming cities of India and China—everywhere comes this miraculous picture of America, the land of infinite and unlimited wealth! Mr. Hays thinks this is propaganda for capitalism, because America is the classic land of capitalism, and this wealth has been created under capitalism. But just wait a while! Wait until the masses, both at home and abroad, have come to be thoroughly convinced that all this free spending is for their masters, and not for them. Wait until all the small fishes have definitely given up the hope that they may become pikes!

UPTON SINCLAIR

Mr. Sinclair will contribute the third and last article of his series next month. These articles have caused much comment throughout the country. Mr. Sinclair is considered the greatest of American social writers and his contributions to this publication may be looked on as one of its most distinctive features. His final article entitled "Money and the Movies" will appear in SCREENLAND for June. Ready May first.

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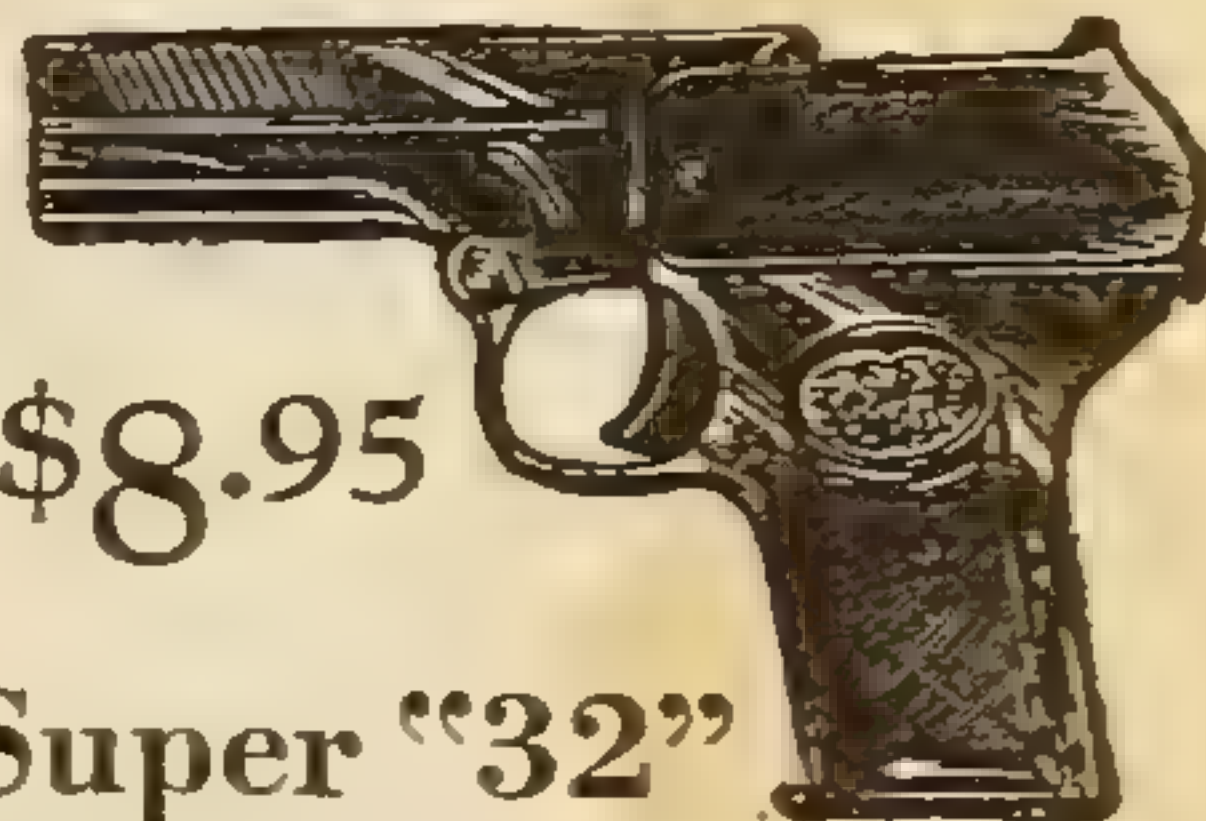
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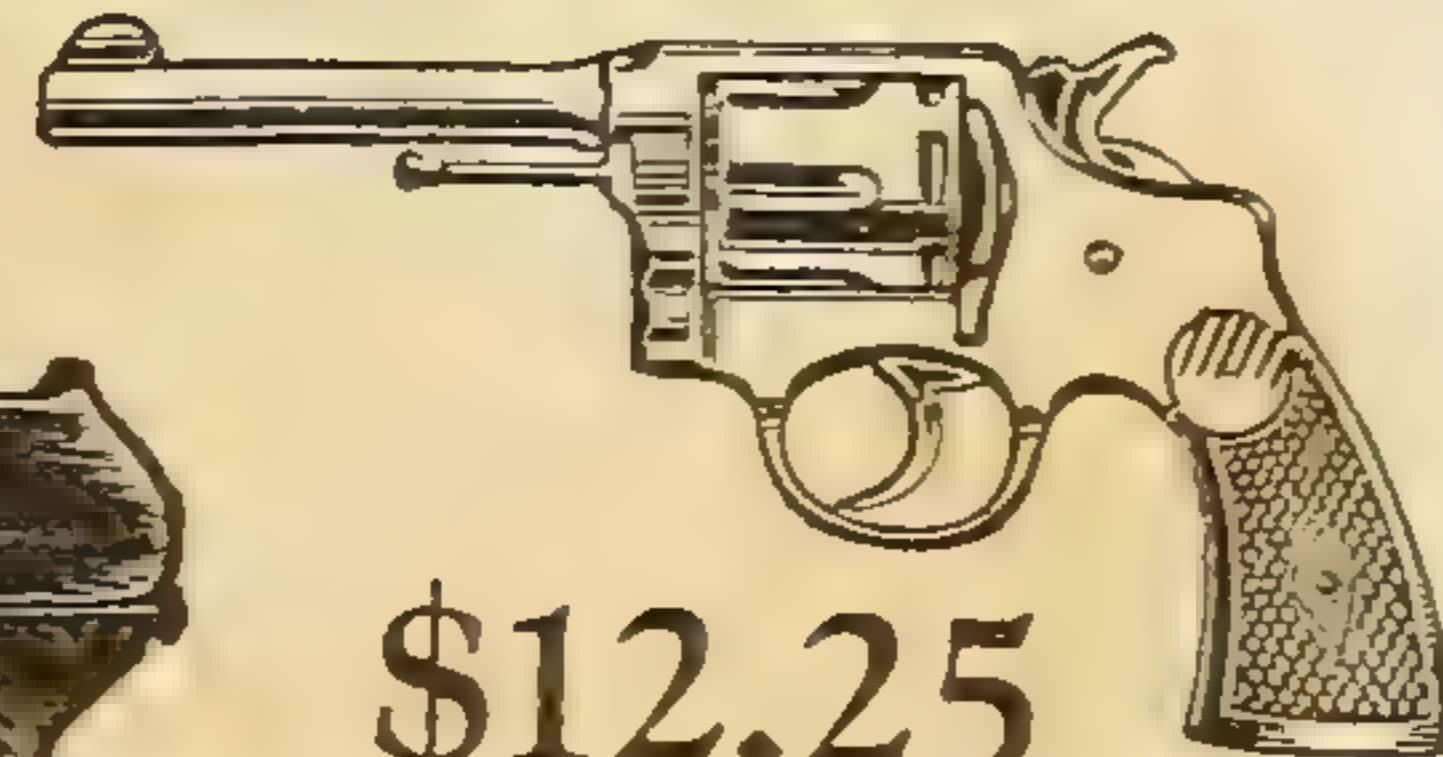
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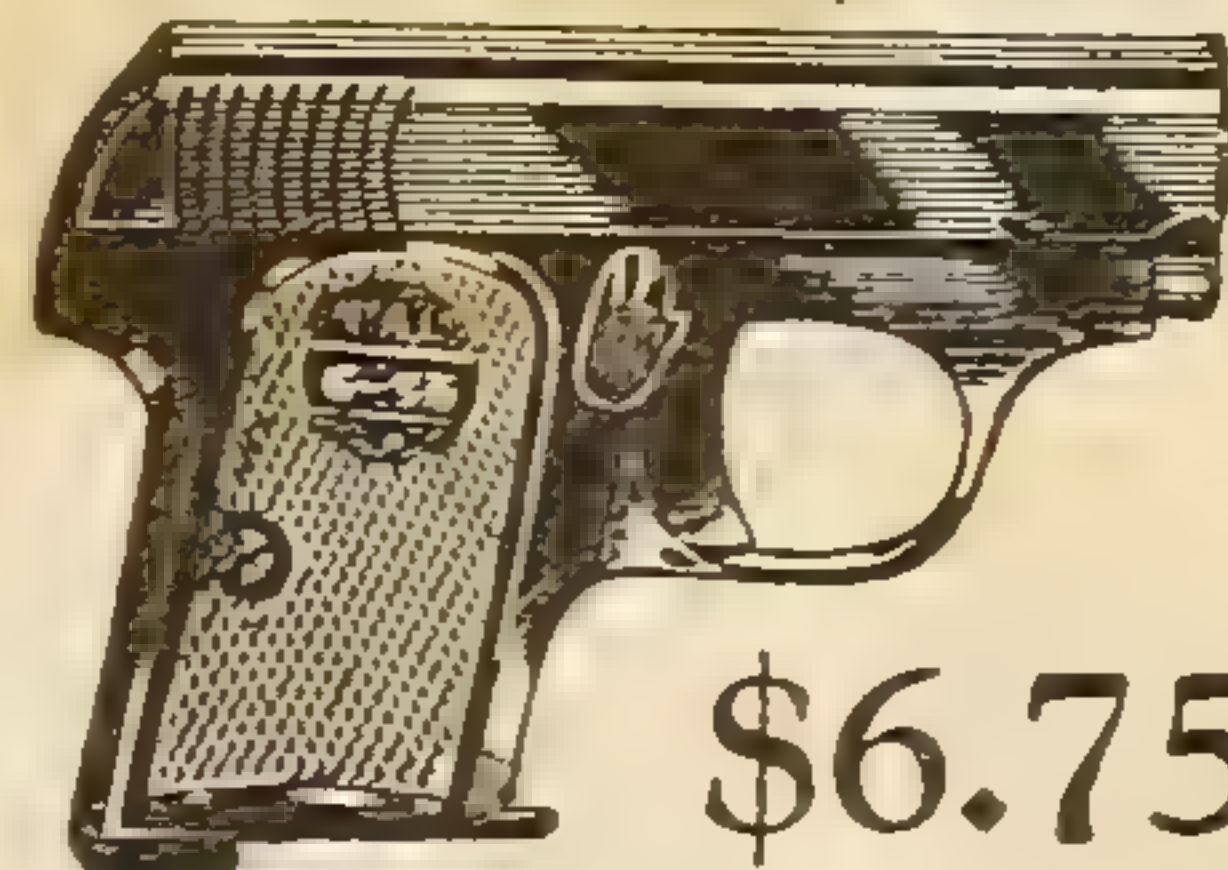
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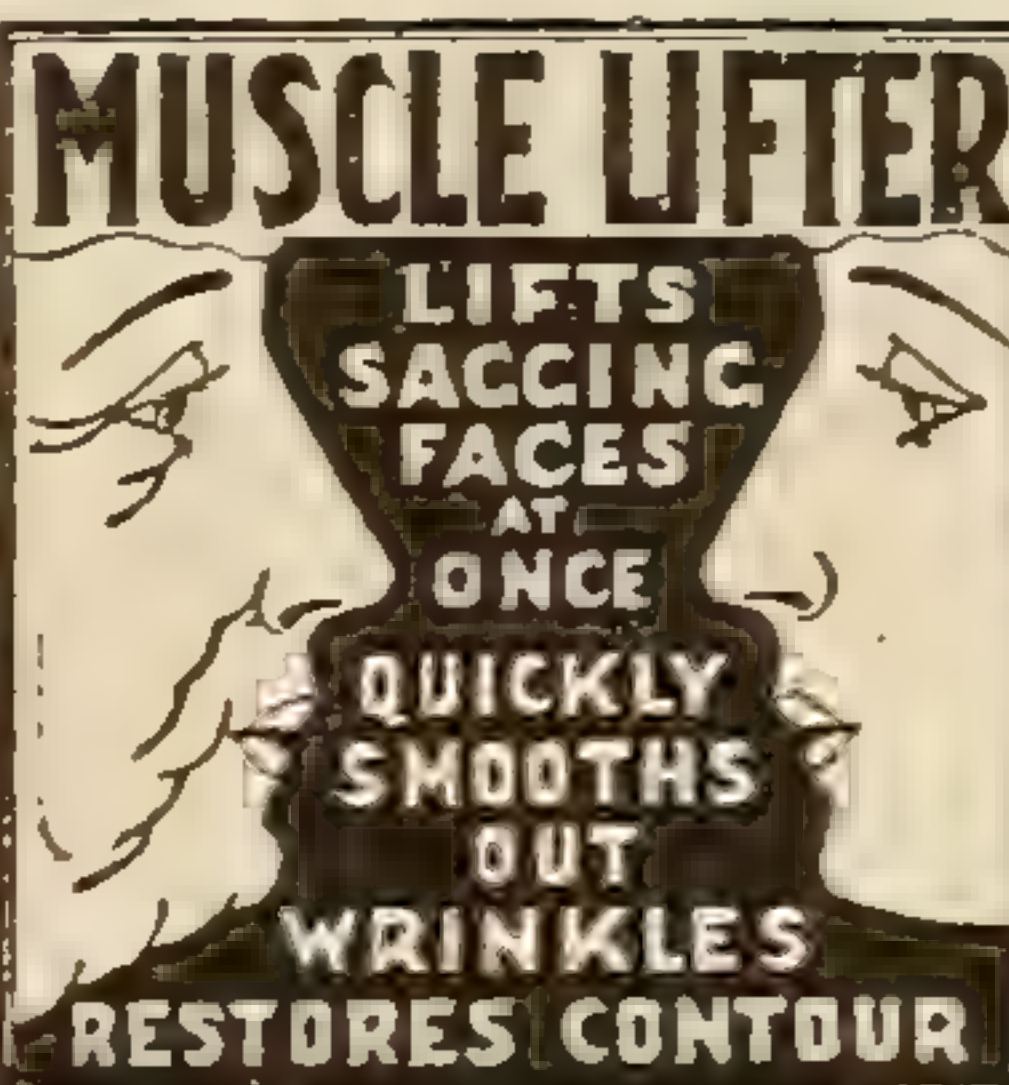
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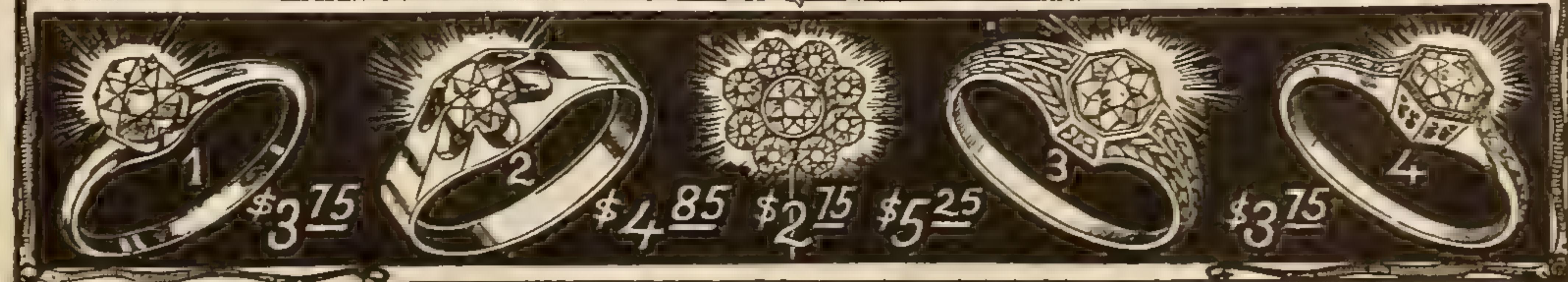
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Heart Break Town—From page 33.

those payments, but she managed to do it, and she got another job on the strength of that car. She picked up a producer whose chauffeur had misunderstood orders, one day, and gave him a lift out to location. Her conversation impressed him, and so did her obvious prosperity, and as a result he gave her a job at \$100 a week * * * when the slump is over. She won't be on salary until they start shooting, and they won't start shooting until the producer can persuade his banker to come through with some more money, but anyway, the car was a help.

Extras can't afford "props" like that.

It's a hard game, getting ahead in the movies, even if you are a beauty contest winner. There are hundreds of beautiful girls in Hollywood, who have won beauty contests. There is too much competition. Hollywood is full of Kansas beauties or the Elks' Favorite Daughters. It doesn't help much. The girls are sent to Hollywood with promises of contracts and other wonderful things. Sometimes she gets them, but in the majority of cases all she gets is a tryout, perhaps a screen test, and that doesn't mean a thing. After a few weeks of showing her around the studios and meeting the stars she is dropped and left to make her own way. Inevitably she joins the ever increasing ranks of extras. Publicity? Yes, she gets publicity, but what good is it if you are new and haven't proven what you can do? The directors are afraid to use you as anything but atmosphere.

The future looks gray to the extras in Hollywood. The word has come that the big spectacles are to be discontinued and program pictures are to be in evidence. What are we extras to do when no big mob scenes are made? Perhaps for some of us there will be the fate of the girl who took an overdose of veronal, from discouragement of ever achieving the success of which she had dreamed.

I can't understand why any woman would leave a home and a husband to go into pictures. There are many who do, however. I know of one woman who dreamed of pictures until she left her home and came here. Her husband and father disowned her. When she came, she had quite a bit of money and several very good pieces of jewelry. Her money is gone, and her jewels are reposing in an obscure pawnshop, and she is screwing her courage to the sticking-point of asking her husband to let her come home.

The situation has become so serious that the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce is sending out thousands of posters describing the scarcity of jobs here, to inland towns. But the horde of movie struck girls and men still pour into Hollywood and Los Angeles. Some leave with high hopes utterly dashed, but many others take their places.

The slump was due to end about the first of the year, but as this is written, it seems to be still on. Let us hope, for the sake of the people in the profession, that it will end soon and things become endurable again.

SCREENLAND for June contains

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Delight Evans

Upton Sinclair

Anne Austin

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H. B. K. Willis

and a host of others

ON SALE EVERYWHERE MAY 1st

Q The Jinx on Mabel Normand—From page 25.

One time in New York she was speeding along in her car. A big shiny car, and warm. She was wearing a new ermine coat. It cost some thousands of dollars. Outside on the snowy sidewalk she saw a girl, walking, bending into the wind, dressed in a thin skirt and a thinner jacket.

She stopped the car, got out, put her ermine coat on the girl, and jumped in the car again and cried "Drive on" before the girl could thank her.

Ever a tear in her eye, ever a laugh in her heart—before the jinx got busy. A man's brain, a man's endurance, a man's courage, a man's sane outlook—but a woman's sympathy and an imp's love of fun.

There was a woman writer in Los Angeles who had just been married. She was sitting in a theater box with the bridegroom, waiting for the play to begin, when Mabel walked into the box.

She knew the writer, and had heard of the wedding; but she didn't know the groom.

Yet she threw her arms about him, and whispered in his ear—loud enough for the bride to overhear—"Oswald, Oswald, I have found you at last, my darling. Oh, Oswald, life has been so bitter for us since you left. But you'll come back now to your wife and your little chee-ild? Oh promise me!"

"Mabel, you humbug," said the writer, "you almost frightened me!"

But the jest was so good it was repeated—and there were dull ones who knew not Mabel, and saw no jest whatever. They looked serious, and said, "where there's smoke there must be fire."

Calls Taylor a Gentleman

AND then the Taylor tragedy.

"He was a gentleman," says Mabel. "An aristocrat who loved only brilliant minds. Many a girl has loved him—but I doubt if he loved any girl."

"He never did more than kiss my hand when he left me at my home. And he'd say, 'Goodbye, my clever little lady,' or 'Goodbye, little friend; when shall we meet again?'"

"Nothing more than that. He always did the correct thing—sent flowers, books, candy. He was an elderly man and a scholar, a gentleman always."

"And the stories they told of him when he was dead—and the stories they told of me!"

"Well, maybe he was peculiar. Maybe he was all they say he was. I don't know. Looking back I can see little things—things I passed over at the time, not understanding."

"Oh, have you ever felt that no one in the world was honest and sincere? Haven't there been times in your life when you knew that all the world was false? That's how I felt then."

Yes, Scandal was almost satisfied. But his job was incomplete. Nearly two

years, he waited, to enter the Dines' apartment.

"I went to Mack Sennett's New Years eve," says Mabel. "But I left early, without seeing the New Year in. I was depressed and lonesome. I wanted to be alone."

"I came home, and wept most of the night, silly tears for myself. And I started a letter to my mother—a letter I finished next day."

She was addressing and signing New Year's cards—and the phone kept ringing. At 11 o'clock New Year's morning Edna called up and invited her to the Dines apartment. But Mabel was busy. At 1 o'clock, and at 2, and at 3, and 4, and 5 o'clock she rang.

"I thought there might be something the matter," says Mabel. So I went. Dines started joking about the Christmas package that Mrs. Edith Burns, my companion, had bought for him, and forgotten to give him.

"I called and asked Mrs. Burns to send it over with Joe—the chauffeur I knew as Joe Kelley, not as Horace Greer. And Joe came, and Dines had been drinking, and Joe shot him."

"A joke over a Christmas package, and I took it seriously, and once again my name danced before me in the headlines of a thousand daily papers—and once again my brain repeated 'Mabel Normand! Mabel Normand! Mabel Normand!' until I thought I should go mad."

It was Mabel who wrapped the wounded man in blankets; Mabel who called the doctor; Mabel who made arrangements to have him taken from the receiving hospital and its police doctors to the Good Samaritan and her own surgeons.

It is Feb. 1. Incidentally it is the second anniversary of the "breaking" of the Taylor Murder story.

Greer is at liberty pending the outcome of the hearing. Dines is in the hospital, under bonds to reappear on the witness stand and say who shot him. He has sworn he does not remember. Mabel and Edna have testified, and made statements to the district attorney.

Perhaps you have already realized it was only Mabel's sympathy that placed her there with the Jinx.

Perhaps the censors will admit they were hasty, and the women's clubs they were wrong. Perhaps you will see her soon again on the screen, and laugh with her once more—and never remember her as she looks sitting alone in her home, anything but the Mabel of the films.

"We all make mistakes," she says as you murmur goodbye. "I have made many. But life is making mistakes, and learning from them. I have made mistakes of course—but in all my life I've harmed nobody but myself."

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